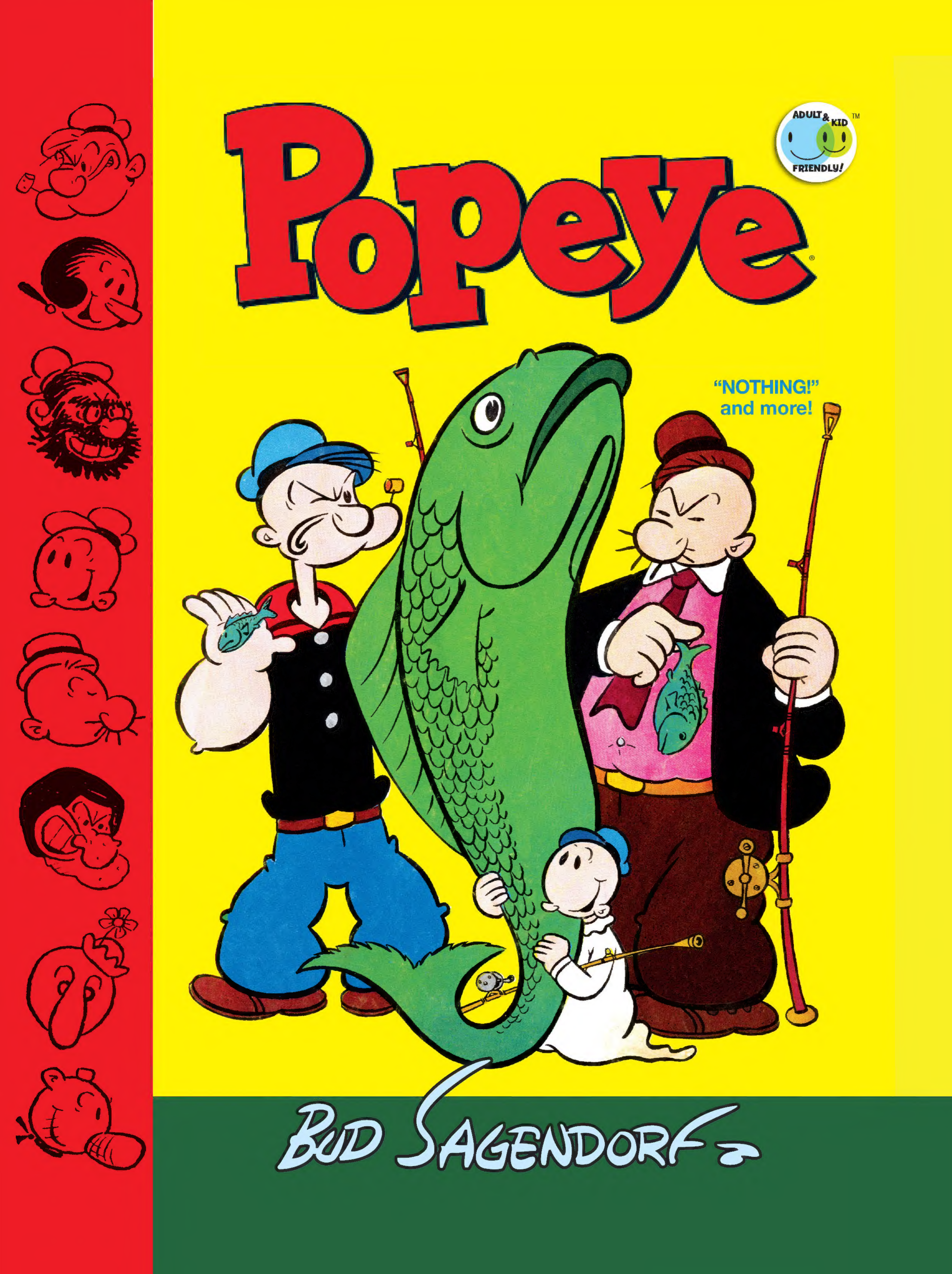

Popeye
"NOTHING!" and more!
BUD SAGENDORF

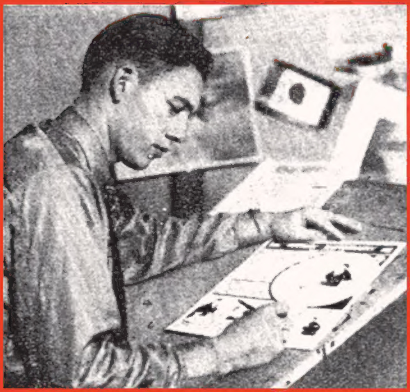
Popeye Classics

Bud Sagendorf

Produced by
CLIZIA GUSSONI

Edited and Designed by
CRAIG YOE

YOE BOOKS!
IDW PUBLISHING
SAN DIEGO, CALIFORNIA

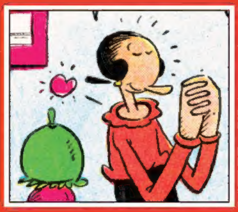


Forrest "Bud" Sagendorf (1915 – 1994)
wrote and drew more Popeye comic strips and books than any other
cartoonist—and wrote and drew them better than all the other swabs!
When Bud was just 17, his sister, who worked in an art supply store in Santa Monica, California, introduced him to a customer, E.C. Segar, the creator of Popeye. Bud began a long relationship with Segar, who became his teacher, employer, and father figure.
After Segar's passing, Bud produced comic books for 24 years, penned the daily strip, and drew art for licensing products.
For a full biography with the crème de la spinach comics and many other rarities, see *Popeye: The Great Comic Book Tales by Bud Sagendorf* (Yoe Books/IDW, 2011).
We encourage you to send us images of Sagendorf treasures
for future scrapbooks.

SOCIETY · OF · SAGENDORKS

"I am not now, nor have ever been, a member of the Society of Sagendorks (S.O.S.). I know nothing of the Society of Sagendorks' clandestine rites involving Bud Sagendorf's art, and have no knowledge of the group's apparent deification of Forrest "Bud" Sagendorf, their connection to the world banking system, or their avowed goal of total world domination. Furthermore, the cult-like symbol for the Society of Sagendorks above was NOT drawn by me, rather by someone who has fiendishly affixed a reproduction of my signature to it in order to discredit me by associating me with these zealots. Be it known: I stand willing to totally cooperate with any and all authorities on this matter even to the point of releasing names of people that may themselves be involved in sympathetic activities of the Society of Sagendorks or names of actual card-carrying members of the Society of Sagendorks I have obtained through my connections. For the good of mankind and all that we hold good and holy, I urge all patriotic, upstanding citizens to do the same!"

—Craig Yoe



Dedicated to our good frien',

Rose Croke.

This is Volume 7 in the complete reprint of Bud Sagendorf's classic Popeye comics. Collect them all.

Do you have art or ephemera for the Bud Sagendorf Scrapbook? Please contact Craig Yoe on Facebook!

Join the fun on Facebook on the "Celebrating Popeye" page!

Check out our videos on **The Yoe Tube** at **YouTube.com/TheYoeTube** and **Vimeo.com/TheYoeTube**

Deep thanks to: Ted Adams, Giovanna Anzaldi, Brendan Burford, Frank Caruso, Justin Eisinger, Greg Goldstein, Fred Grandinetti, Kerry Huffman, Jonathan Lozovsky, Donnie Pitchford, and Bruce Shults.

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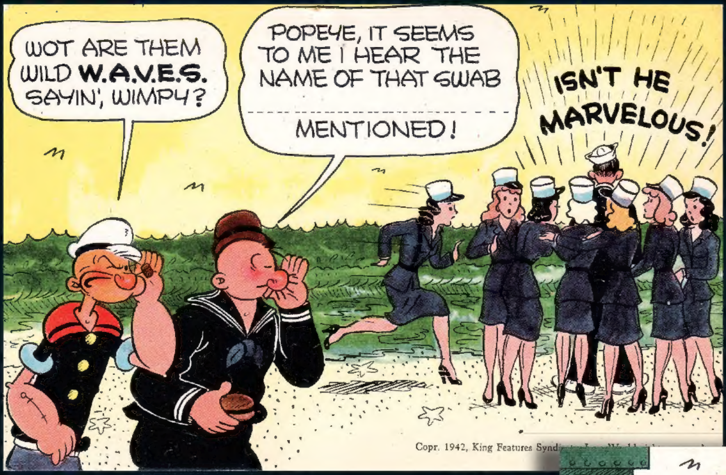
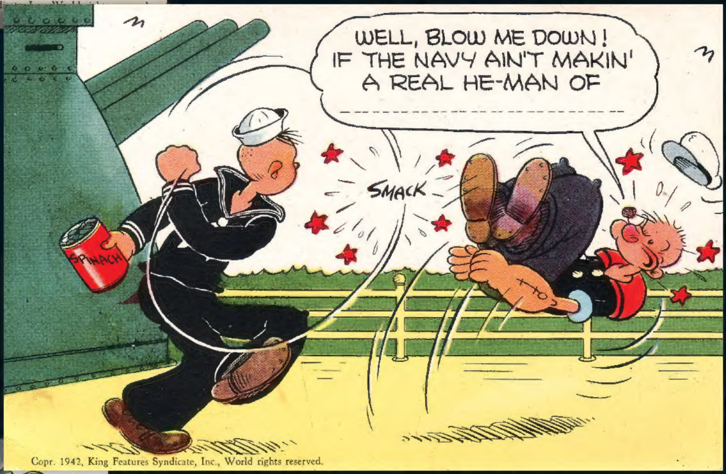
A BUD SAGENDORF SCRAPBOOK


WOT ARE THEM WILD **W.A.V.E.S.** SAYIN', WIMPY?
POPEYE, IT SEEMS TO ME I HEAR THE NAME OF THAT SWAB
MENTIONED!
ISN'T HE MARVELOUS!
Copr. 1942, King Features


WELL, BLOW ME DOWN! IF THE NAVY AIN'T MAKIN' A REAL HE-MAN OF
SMACK
SPINACH
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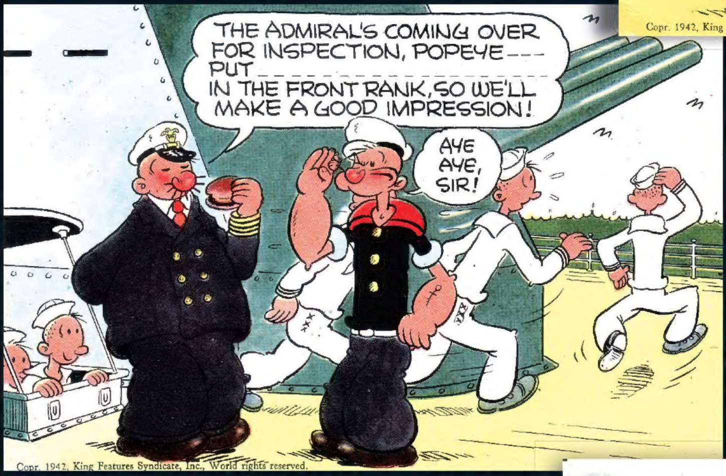
THE ADMIRAL'S COMING OVER FOR INSPECTION, POPEYE--- PUT
IN THE FRONT RANK, SO WE'LL MAKE A GOOD IMPRESSION!
AYE AYE, SIR!
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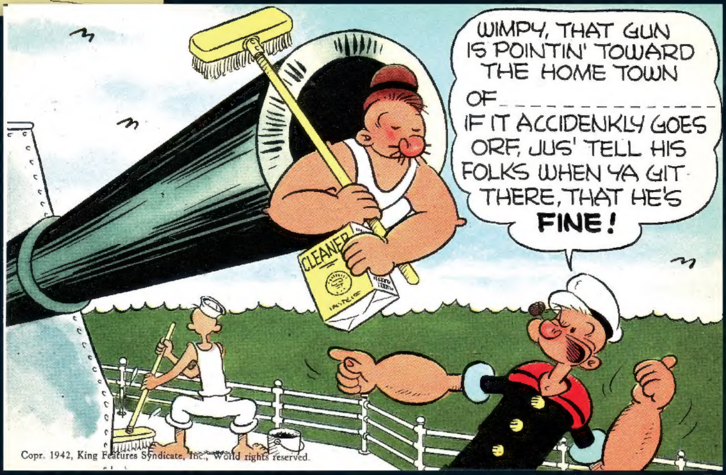
WIMPY, THAT GUN IS POINTIN' TOWARD THE HOME TOWN OF
IF IT ACCIDENKLY GOES ORF, JUS' TELL HIS FOLKS WHEN YA GIT THERE, THAT HE'S **FINE!**
CLEANER
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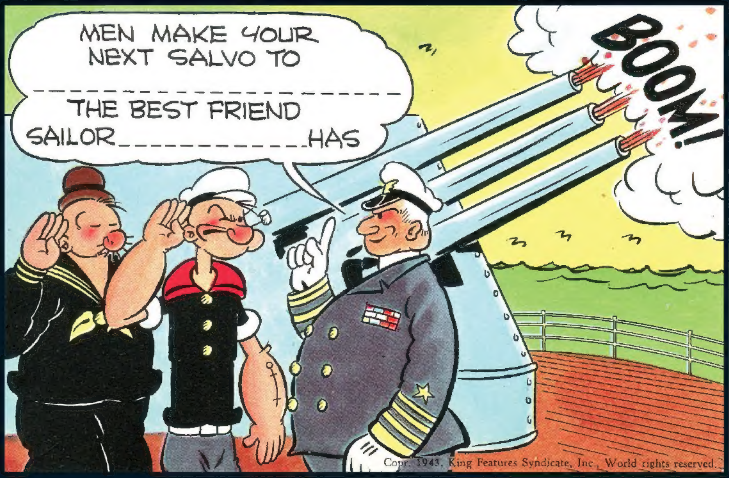
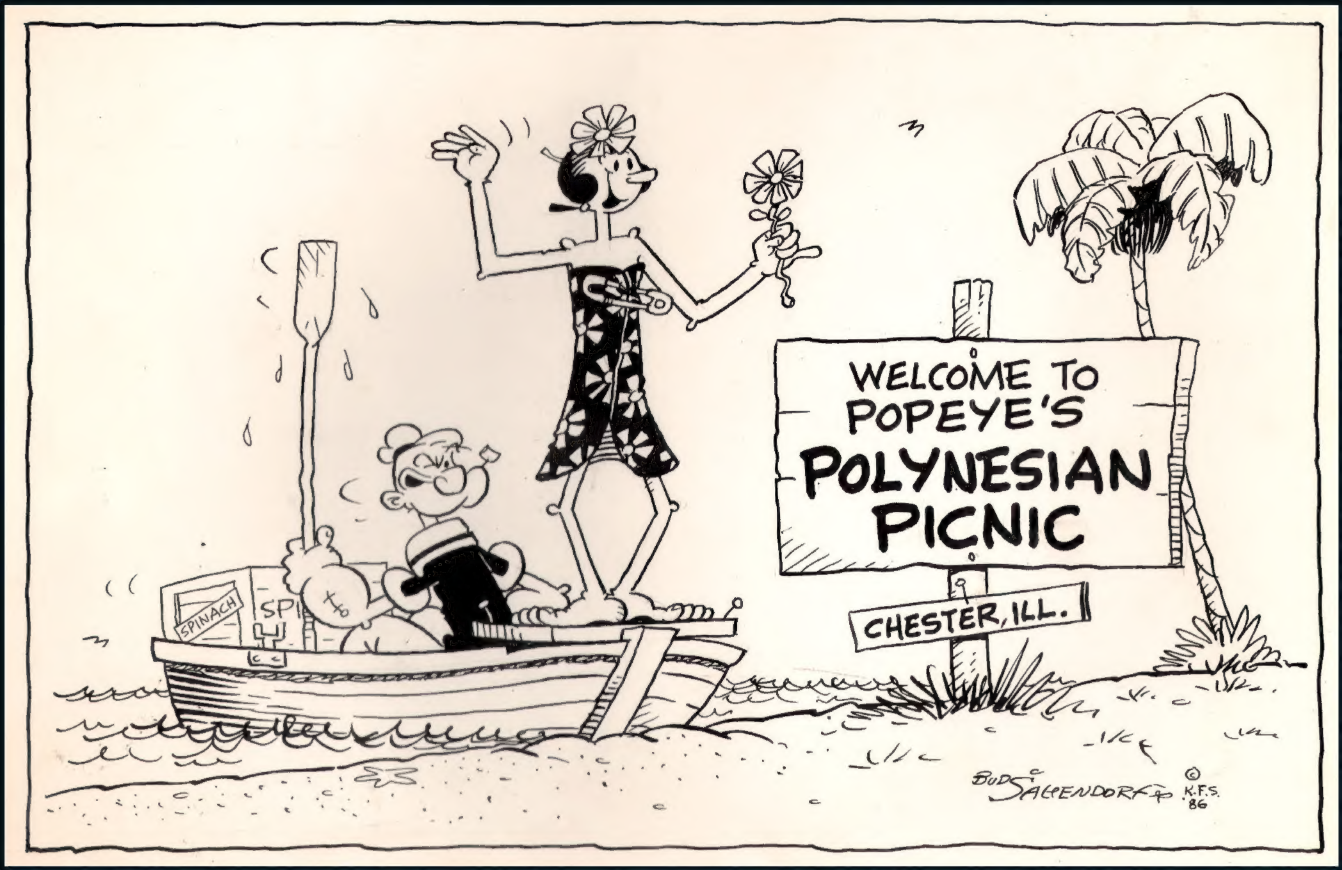


THIS SPREAD: During WWII, The Coca-Cola Company gave away sets of five postcards to military personnel to write back home. The postcards came wrapped up in a paper sleeve. Each set featured newspaper strip characters like Barney Google, Skeezix, Dick Tracy, Terry of *Terry & The Pirates*, and Moon Mullins. The set featuring Popeye was illustrated by Sagendorf and produced in 1942. From the collection of Bruce Shults. Thank you, Bruce!

ANNUAL POPEYE PICNIC
10K RUN
FINISH
JUDGE
7
BUD SAGENDORF '84
©K.F.S.

OLIVE OYL &
SWEE' PEA
FILM DELIVERY SERVICE
©KFS Inc.



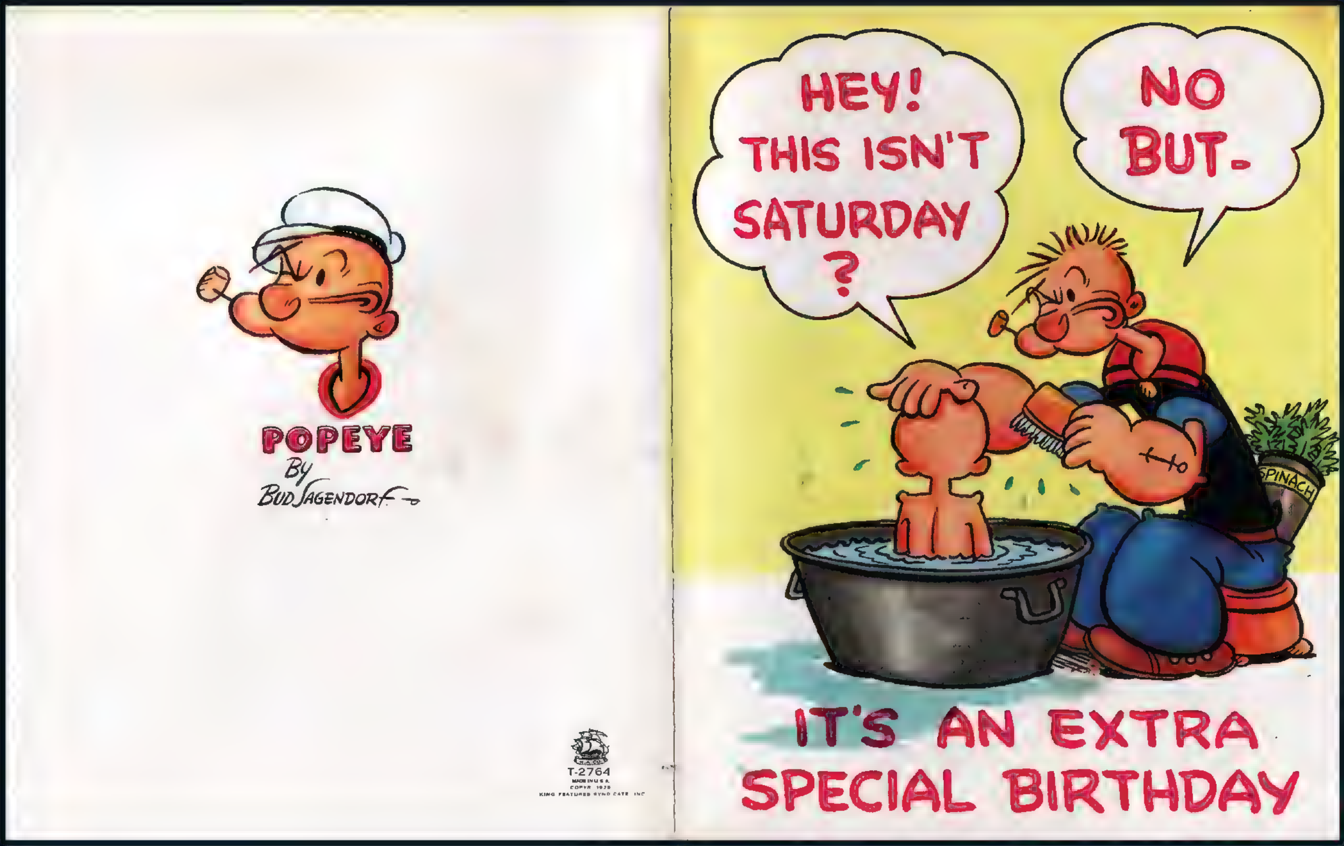
TOP LEFT: Bud Sagendorf original art drawn in 1984. It was used on T-shirts for the annual 'Popeye Picnic 10 K Run' on September 12th, 1987. From the collection of Ken Wheaton. Thank you, Ken!

BOTTOM LEFT: A toy reproduction of a 1930 LP6 Model T Ford van using Sagendorf's artwork by Lledo, 1995. Thank you, Fred Grandinetti!

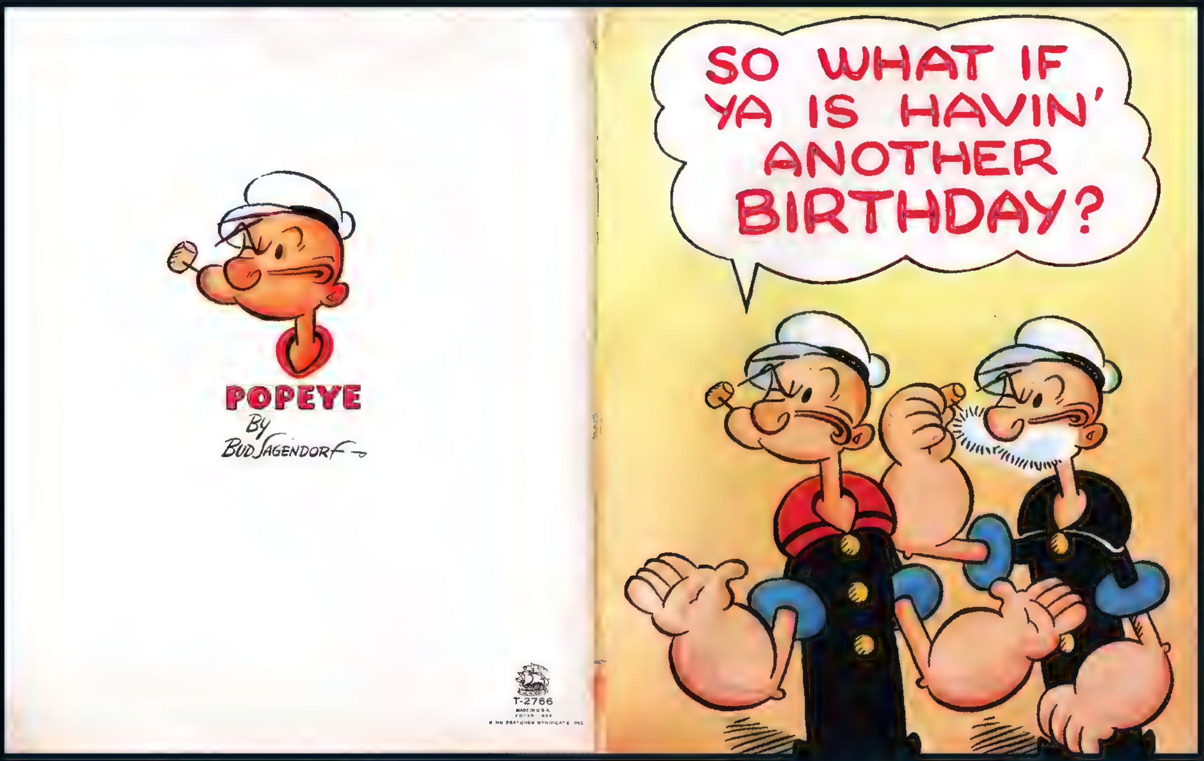
ABOVE: Bud Sagendorf original art promoting the Popeye Picnic in Chester, Illinois, 1986. From the collection of Ken Wheaton. Thank you, Ken!

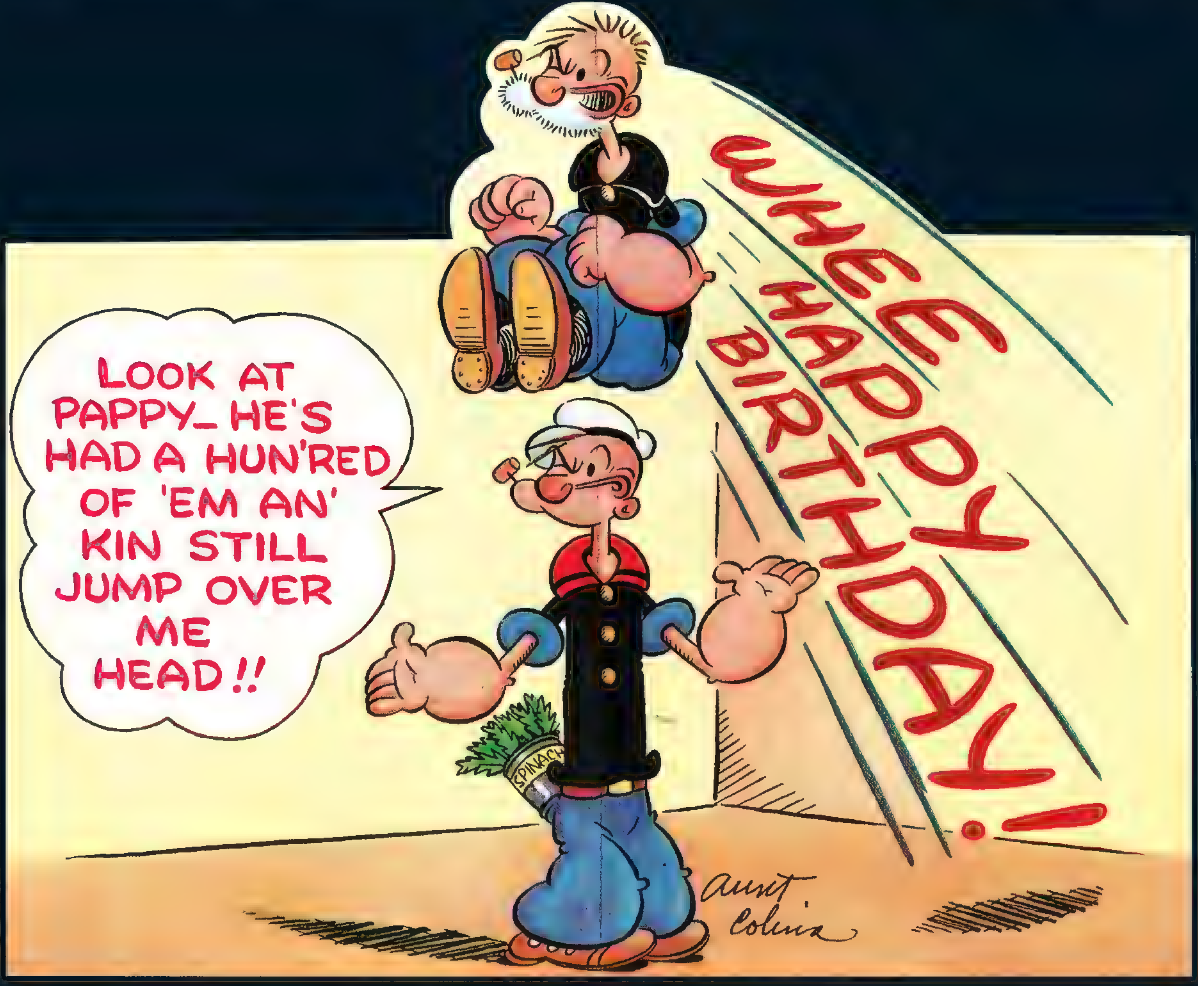
RIGHT: A Popeye chalkboard from 1978. Thank you, Fred Grandinetti and Jonathan Lozovsky!

THIS SPREAD AND NEXT PAGE: A Get Well Soon and two Happy Birthday cards from 1929. From the collection of Bruce Shults. Thank you, Bruce!

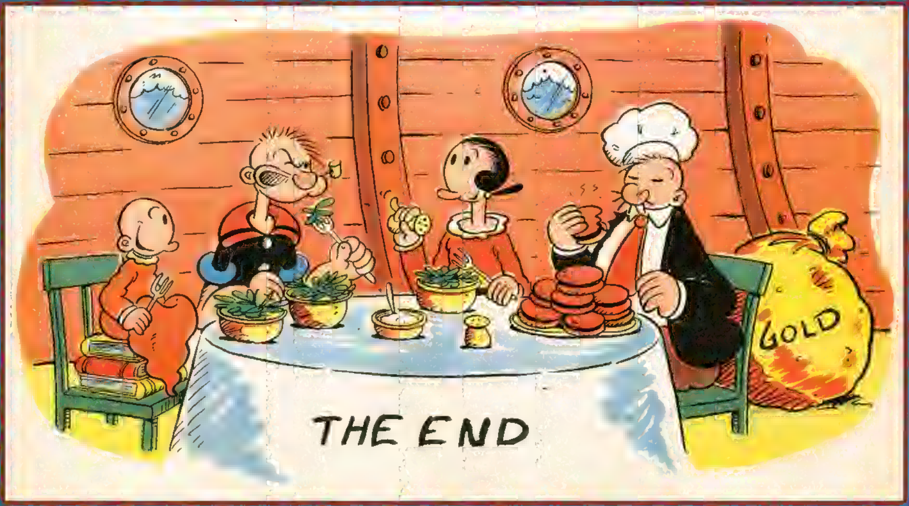

POPEYE
By
BUD SAGENDORF
T-2764
MADE IN U.S.A.
HEY! THIS ISN'T SATURDAY ?
NO BUT-
SPINACH
IT'S AN EXTRA SPECIAL BIRTHDAY

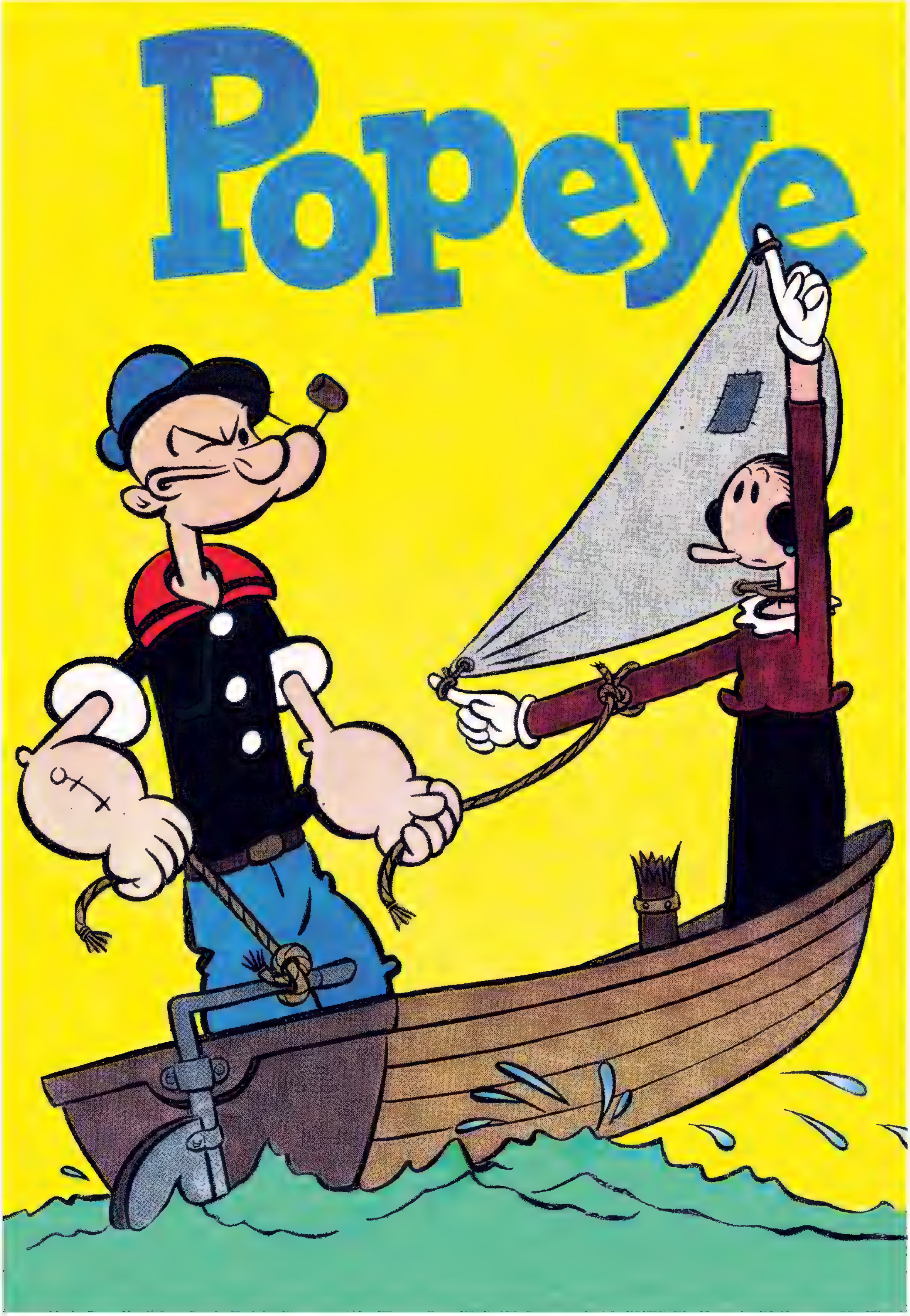
AN' I WANTS YA TO DELIVER THESE GREETIN'S
BES' WISHES TO YA ON YER BIRTHDAY!
SPINACH


POPEYE
By
BUD SAGENDORF
T-2766
SO WHAT IF YA IS HAVIN' ANOTHER BIRTHDAY?


LOOK AT PAPPY_ HE'S HAD A HUN'RED OF 'EM AN' KIN STILL JUMP OVER ME HEAD!!
WHEE
HAPPY
BIRTHDAY!
SPINACH

A 1980 MUG using Sagendorf's artwork.
Thank you, Fred Grandinetti!


GOLD
THE END



Popeye #30, September-November 1954

THE BIGGER THEY ARE—

Throckmorton or Tom, as his friends called him, was the biggest cat in the world. His size was his great pride and joy and from the way he bragged about it, you would think that he and he alone was responsible for his over-stuffed feline body. In truth his huge size was due to his environment, for he lived in a butcher shop. His bed in the butcher shop was on the floor beneath the meat-slicing machine. A spot like this would be a wonderful place for anyone to live, but for Tom it was heaven.

Mr. Sniff, the butcher who owned the shop, was very careless and he was always slicing off more bologna or cold cuts than his customers ordered. Because Mr. Sniff couldn't eat meat, he always tossed the extra slices to Tom. This steady stream of cold cuts to a cat who didn't even have to move to catch them was like tying a rubber balloon onto a water faucet and turning the water on. Tom just grew and grew until he was at least twice the size of any other cat.

While none of the other cats on the block disliked Tom because of his easy living, they did become disgusted with him for he got the idea that because he was the biggest he was the best. He was forever telling them that he could do anything better and faster than any other cat in the world.

Now, one day, a stray cat, that was just as thin as Tom was fat, moved into the neighborhood. The moment Tom met the new animal, he began to laugh and poke fun at the stranger.

"WOW! Are you a skinny mess! You're not as large as my front leg!"

At first, the stranger took all of Tom's teasing in good fun but, after a while, it began to sink in that the big cat really thought he was far superior to the skinny cat.

"What's wrong with that guy?" remarked the skinny cat one day. "Hasn't he ever heard that THE BIGGER THEY ARE THE HARDER THEY FALL?"

"Oh, don't mind Tom," answered one of the other animals. "He's not a bad fellow when he's not talking about his size."

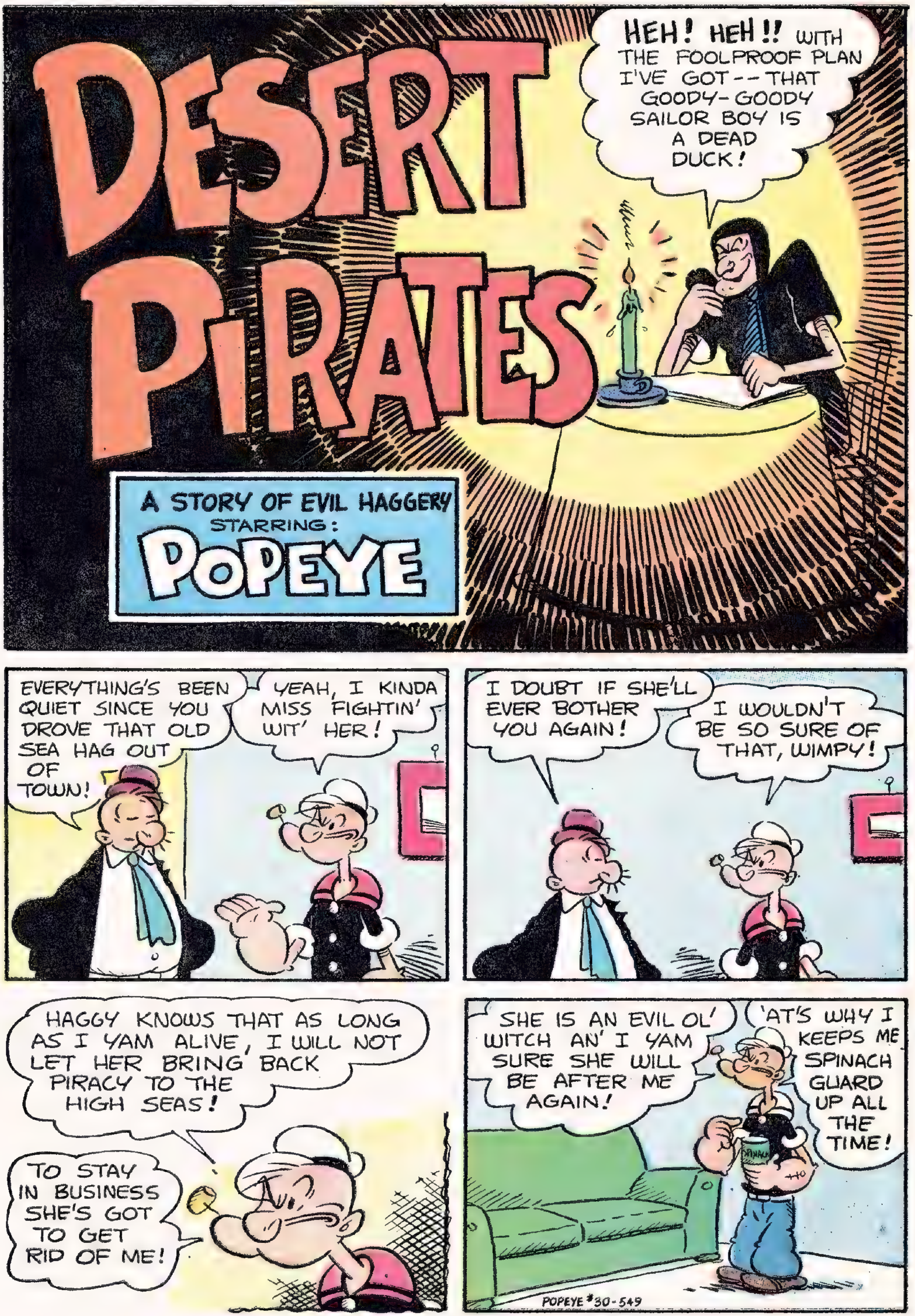
"Well, that's all he *does* talk about," growled the skinny cat. "It's about time someone taught him a lesson and I think I'm just the cat to do it."

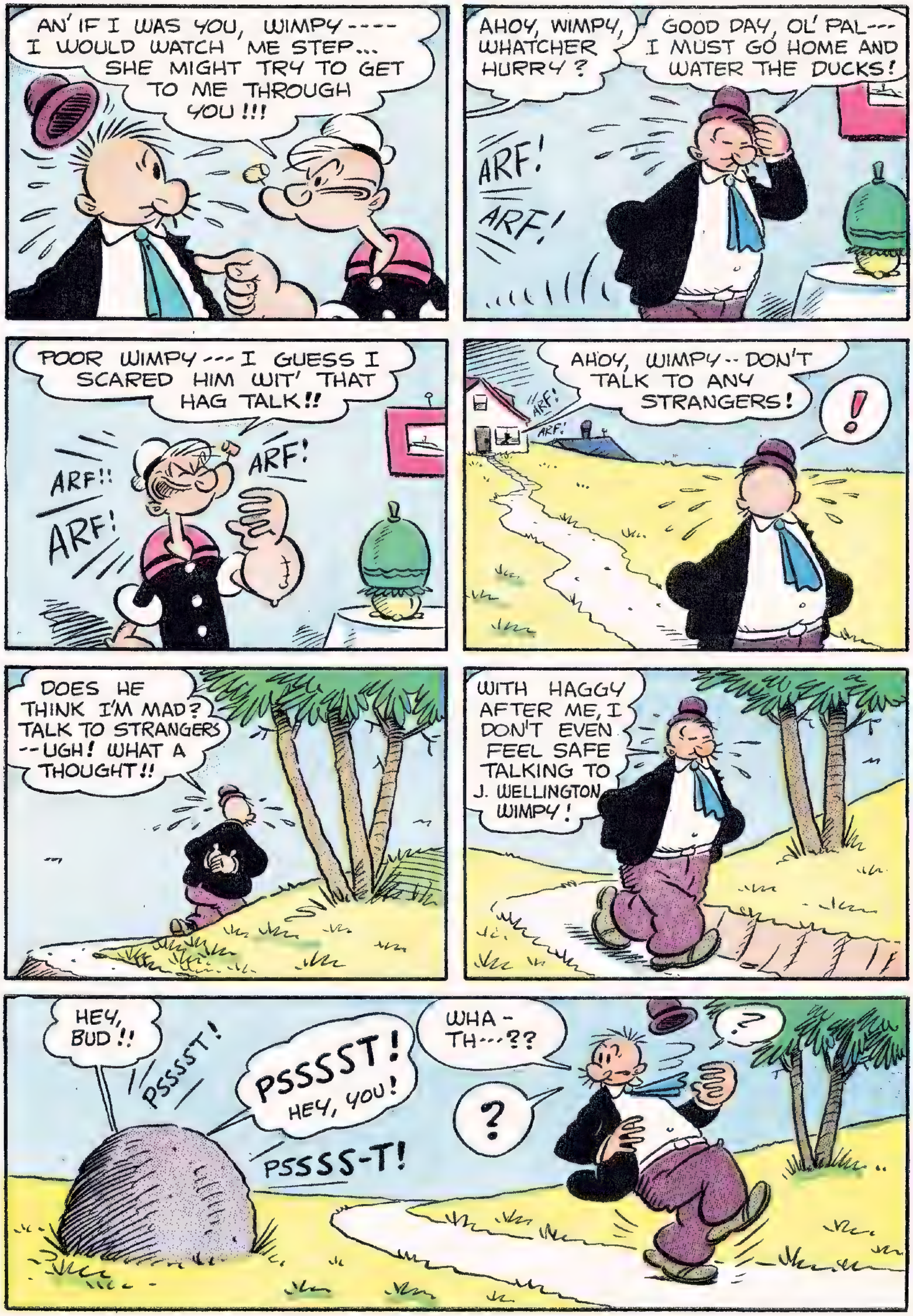
It was several days before the opportunity came for the skinny cat to carry out a plan he had worked out. It was a warm spring day and a gang of cats had gathered in the big field to soak up some of the sunshine.

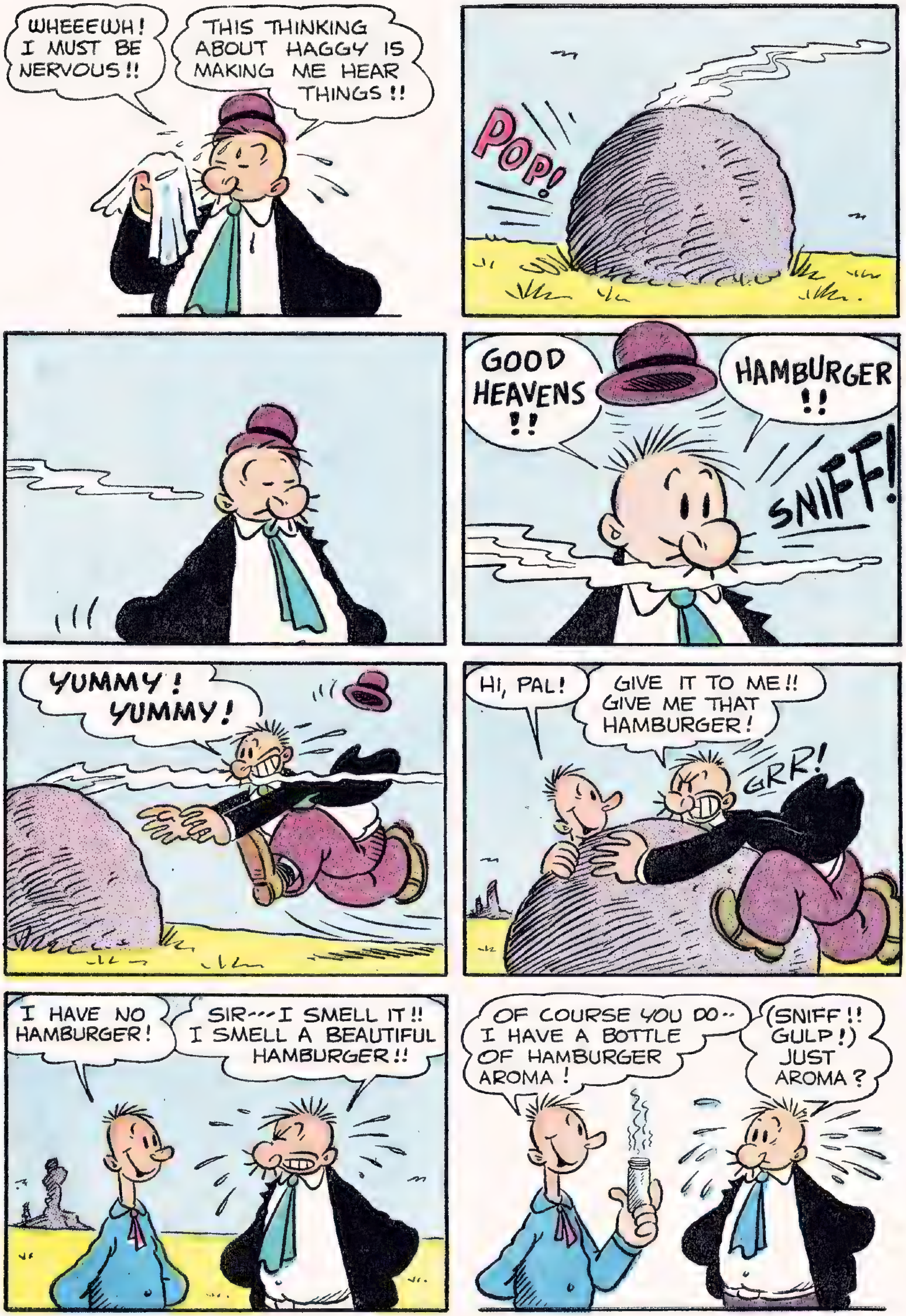
"I've had enough sun," the skinny cat said and stood up and stretched. "Who's for playing a game?"

"Aw, games are no fun," laughed Tom. "I always win. I'm just too big and good for the rest of you."

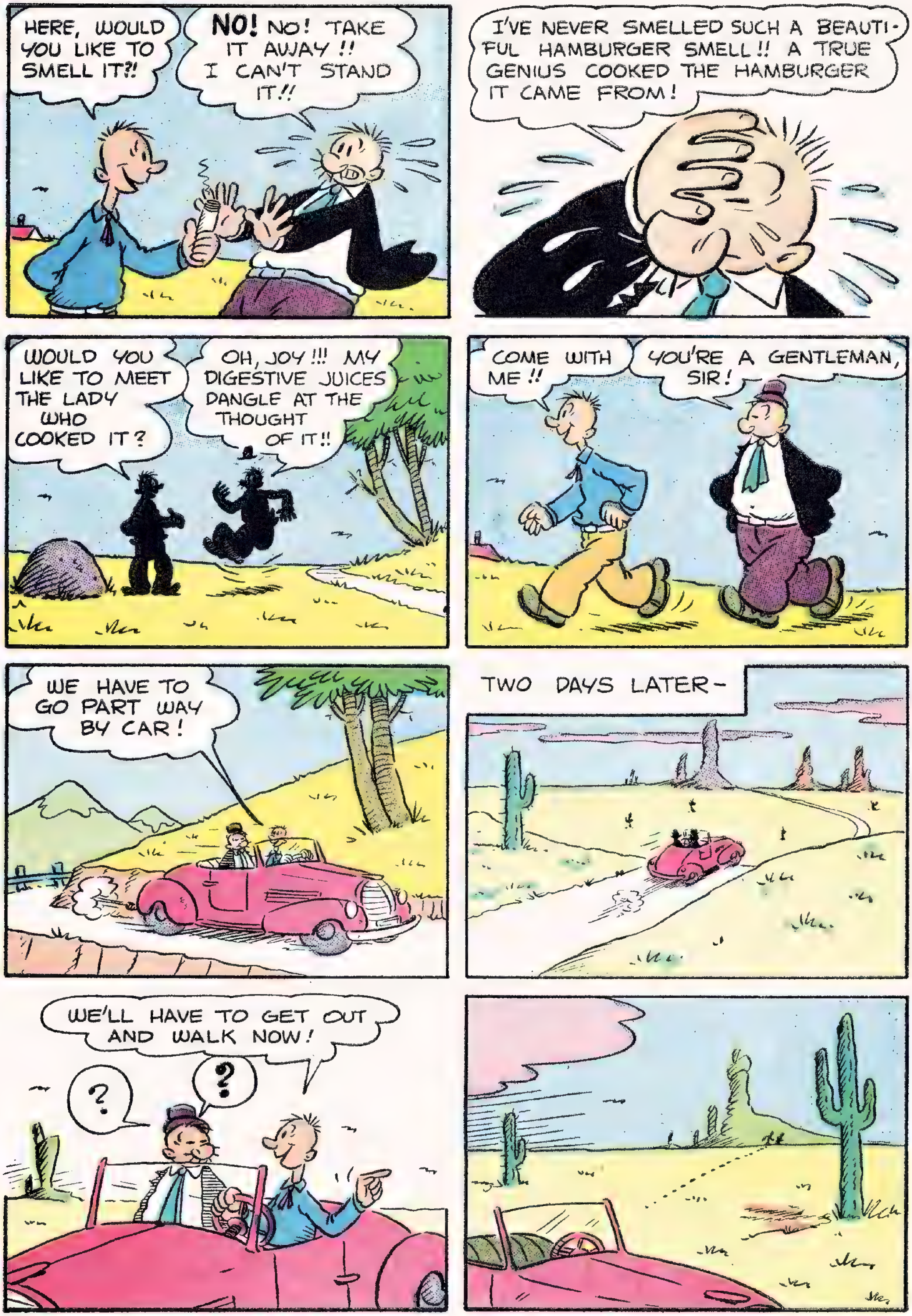
(Continued on inside back cover)

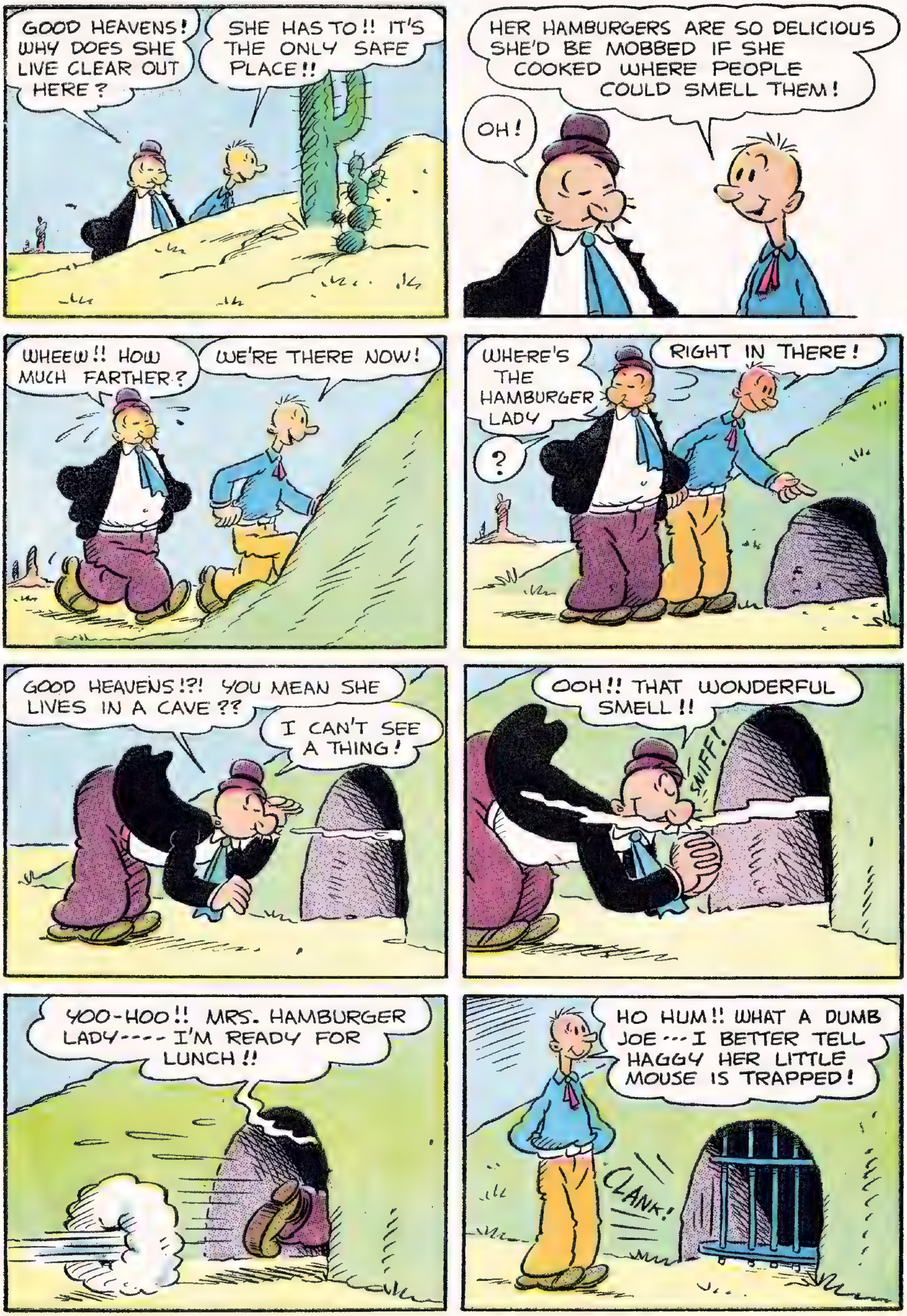

DESERT PIRATES
HEH! HEH!! WITH THE FOOLPROOF PLAN I'VE GOT--THAT GOODY-GOODY SAILOR BOY IS A DEAD DUCK!
A STORY OF EVIL HAGGERY STARRING: POPEYE
EVERYTHING'S BEEN QUIET SINCE YOU DROVE THAT OLD SEA HAG OUT OF TOWN!
YEAH, I KINDA MISS FIGHTIN' WIT' HER!
I DOUBT IF SHE'LL EVER BOTHER YOU AGAIN!
I WOULDN'T BE SO SURE OF THAT, WIMPY!
HAGGY KNOWS THAT AS LONG AS I YAM ALIVE, I WILL NOT LET HER BRING BACK PIRACY TO THE HIGH SEAS!
TO STAY IN BUSINESS SHE'S GOT TO GET RID OF ME!
SHE IS AN EVIL OL' WITCH AN' I YAM SURE SHE WILL BE AFTER ME AGAIN!
'AT'S WHY I KEEPS ME SPINACH GUARD UP ALL THE TIME!
SPINACH
POPEYE #30-549

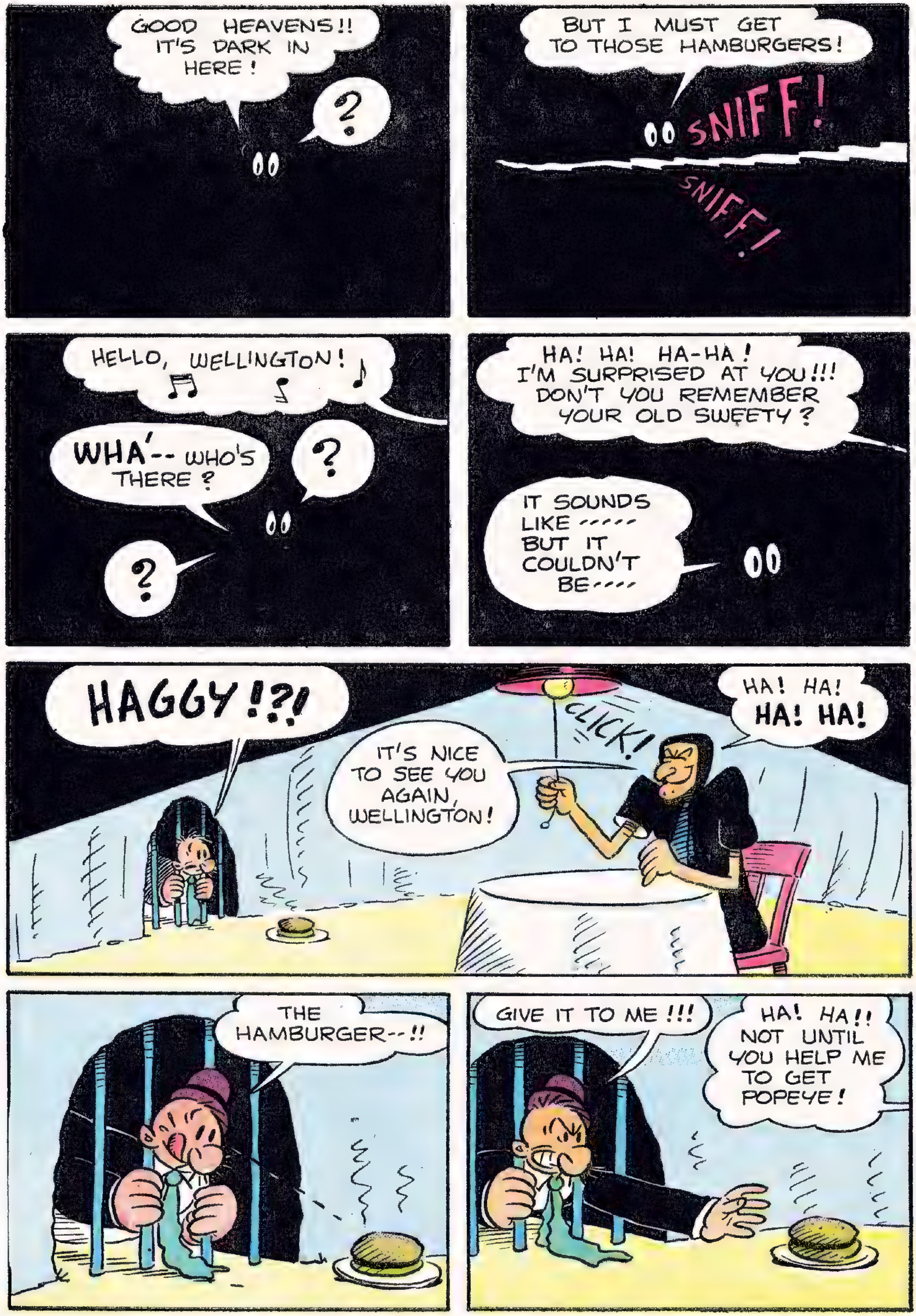

AN' IF I WAS YOU, WIMPY---- I WOULD WATCH ME STEP... SHE MIGHT TRY TO GET TO ME THROUGH YOU!!!
AHOY, WIMPY, WHATCHER HURRY?
GOOD DAY, OL' PAL--- I MUST GO HOME AND WATER THE DUCKS!
ARF!
ARF!
POOR WIMPY---I GUESS I SCARED HIM WIT' THAT HAG TALK!!
ARF!!
ARF!
ARF!
AHOY, WIMPY--DON'T TALK TO ANY STRANGERS!
ARF!
ARF!
!
DOES HE THINK I'M MAD? TALK TO STRANGERS --UGH! WHAT A THOUGHT!!
WITH HAGGY AFTER ME, I DON'T EVEN FEEL SAFE TALKING TO J. WELLINGTON WIMPY!
HEY, BUD!!
PSSSST!
PSSSST! HEY, YOU!
PSSSS-T!
WHA-TH---??
?
?

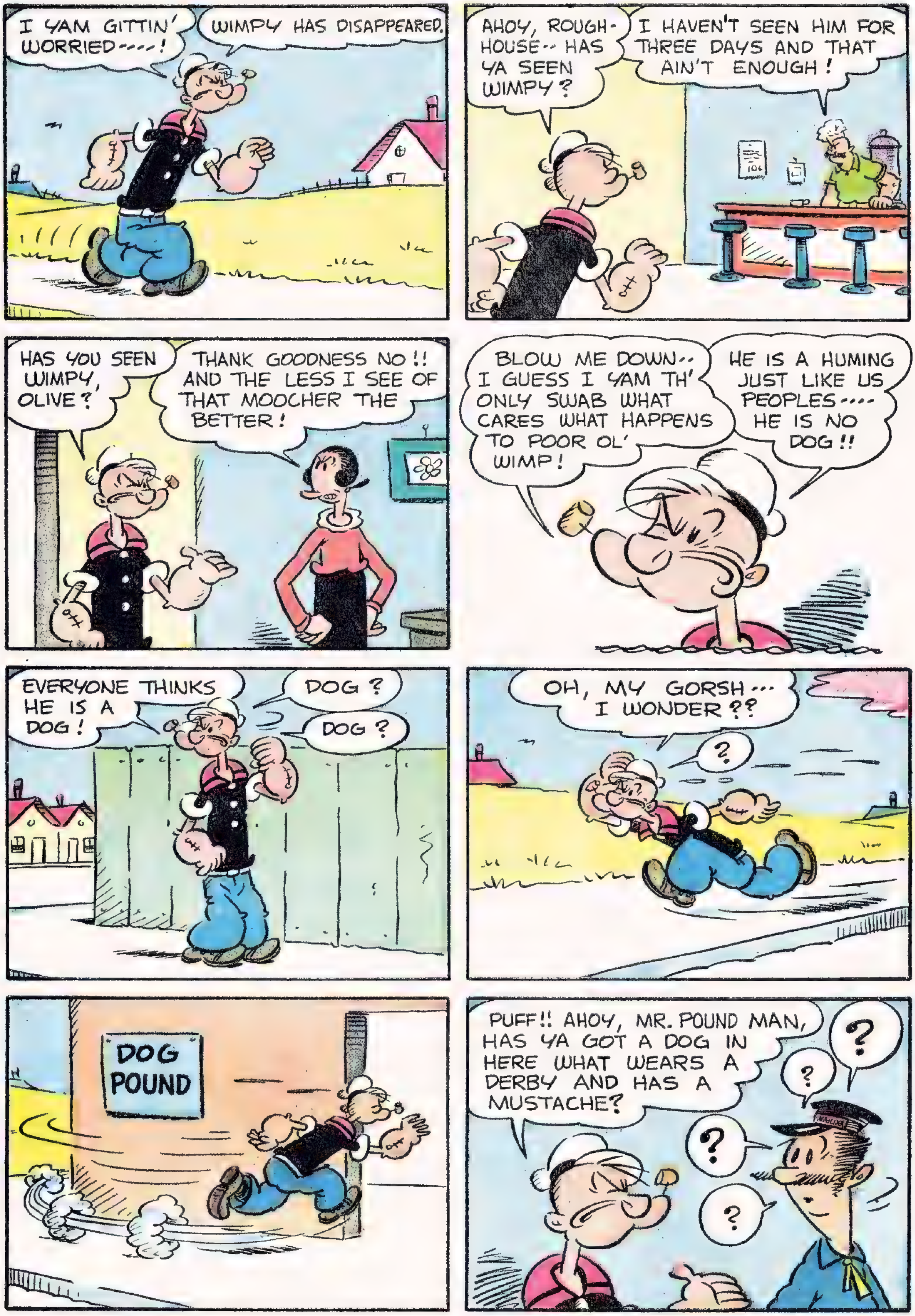


WHEEEWH! I MUST BE NERVOUS!!
THIS THINKING ABOUT HAGGY IS MAKING ME HEAR THINGS!!
POP!
GOOD HEAVENS!!
HAMBURGER!!
SNIFF!
YUMMY! YUMMY!
HI, PAL!
GIVE IT TO ME!! GIVE ME THAT HAMBURGER!
GRR!
I HAVE NO HAMBURGER!
SIR---I SMELL IT!! I SMELL A BEAUTIFUL HAMBURGER!!
OF COURSE YOU DO-- I HAVE A BOTTLE OF HAMBURGER AROMA!
(SNIFF!! GULP!) JUST AROMA?

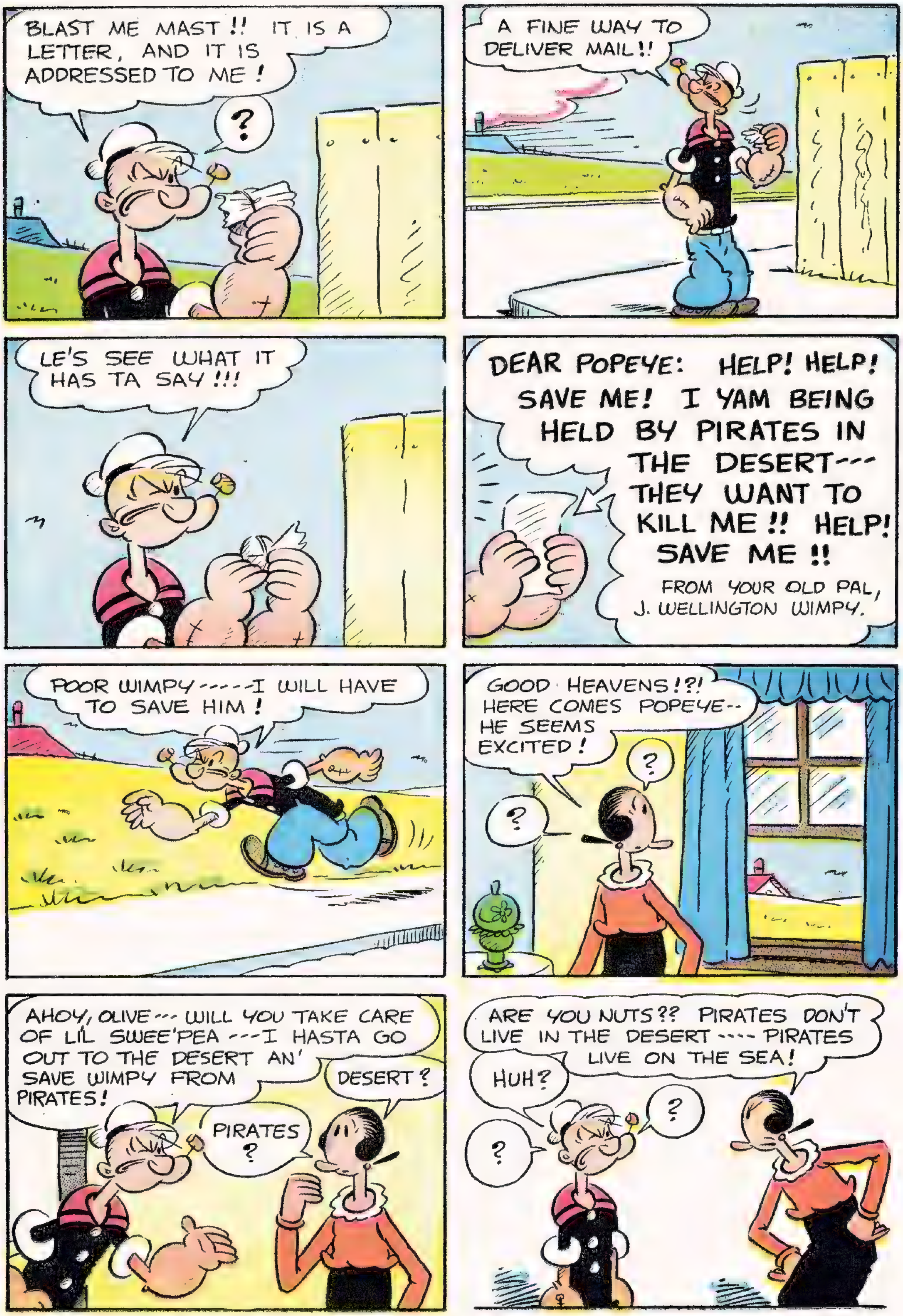

HERE, WOULD YOU LIKE TO SMELL IT?!
NO! NO! TAKE IT AWAY!! I CAN'T STAND IT!!
I'VE NEVER SMELLED SUCH A BEAUTI-FUL HAMBURGER SMELL!! A TRUE GENIUS COOKED THE HAMBURGER IT CAME FROM!
WOULD YOU LIKE TO MEET THE LADY WHO COOKED IT?
OH, JOY!!! MY DIGESTIVE JUICES DANGLE AT THE THOUGHT OF IT!!
COME WITH ME!!
YOU'RE A GENTLEMAN, SIR!
WE HAVE TO GO PART WAY BY CAR!
TWO DAYS LATER—
WE'LL HAVE TO GET OUT AND WALK NOW!
?
?

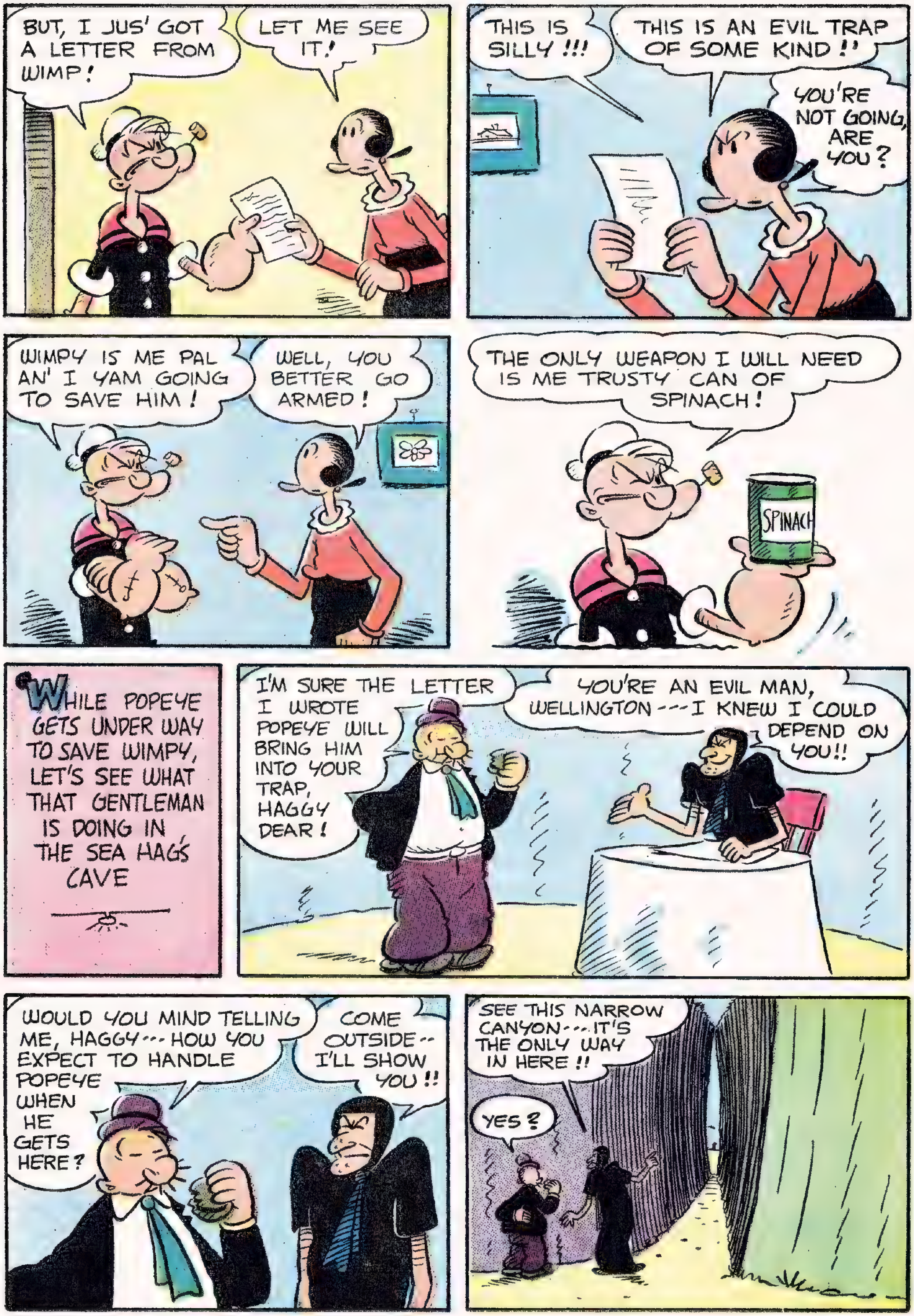

GOOD HEAVENS! WHY DOES SHE LIVE CLEAR OUT HERE?
SHE HAS TO!! IT'S THE ONLY SAFE PLACE!!
HER HAMBURGERS ARE SO DELICIOUS SHE'D BE MOBBED IF SHE COOKED WHERE PEOPLE COULD SMELL THEM!
OH!
WHEEW!! HOW MUCH FARTHER?
WE'RE THERE NOW!
WHERE'S THE HAMBURGER LADY
?
RIGHT IN THERE!
GOOD HEAVENS!?! YOU MEAN SHE LIVES IN A CAVE??
I CAN'T SEE A THING!
OOH!! THAT WONDERFUL SMELL!!
SNIFF!
YOO-HOO!! MRS. HAMBURGER LADY---- I'M READY FOR LUNCH!!
HO HUM!! WHAT A DUMB JOE---I BETTER TELL HAGGY HER LITTLE MOUSE IS TRAPPED!
CLANK!


GOOD HEAVENS!! IT'S DARK IN HERE!
?
BUT I MUST GET TO THOSE HAMBURGERS!
SNIFF!
SNIFF!
HELLO, WELLINGTON!
WHA'-- WHO'S THERE?
?
?
HA! HA! HA-HA! I'M SURPRISED AT YOU!!! DON'T YOU REMEMBER YOUR OLD SWEETY?
IT SOUNDS LIKE ----- BUT IT COULDN'T BE----
HAGGY!?!
CLICK!
IT'S NICE TO SEE YOU AGAIN, WELLINGTON!
HA! HA! HA! HA!
THE HAMBURGER--!!
GIVE IT TO ME!!!
HA! HA!! NOT UNTIL YOU HELP ME TO GET POPEYE!

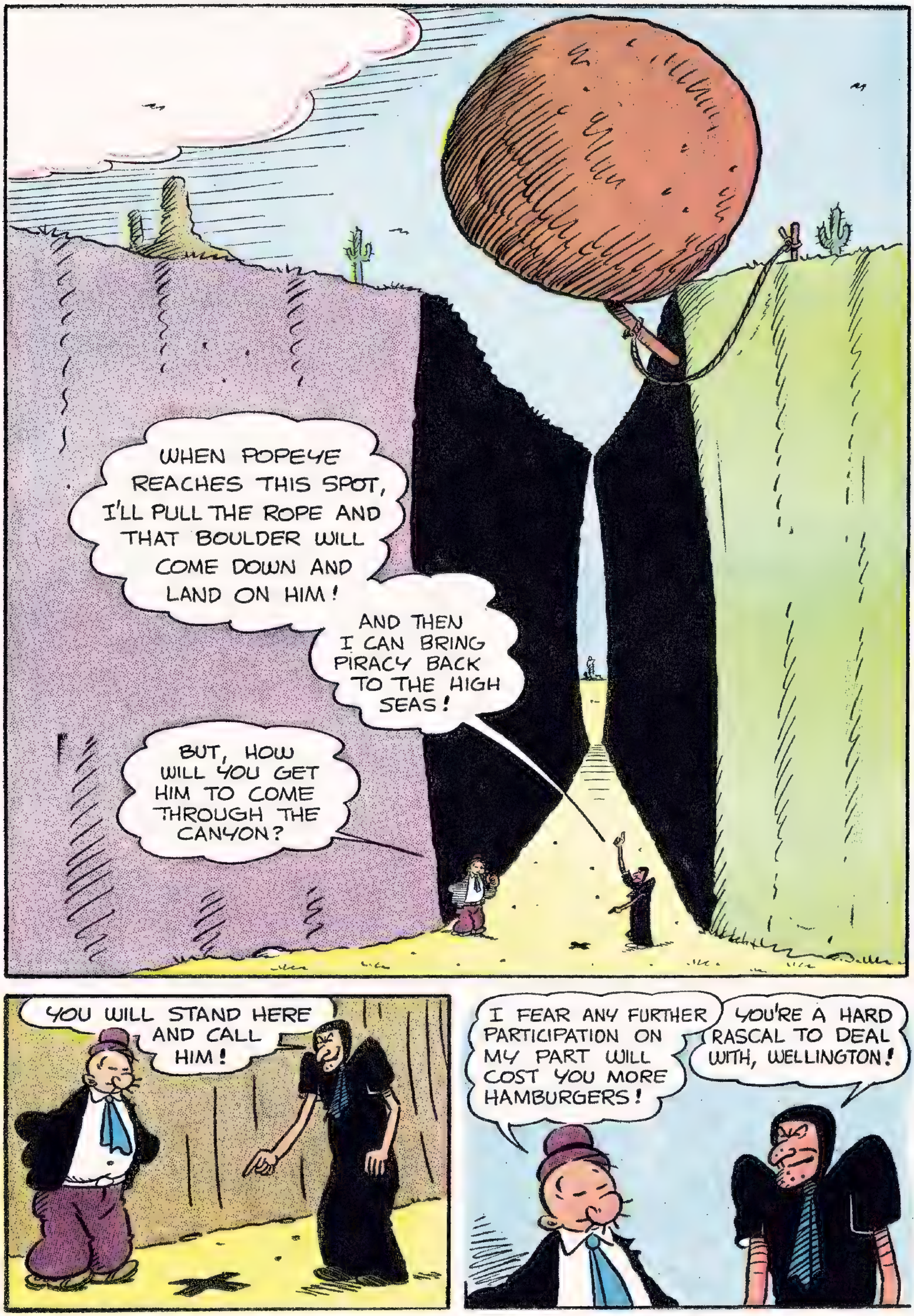

I YAM GITTIN' WORRIED----!
WIMPY HAS DISAPPEARED.
AHOY, ROUGH-HOUSE-- HAS YA SEEN WIMPY?
I HAVEN'T SEEN HIM FOR THREE DAYS AND THAT AIN'T ENOUGH!
HAS YOU SEEN WIMPY, OLIVE?
THANK GOODNESS NO!! AND THE LESS I SEE OF THAT MOOCHER THE BETTER!
BLOW ME DOWN-- I GUESS I YAM TH' ONLY SWAB WHAT CARES WHAT HAPPENS TO POOR OL' WIMP!
HE IS A HUMING JUST LIKE US PEOPLES---- HE IS NO DOG!!
EVERYONE THINKS HE IS A DOG!
DOG?
DOG?
OH, MY GORSH--- I WONDER??
?
DOG POUND
PUFF!! AHOY, MR. POUND MAN, HAS YA GOT A DOG IN HERE WHAT WEARS A DERBY AND HAS A MUSTACHE?
?
?
?
?

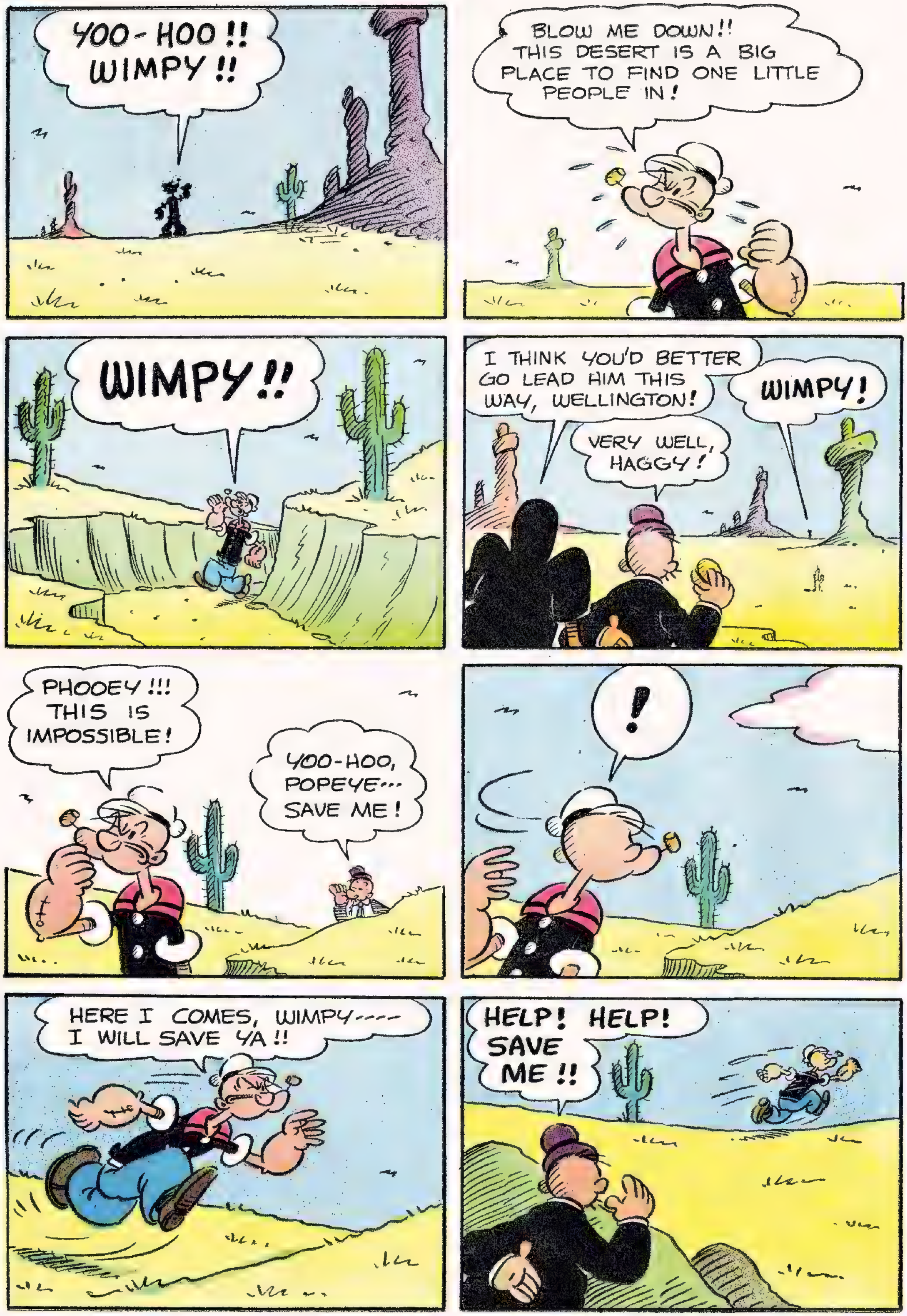
(GULP!!) I DON'T SEE WHY HE HAD TO GET SO MAD!
BLINKETY BLANK!
DOG POUND
BLOW ME DOWN! WHAT A FUNNY-LOOKIN' AIRYPLANE!
?
IT'S NOT MAKIN' ANY NOISE --- MUS' BE A GLIDER!
WHA-THE---? IT JUS' DROPPED SUMPIN!?
!
?
BONG!
YA BLASKID, PILICK!! COME DOWN AN' FIGHT!!
?
MY GORSH... IT'S A ROCK WIT' A PIECE OF PAPER TIED TO IT!

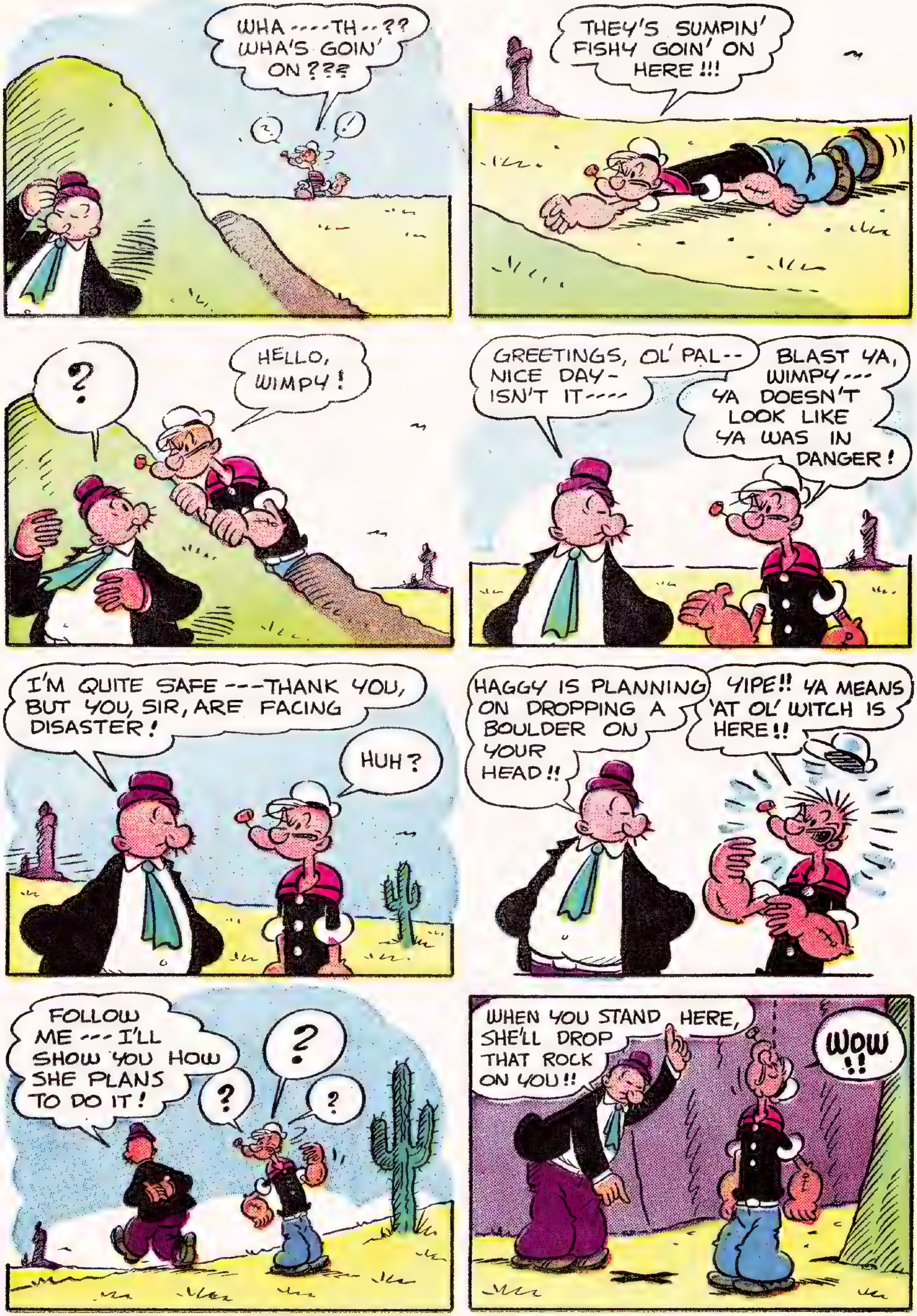

BLAST ME MAST !! IT IS A LETTER, AND IT IS ADDRESSED TO ME !
?
A FINE WAY TO DELIVER MAIL!!
LE'S SEE WHAT IT HAS TA SAY !!!
DEAR POPEYE: HELP! HELP! SAVE ME! I YAM BEING HELD BY PIRATES IN THE DESERT--- THEY WANT TO KILL ME !! HELP! SAVE ME !!
FROM YOUR OLD PAL, J. WELLINGTON WIMPY.
POOR WIMPY -----I WILL HAVE TO SAVE HIM !
GOOD HEAVENS !?! HERE COMES POPEYE-- HE SEEMS EXCITED !
?
?
AHOY, OLIVE --- WILL YOU TAKE CARE OF LI'L SWEE'PEA ---I HASTA GO OUT TO THE DESERT AN' SAVE WIMPY FROM PIRATES !
DESERT ?
PIRATES ?
ARE YOU NUTS ?? PIRATES DON'T LIVE IN THE DESERT ---- PIRATES LIVE ON THE SEA !
HUH ?
?
?

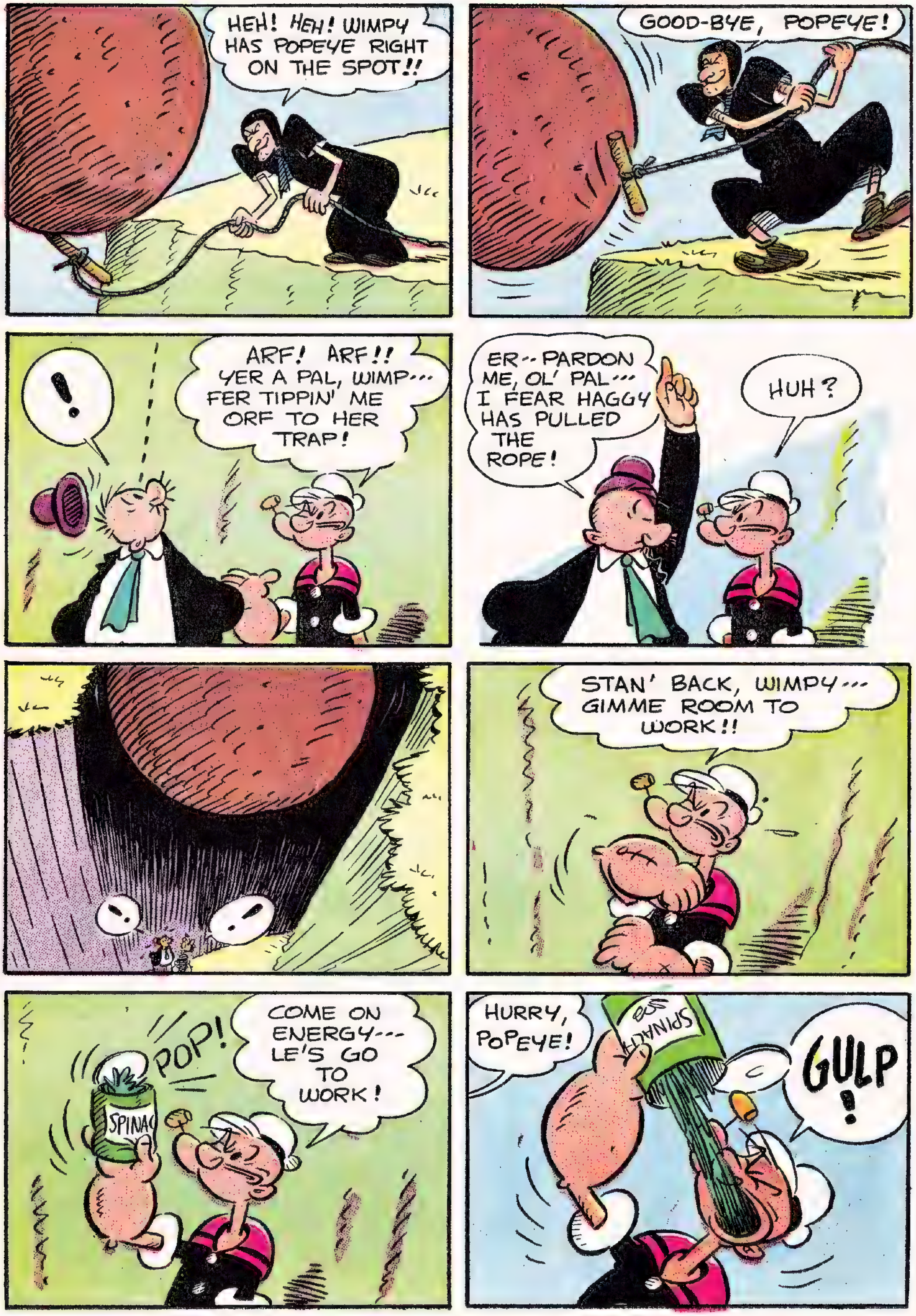


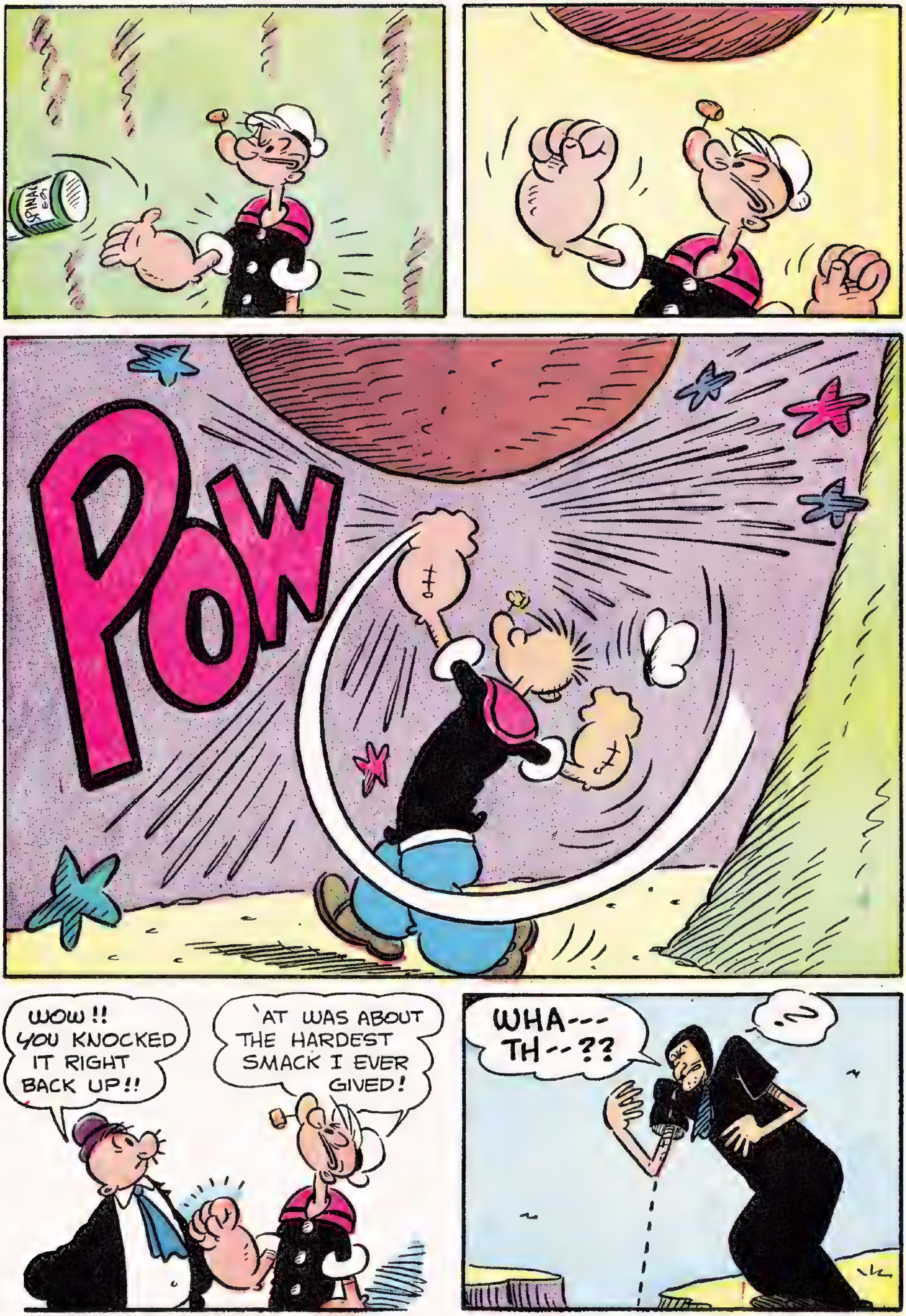
BUT, I JUS' GOT A LETTER FROM WIMP!
LET ME SEE IT!
THIS IS SILLY!!!
THIS IS AN EVIL TRAP OF SOME KIND!!
YOU'RE NOT GOING, ARE YOU?
WIMPY IS ME PAL AN' I YAM GOING TO SAVE HIM!
WELL, YOU BETTER GO ARMED!
THE ONLY WEAPON I WILL NEED IS ME TRUSTY CAN OF SPINACH!
SPINACH
WHILE POPEYE GETS UNDER WAY TO SAVE WIMPY, LET'S SEE WHAT THAT GENTLEMAN IS DOING IN THE SEA HAG'S CAVE
I'M SURE THE LETTER I WROTE POPEYE WILL BRING HIM INTO YOUR TRAP, HAGGY DEAR!
YOU'RE AN EVIL MAN, WELLINGTON---I KNEW I COULD DEPEND ON YOU!!
WOULD YOU MIND TELLING ME, HAGGY--- HOW YOU EXPECT TO HANDLE POPEYE WHEN HE GETS HERE?
COME OUTSIDE-- I'LL SHOW YOU!!
SEE THIS NARROW CANYON---IT'S THE ONLY WAY IN HERE!!
YES?

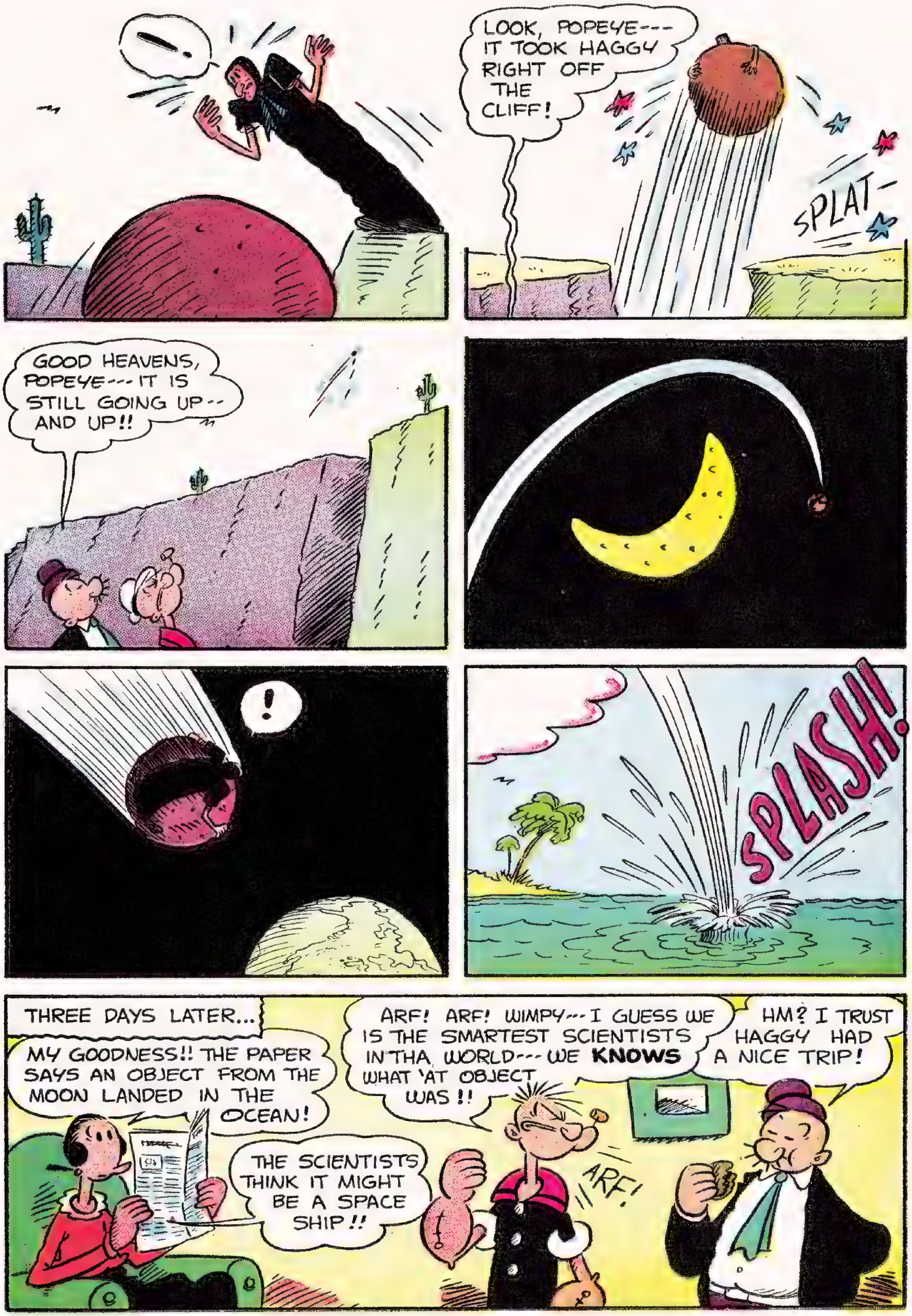

WHEN POPEYE REACHES THIS SPOT, I'LL PULL THE ROPE AND THAT BOULDER WILL COME DOWN AND LAND ON HIM!
AND THEN I CAN BRING PIRACY BACK TO THE HIGH SEAS!
BUT, HOW WILL YOU GET HIM TO COME THROUGH THE CANYON?
YOU WILL STAND HERE AND CALL HIM!
I FEAR ANY FURTHER PARTICIPATION ON MY PART WILL COST YOU MORE HAMBURGERS!
YOU'RE A HARD RASCAL TO DEAL WITH, WELLINGTON!

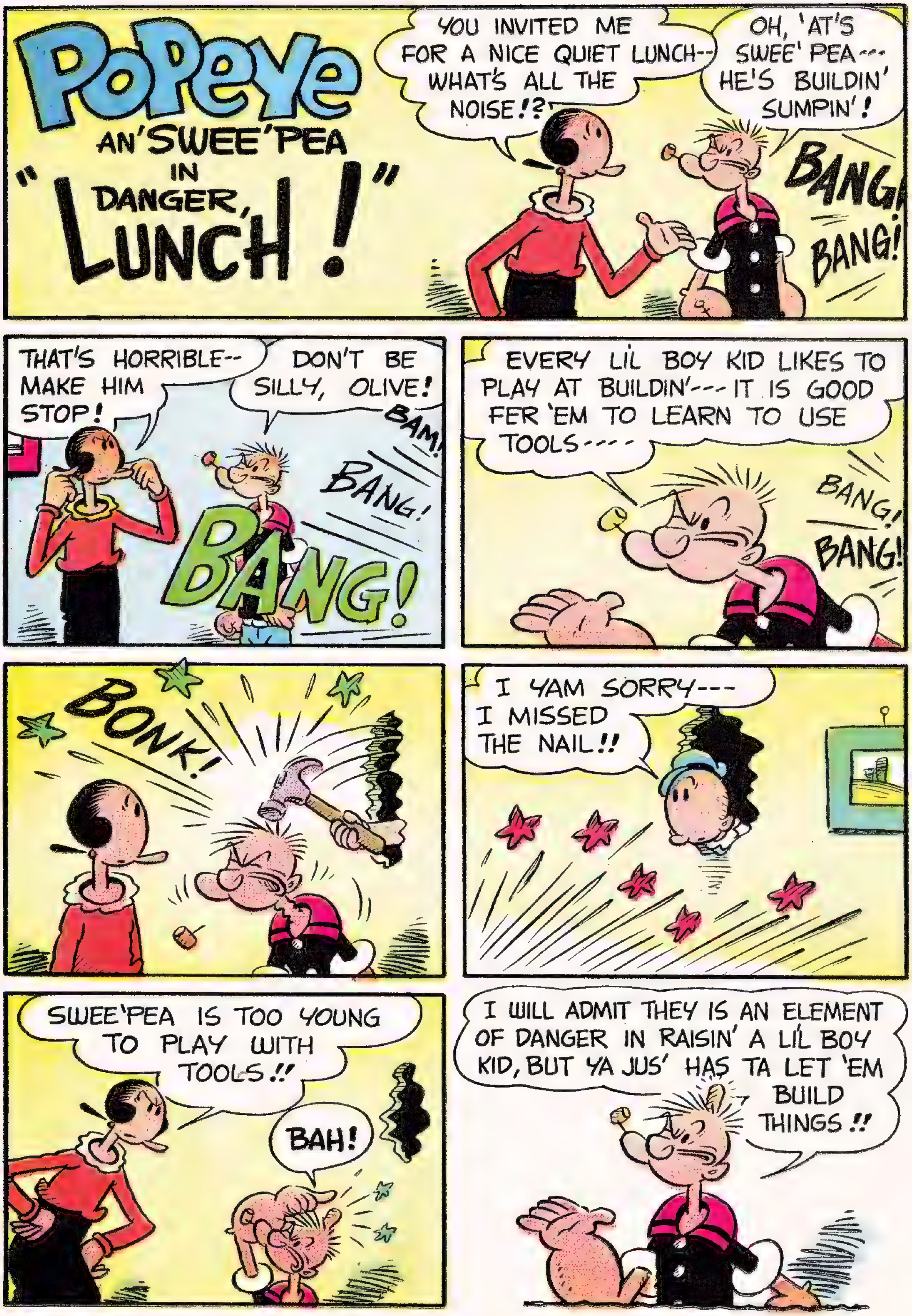

YOO-HOO!! WIMPY!!
BLOW ME DOWN!! THIS DESERT IS A BIG PLACE TO FIND ONE LITTLE PEOPLE IN!
WIMPY!!
I THINK YOU'D BETTER GO LEAD HIM THIS WAY, WELLINGTON!
VERY WELL, HAGGY!
WIMPY!
PHOOEY!!! THIS IS IMPOSSIBLE!
YOO-HOO, POPEYE... SAVE ME!
!
HERE I COMES, WIMPY---- I WILL SAVE YA!!
HELP! HELP! SAVE ME!!

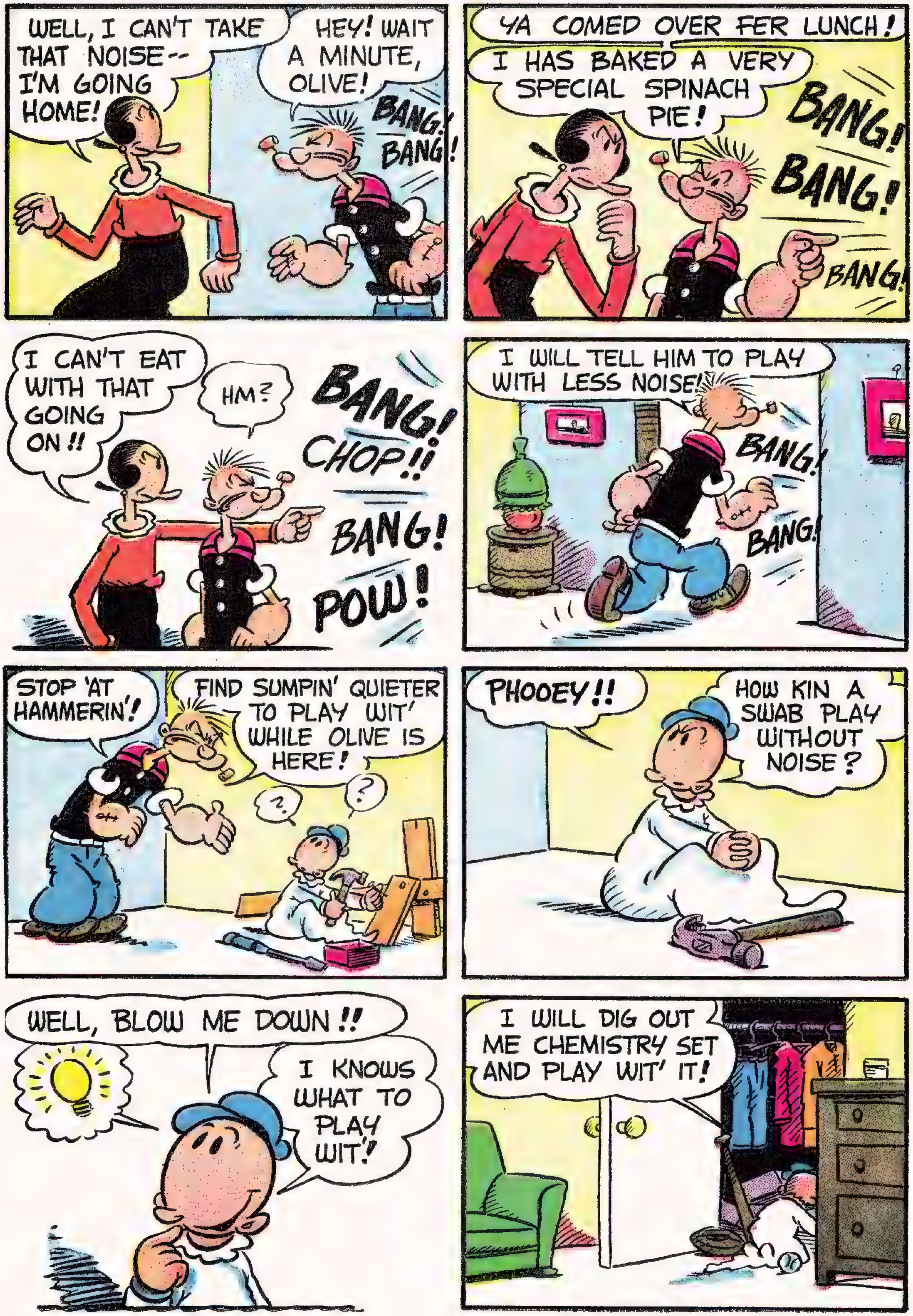

WHA----TH--?? WHA'S GOIN' ON ???
THEY'S SUMPIN' FISHY GOIN' ON HERE !!!
?
HELLO, WIMPY !
GREETINGS, OL' PAL-- NICE DAY- ISN'T IT----
BLAST YA, WIMPY--- YA DOESN'T LOOK LIKE YA WAS IN DANGER !
I'M QUITE SAFE---THANK YOU, BUT YOU, SIR, ARE FACING DISASTER !
HUH ?
HAGGY IS PLANNING ON DROPPING A BOULDER ON YOUR HEAD !!
YIPE !! YA MEANS 'AT OL' WITCH IS HERE !!
FOLLOW ME---I'LL SHOW YOU HOW SHE PLANS TO DO IT !
?
WHEN YOU STAND HERE, SHE'LL DROP THAT ROCK ON YOU !!
WOW !!

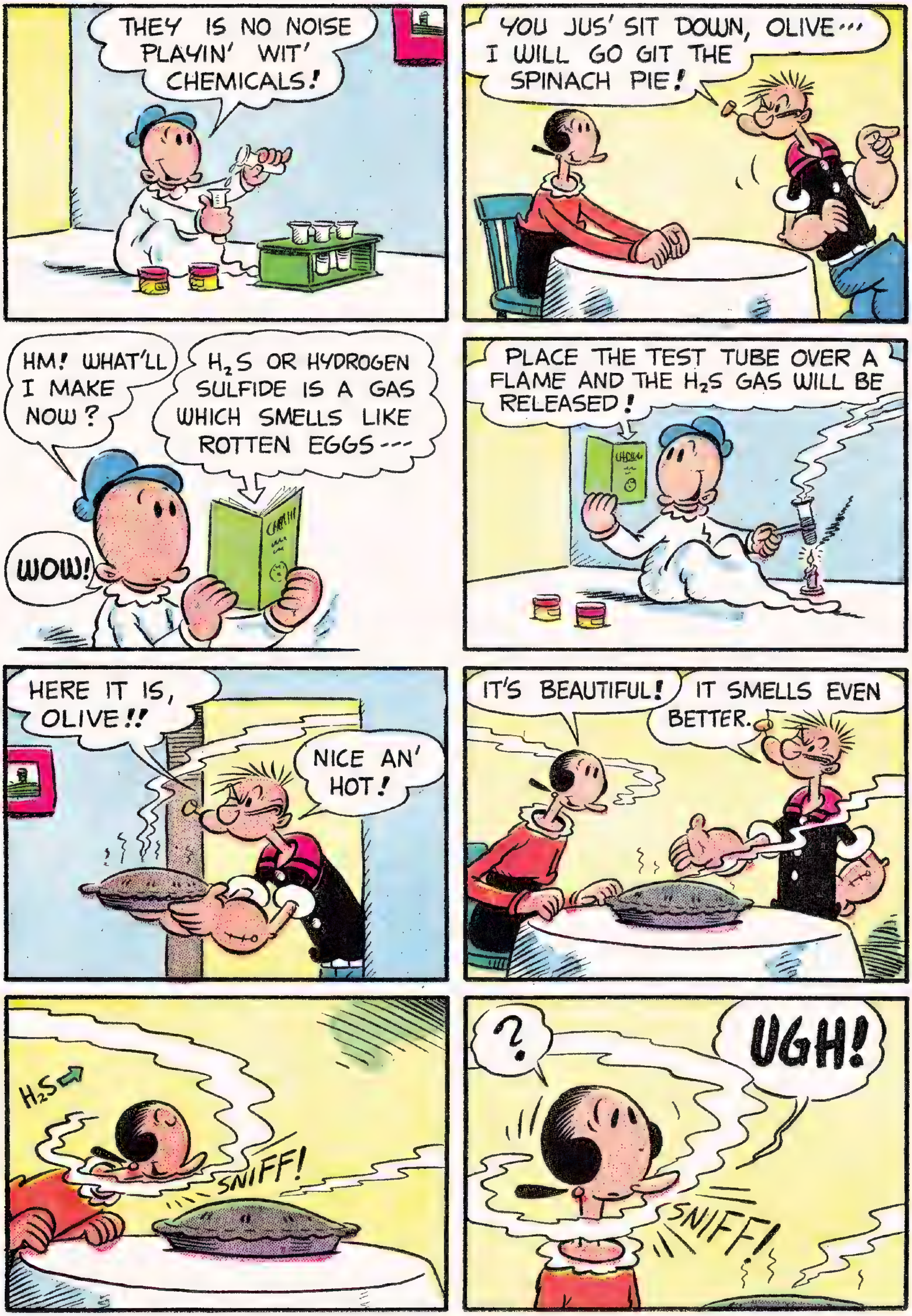

HEH! HEH! WIMPY HAS POPEYE RIGHT ON THE SPOT!!
GOOD-BYE, POPEYE!
!
ARF! ARF!! YER A PAL, WIMP... FER TIPPIN' ME ORF TO HER TRAP!
ER--PARDON ME, OL' PAL... I FEAR HAGGY HAS PULLED THE ROPE!
HUH?
STAN' BACK, WIMPY... GIMME ROOM TO WORK!!
POP!
SPINAC
COME ON ENERGY--- LE'S GO TO WORK!
HURRY, POPEYE!
SPINACH
GULP!

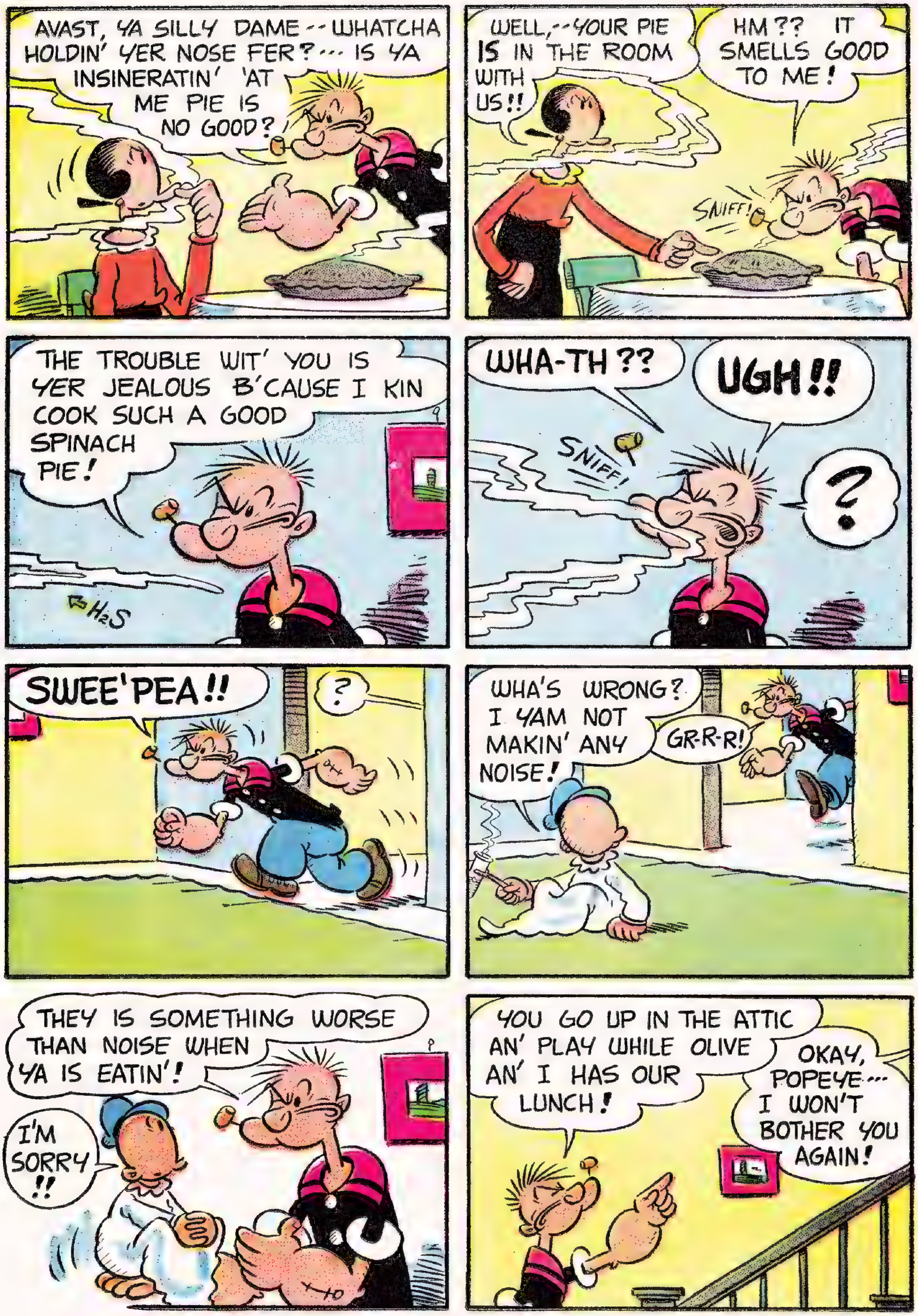

SPINACH
POW
WOW!! YOU KNOCKED IT RIGHT BACK UP!!
'AT WAS ABOUT THE HARDEST SMACK I EVER GIVED!
WHA--- TH--??
?


!
LOOK, POPEYE--- IT TOOK HAGGY RIGHT OFF THE CLIFF!
SPLAT-
GOOD HEAVENS, POPEYE--- IT IS STILL GOING UP-- AND UP!!
!
SPLASH!
THREE DAYS LATER...
MY GOODNESS!! THE PAPER SAYS AN OBJECT FROM THE MOON LANDED IN THE OCEAN!
THE SCIENTISTS THINK IT MIGHT BE A SPACE SHIP!!
ARF! ARF! WIMPY--- I GUESS WE IS THE SMARTEST SCIENTISTS IN THA WORLD--- WE **KNOWS** WHAT 'AT OBJECT WAS!!
ARF!
HM? I TRUST HAGGY HAD A NICE TRIP!


POPEYE AN' SWEE'PEA IN "DANGER, LUNCH!"
YOU INVITED ME FOR A NICE QUIET LUNCH-- WHAT'S ALL THE NOISE!?
OH, 'AT'S SWEE' PEA--- HE'S BUILDIN' SUMPIN'!
BANG! BANG!
THAT'S HORRIBLE-- MAKE HIM STOP!
DON'T BE SILLY, OLIVE!
BAM! BANG! BANG!
EVERY LI'L BOY KID LIKES TO PLAY AT BUILDIN'--- IT IS GOOD FER 'EM TO LEARN TO USE TOOLS----
BANG! BANG!
BONK!
I YAM SORRY--- I MISSED THE NAIL!!
SWEE'PEA IS TOO YOUNG TO PLAY WITH TOOLS!!
BAH!
I WILL ADMIT THEY IS AN ELEMENT OF DANGER IN RAISIN' A LI'L BOY KID, BUT YA JUS' HAS TA LET 'EM BUILD THINGS!!

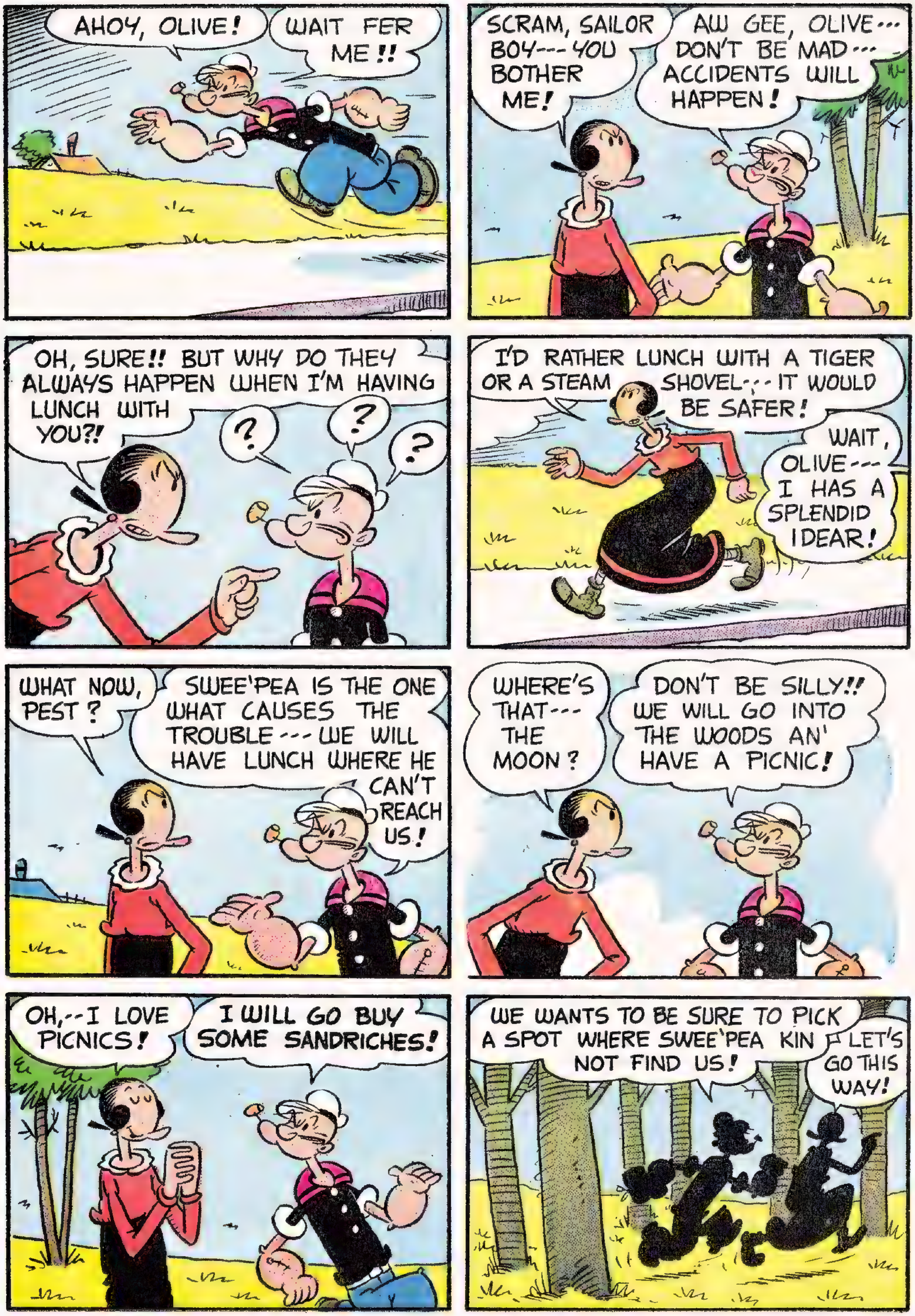

WELL, I CAN'T TAKE THAT NOISE-- I'M GOING HOME!
HEY! WAIT A MINUTE, OLIVE!
BANG! BANG!
YA COMED OVER FER LUNCH!
I HAS BAKED A VERY SPECIAL SPINACH PIE!
BANG! BANG! BANG!
I CAN'T EAT WITH THAT GOING ON!!
HM?
BANG! CHOP!! BANG! POW!
I WILL TELL HIM TO PLAY WITH LESS NOISE!
BANG! BANG!
STOP 'AT HAMMERIN'!
FIND SUMPIN' QUIETER TO PLAY WIT' WHILE OLIVE IS HERE!
?
?
PHOOEY!!
HOW KIN A SWAB PLAY WITHOUT NOISE?
WELL, BLOW ME DOWN!!
I KNOWS WHAT TO PLAY WIT'!
I WILL DIG OUT ME CHEMISTRY SET AND PLAY WIT' IT!


THEY IS NO NOISE PLAYIN' WIT' CHEMICALS!
YOU JUS' SIT DOWN, OLIVE... I WILL GO GIT THE SPINACH PIE!
HM! WHAT'LL I MAKE NOW?
H₂S OR HYDROGEN SULFIDE IS A GAS WHICH SMELLS LIKE ROTTEN EGGS---
WOW!
PLACE THE TEST TUBE OVER A FLAME AND THE H₂S GAS WILL BE RELEASED!
HERE IT IS, OLIVE!!
NICE AN' HOT!
IT'S BEAUTIFUL!
IT SMELLS EVEN BETTER.
H₂S
SNIFF!
?
UGH!
SNIFF!

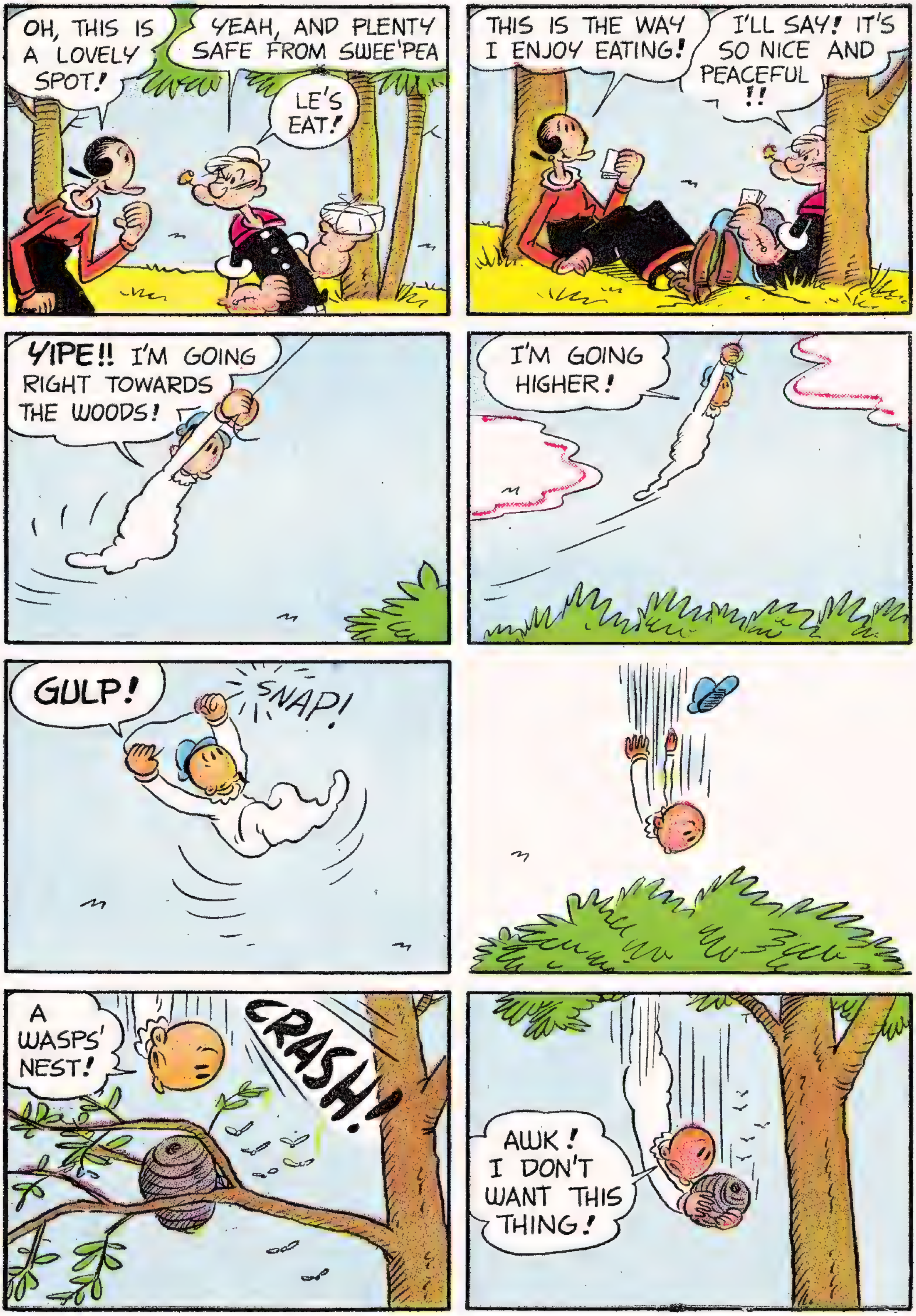

AVAST, YA SILLY DAME -- WHATCHA HOLDIN' YER NOSE FER? ... IS YA INSINERATIN' 'AT ME PIE IS NO GOOD?
WELL,--YOUR PIE IS IN THE ROOM WITH US!!
HM?? IT SMELLS GOOD TO ME!
SNIFF!
THE TROUBLE WIT' YOU IS YER JEALOUS B'CAUSE I KIN COOK SUCH A GOOD SPINACH PIE!
H2S
WHA-TH??
SNIFF!
UGH!!
?
SWEE'PEA!!
?
WHA'S WRONG? I YAM NOT MAKIN' ANY NOISE!
GR-R-R!
THEY IS SOMETHING WORSE THAN NOISE WHEN YA IS EATIN'!
I'M SORRY!!
YOU GO UP IN THE ATTIC AN' PLAY WHILE OLIVE AN' I HAS OUR LUNCH!
OKAY, POPEYE... I WON'T BOTHER YOU AGAIN!

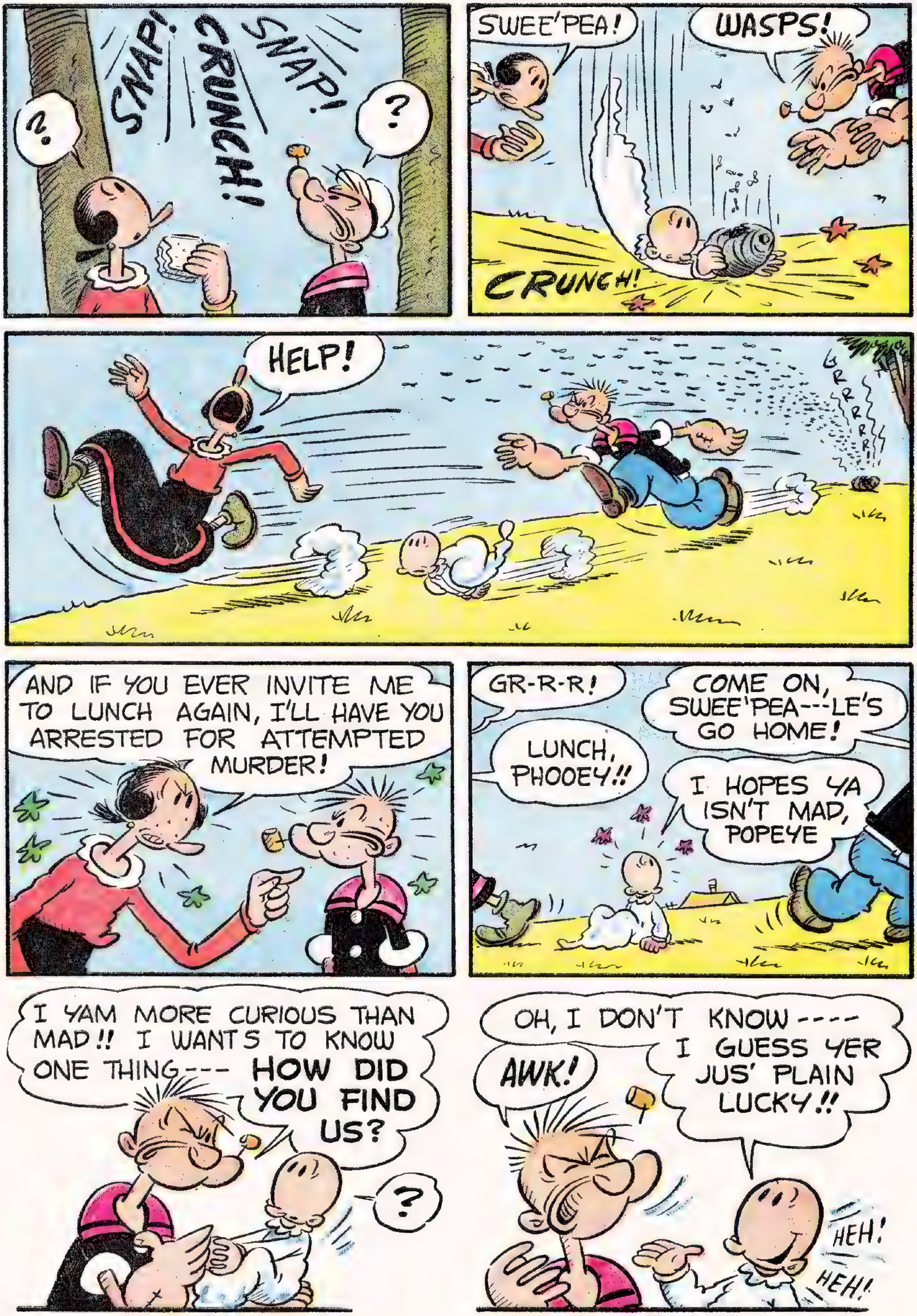
SIT DOWN, OLIVE--- WE KIN HAVE A NICE PEACEFUL LUNCH NOW!
SWELL!
GEE --- THERE'S NOTHIN' TO PLAY WITH UP HERE --- POPEYE CLEANED OUT THE ATTIC!
GEE ---- THERE'S SUMPIN' ---- ?
?
?
PHOOEY --- JUS' AN OL' CANNON BALL!
WHAT KIN YA DO WIT' AN OLD CANNON BALL!?
IT'S NO GOOD WIT' OUTA CANNON!
PHOOEY!!
CRASH!
?
!
WOW!! IT WENT RIGHT THROUGH!!

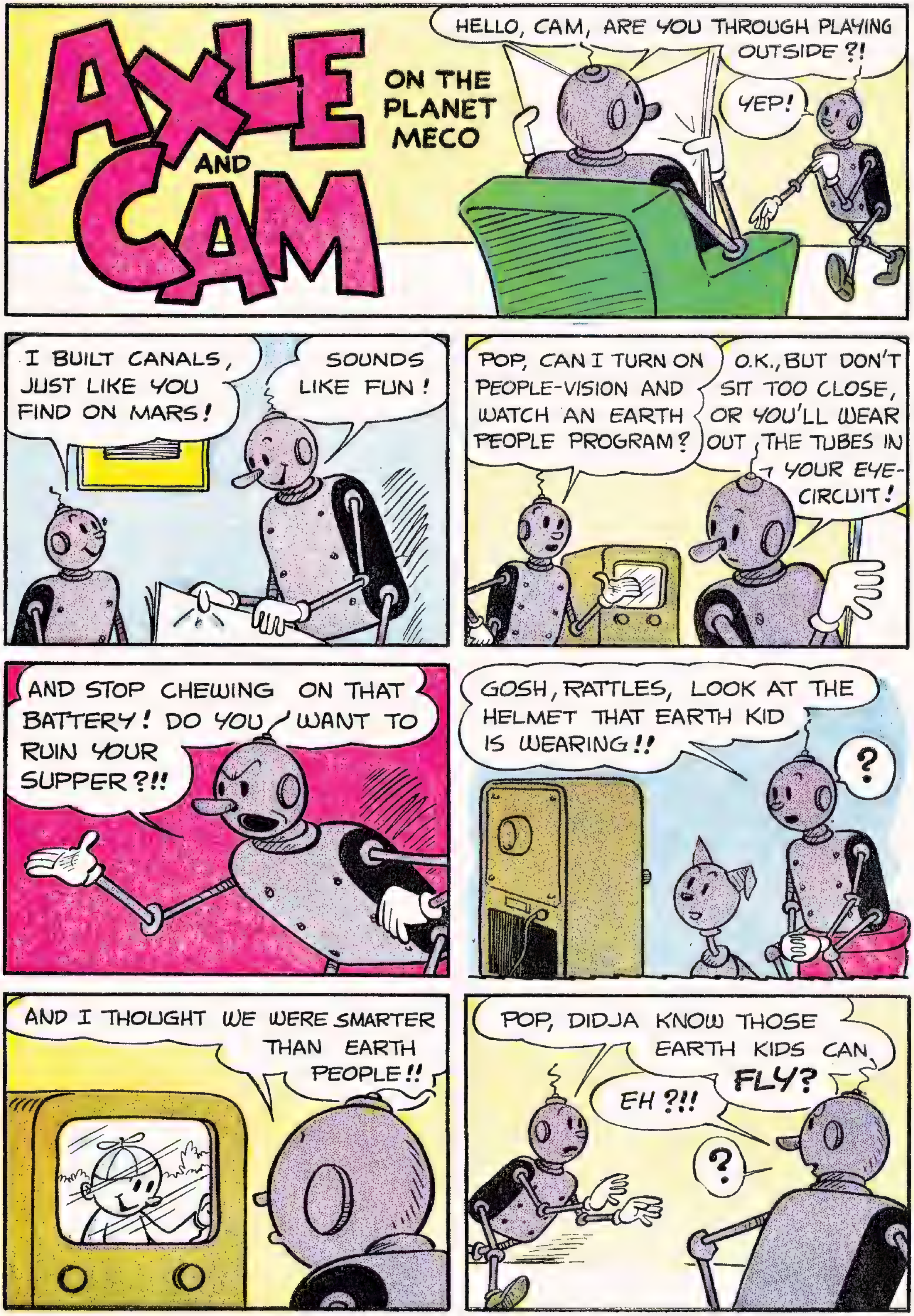
OH, I'M SO HUNGRY-- HURRY UP GIVE ME SOME!
OKAY, OLIVE... HERE IT COMES!
CRASH!
SPLAT!
YOU HEEL!!
GR-R!
HUH?
A FINE WAY TO SERVE LUNCH!
SPLAT!
?
DON'T EVER INVITE ME TO LUNCH AGAIN!
?
?
?
POPEYE!
YEAH! WHAT DOES YA WANT?
I HAS LORST A CANNON BALL-- DID YOU SEE IT?
SPLAT
UG!
GORSH--I WON'ER WHY HE IS SO UPSET? HE DIDN'T EVEN ANSWER ME---HE JUS' RUNNED OUT THE FRONT DOOR!
?
?
SLAM!

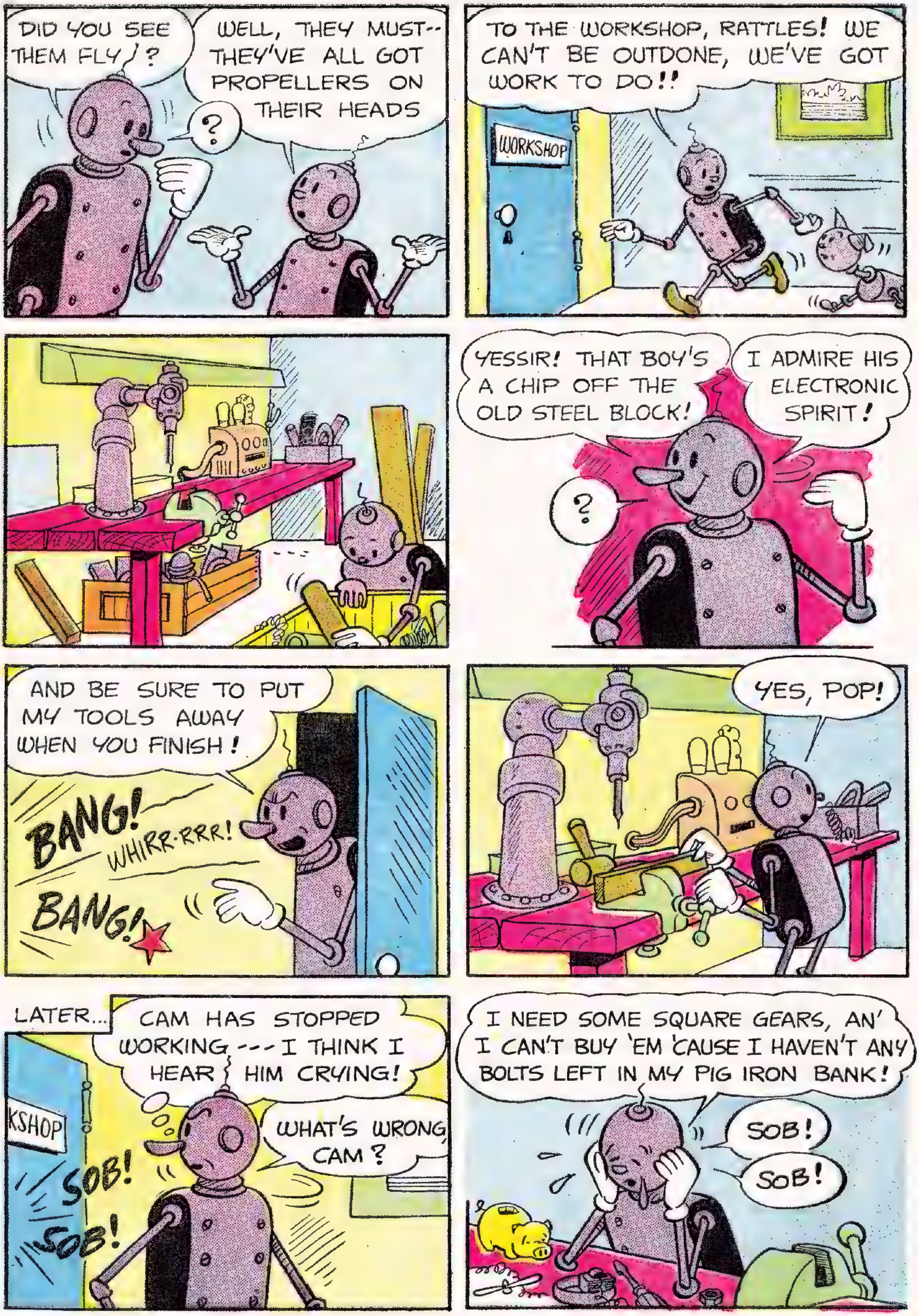

AHOY, OLIVE!
WAIT FER ME!!
SCRAM, SAILOR BOY--- YOU BOTHER ME!
AW GEE, OLIVE... DON'T BE MAD... ACCIDENTS WILL HAPPEN!
OH, SURE!! BUT WHY DO THEY ALWAYS HAPPEN WHEN I'M HAVING LUNCH WITH YOU?!
?
?
?
I'D RATHER LUNCH WITH A TIGER OR A STEAM SHOVEL--- IT WOULD BE SAFER!
WAIT, OLIVE--- I HAS A SPLENDID IDEAR!
WHAT NOW, PEST?
SWEE'PEA IS THE ONE WHAT CAUSES THE TROUBLE--- WE WILL HAVE LUNCH WHERE HE CAN'T REACH US!
WHERE'S THAT--- THE MOON?
DON'T BE SILLY!! WE WILL GO INTO THE WOODS AN' HAVE A PICNIC!
OH,--I LOVE PICNICS!
I WILL GO BUY SOME SANDRICHES!
WE WANTS TO BE SURE TO PICK A SPOT WHERE SWEE'PEA KIN NOT FIND US!
LET'S GO THIS WAY!

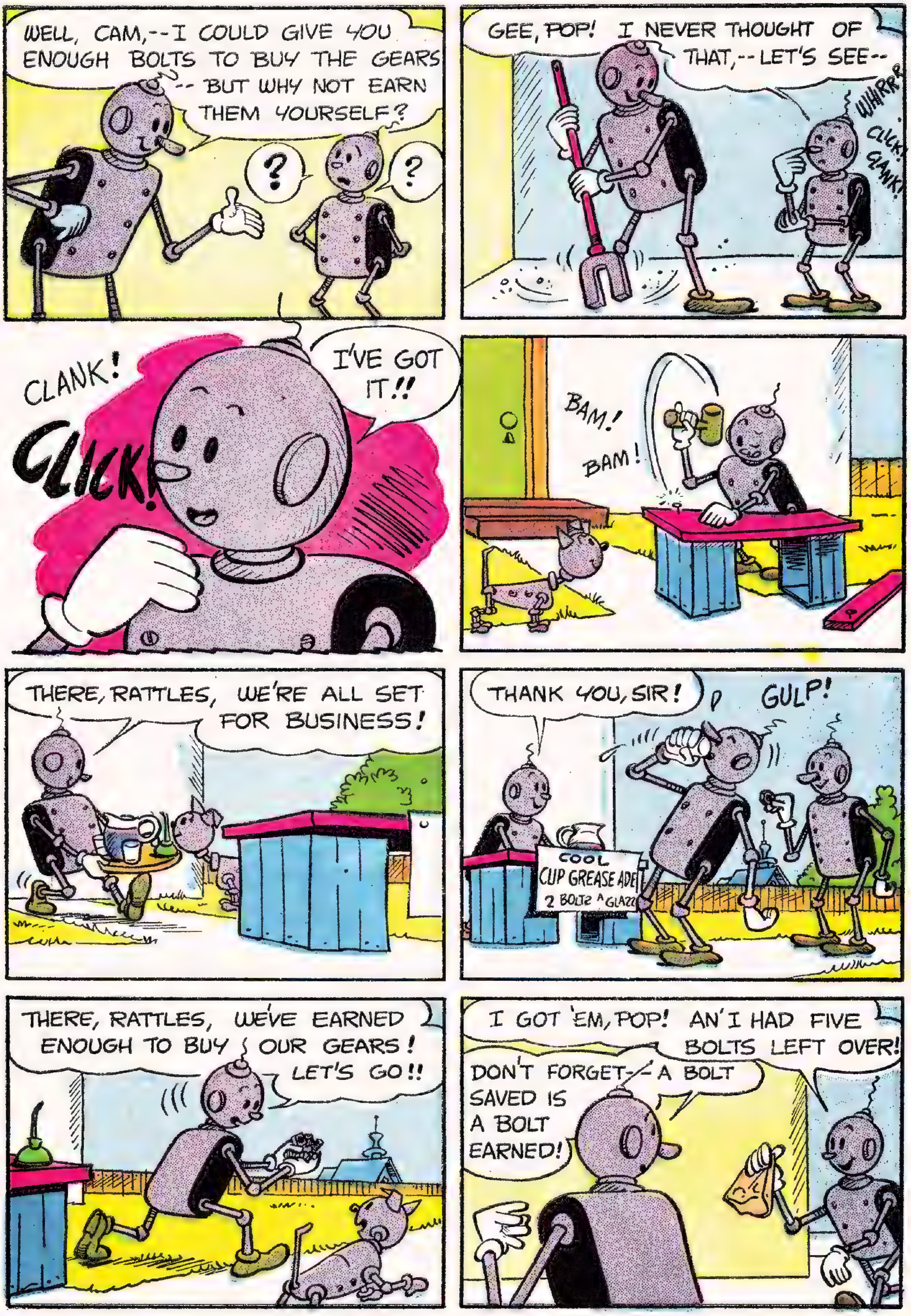
SHUCKS! EVERYTHING I DO CAUSES TROUBLE!!
THEY MUS' BE SOMPTHIN' I KIN DO WHAT WON'T BOTHER POPEYE!
GEE! THERE'S MY KITE! FLYING IT SHOULD BE SAFE ENOUGH!
THERE'S A NICE BREEZE BLOWIN' TODAY!
THE WIND IS GETTIN' STRONGER!
?
!
GULP!

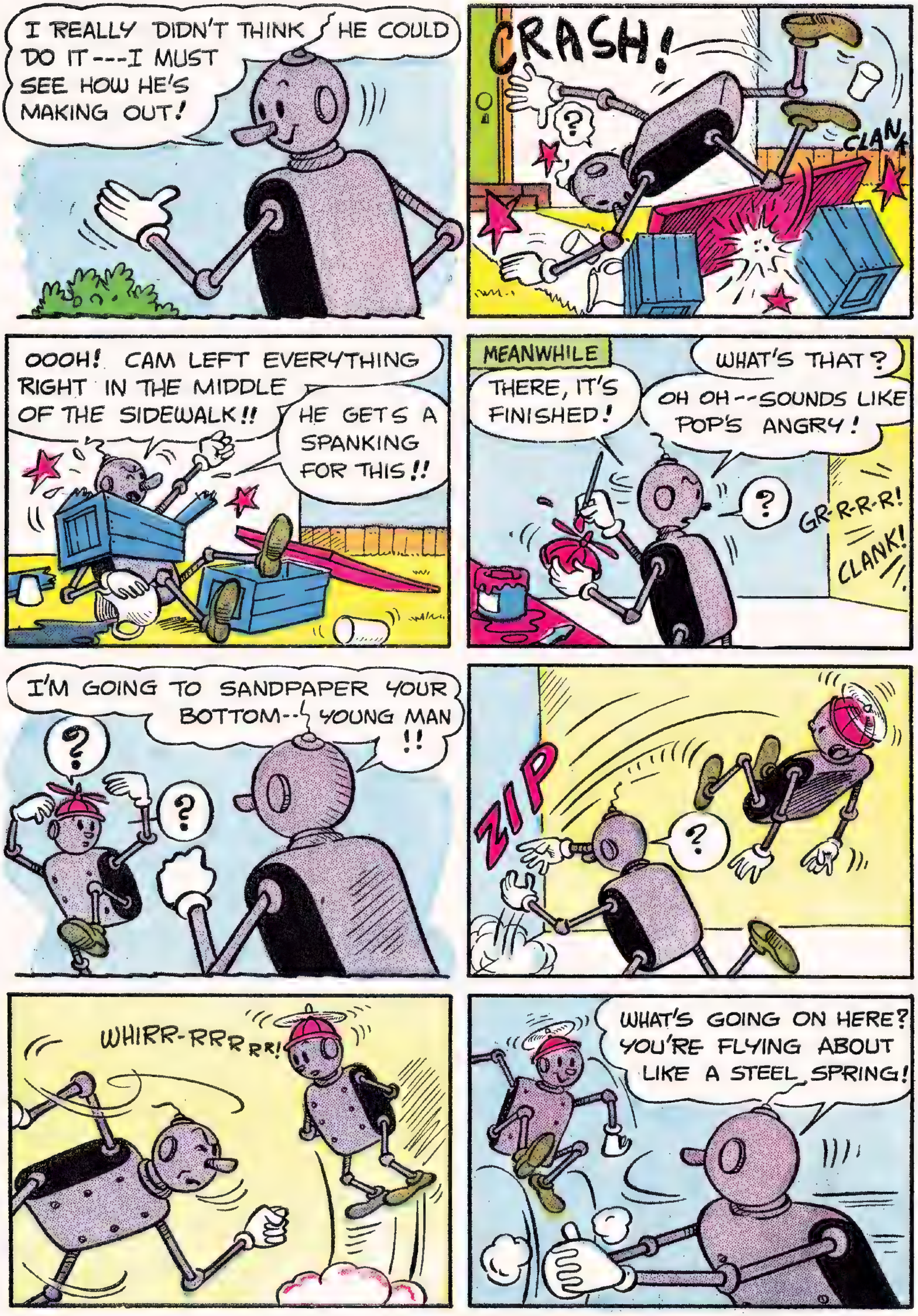

OH, THIS IS A LOVELY SPOT!
YEAH, AND PLENTY SAFE FROM SWEE'PEA
LE'S EAT!
THIS IS THE WAY I ENJOY EATING!
I'LL SAY! IT'S SO NICE AND PEACEFUL!!
YIPE!! I'M GOING RIGHT TOWARDS THE WOODS!
I'M GOING HIGHER!
GULP!
SNAP!
A WASPS' NEST!
CRASH!
AWK! I DON'T WANT THIS THING!

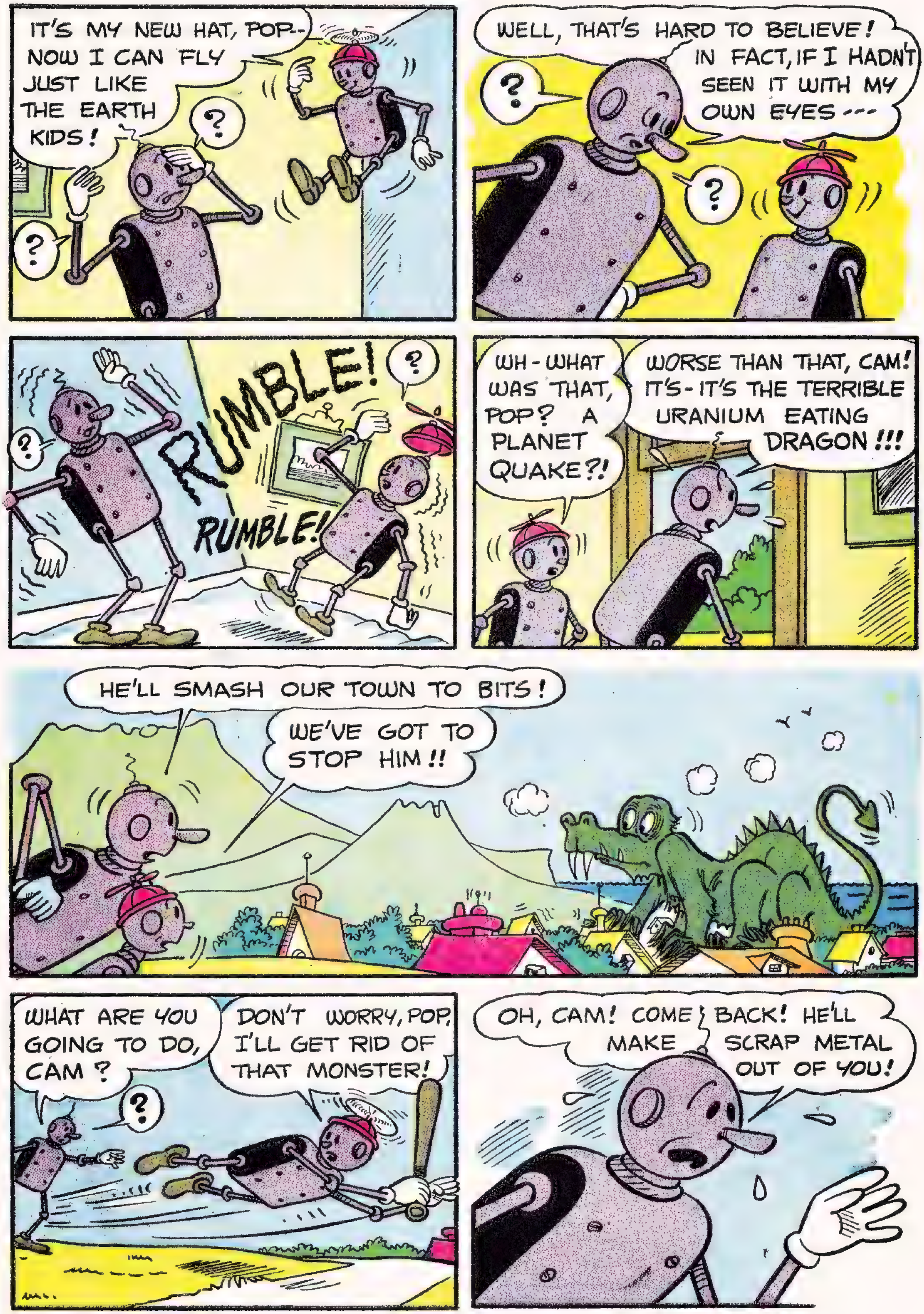

SNAP!
CRUNCH!
SNAP!
?
?
SWEE'PEA!
WASPS!
CRUNCH!
HELP!
GRRRRR!
AND IF YOU EVER INVITE ME TO LUNCH AGAIN, I'LL HAVE YOU ARRESTED FOR ATTEMPTED MURDER!
GR-R-R!
COME ON, SWEE'PEA---LE'S GO HOME!
LUNCH, PHOOEY!!
I HOPES YA ISN'T MAD, POPEYE
I YAM MORE CURIOUS THAN MAD!! I WANTS TO KNOW ONE THING--- HOW DID YOU FIND US?
?
OH, I DON'T KNOW ----
AWK!
I GUESS YER JUS' PLAIN LUCKY!!
HEH!
HEH!

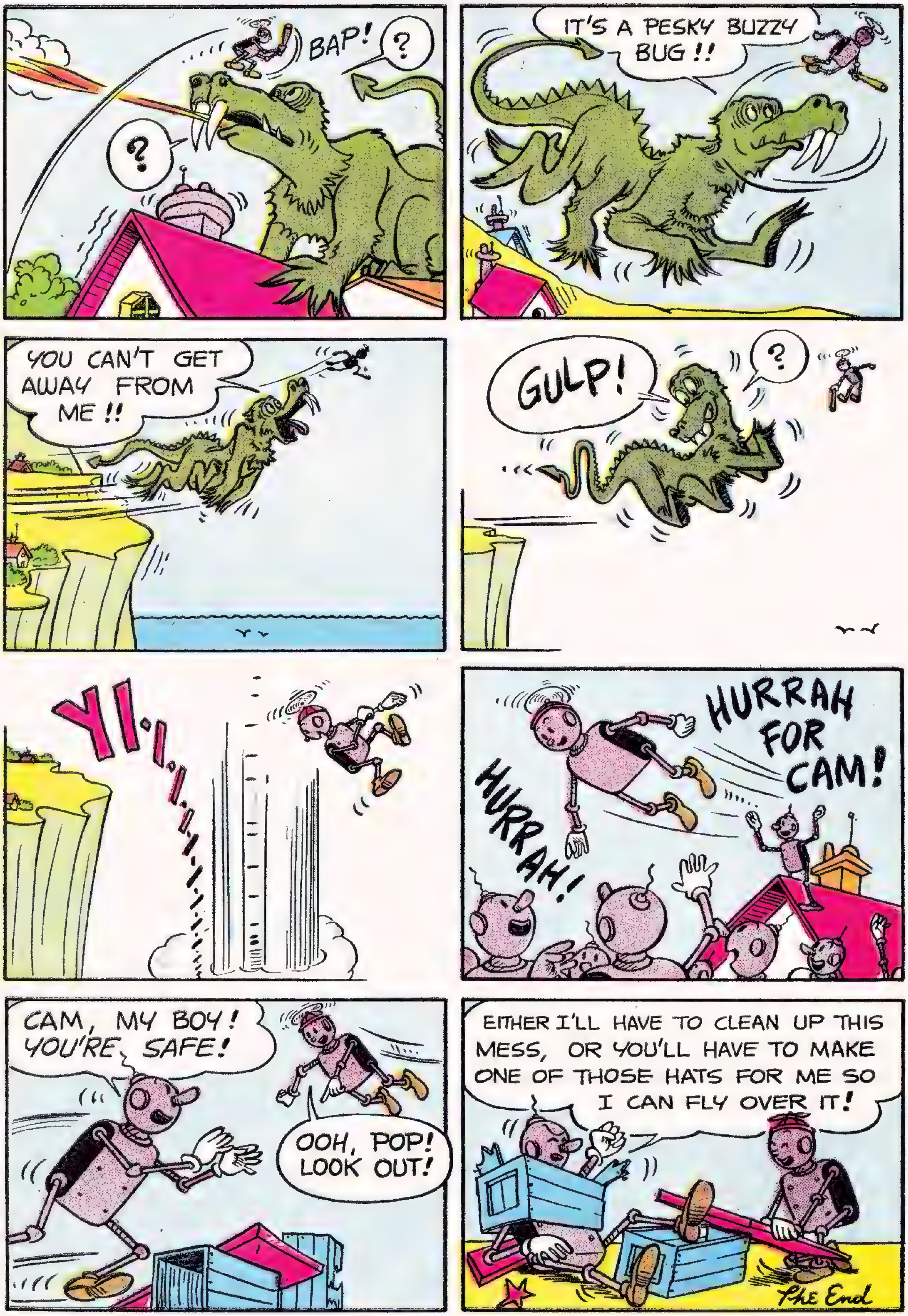

AXLE AND CAM ON THE PLANET MECO
HELLO, CAM, ARE YOU THROUGH PLAYING OUTSIDE?!
YEP!
I BUILT CANALS, JUST LIKE YOU FIND ON MARS!
SOUNDS LIKE FUN!
POP, CAN I TURN ON PEOPLE-VISION AND WATCH AN EARTH PEOPLE PROGRAM?
O.K., BUT DON'T SIT TOO CLOSE, OR YOU'LL WEAR OUT THE TUBES IN YOUR EYE-CIRCUIT!
AND STOP CHEWING ON THAT BATTERY! DO YOU WANT TO RUIN YOUR SUPPER?!!
GOSH, RATTLES, LOOK AT THE HELMET THAT EARTH KID IS WEARING!!
?
AND I THOUGHT WE WERE SMARTER THAN EARTH PEOPLE!!
POP, DIDJA KNOW THOSE EARTH KIDS CAN FLY?
EH?!!
?


DID YOU SEE THEM FLY ?
WELL, THEY MUST-- THEY'VE ALL GOT PROPELLERS ON THEIR HEADS
?
TO THE WORKSHOP, RATTLES! WE CAN'T BE OUTDONE, WE'VE GOT WORK TO DO!!
WORKSHOP
YESSIR! THAT BOY'S A CHIP OFF THE OLD STEEL BLOCK!
I ADMIRE HIS ELECTRONIC SPIRIT!
?
AND BE SURE TO PUT MY TOOLS AWAY WHEN YOU FINISH!
BANG!
WHIRR-RRR!
BANG!
YES, POP!
LATER...
CAM HAS STOPPED WORKING --- I THINK I HEAR HIM CRYING!
KSHOP
WHAT'S WRONG, CAM ?
SOB!
SOB!
I NEED SOME SQUARE GEARS, AN' I CAN'T BUY 'EM 'CAUSE I HAVEN'T ANY BOLTS LEFT IN MY PIG IRON BANK!
SOB!
SOB!


WELL, CAM,--I COULD GIVE YOU ENOUGH BOLTS TO BUY THE GEARS
-- BUT WHY NOT EARN THEM YOURSELF?
?
?
GEE, POP! I NEVER THOUGHT OF THAT,-- LET'S SEE--
WHIRRR
CLICK!
CLANK!
CLANK!
CLICK!
I'VE GOT IT!!
BAM!
BAM!
THERE, RATTLES, WE'RE ALL SET FOR BUSINESS!
THANK YOU, SIR!
GULP!
COOL
CUP GREASE ADE
2 BOLTZ A GLAZZ
THERE, RATTLES, WE'VE EARNED ENOUGH TO BUY OUR GEARS!
LET'S GO!!
I GOT 'EM, POP! AN' I HAD FIVE BOLTS LEFT OVER!
DON'T FORGET-- A BOLT SAVED IS A BOLT EARNED!


I REALLY DIDN'T THINK HE COULD DO IT---I MUST SEE HOW HE'S MAKING OUT!
CRASH!
CLANK
OOOH! CAM LEFT EVERYTHING RIGHT IN THE MIDDLE OF THE SIDEWALK!!
HE GETS A SPANKING FOR THIS!!
MEANWHILE
THERE, IT'S FINISHED!
WHAT'S THAT?
OH OH--SOUNDS LIKE POP'S ANGRY!
GR-R-R-R!
CLANK!
I'M GOING TO SANDPAPER YOUR BOTTOM-- YOUNG MAN!!
ZIP
WHIRR-RRRRR!
WHAT'S GOING ON HERE? YOU'RE FLYING ABOUT LIKE A STEEL SPRING!


IT'S MY NEW HAT, POP-- NOW I CAN FLY JUST LIKE THE EARTH KIDS!
?
?
WELL, THAT'S HARD TO BELIEVE! IN FACT, IF I HADN'T SEEN IT WITH MY OWN EYES ---
?
?
RUMBLE!
RUMBLE!
?
?
WH - WHAT WAS THAT, POP? A PLANET QUAKE?!
WORSE THAN THAT, CAM! IT'S - IT'S THE TERRIBLE URANIUM EATING DRAGON!!!
HE'LL SMASH OUR TOWN TO BITS!
WE'VE GOT TO STOP HIM!!
WHAT ARE YOU GOING TO DO, CAM?
?
DON'T WORRY, POP, I'LL GET RID OF THAT MONSTER!
OH, CAM! COME BACK! HE'LL MAKE SCRAP METAL OUT OF YOU!


BAP!
?
?
IT'S A PESKY BUZZY BUG !!
YOU CAN'T GET AWAY FROM ME !!
GULP!
?
YI-I-I-I-I-I
HURRAH FOR CAM!
HURRAH!
CAM, MY BOY! YOU'RE SAFE!
OOH, POP! LOOK OUT!
EITHER I'LL HAVE TO CLEAN UP THIS MESS, OR YOU'LL HAVE TO MAKE ONE OF THOSE HATS FOR ME SO I CAN FLY OVER IT!
The End

(Continued from inside front cover)

This was just the opening that the skinny cat was hoping for and he snapped right back at Tom.

"Have you ever played Follow the Leader?"

None of the cats had ever heard of the game and asked him how it was played.

"One of us is the leader and starts running across fences and up trees with the others following. The idea is for the leader to go places or do things the followers can't do or follow."

"That's a waste of time!" Tom said. "There's nothing anyone can do that I can't do."

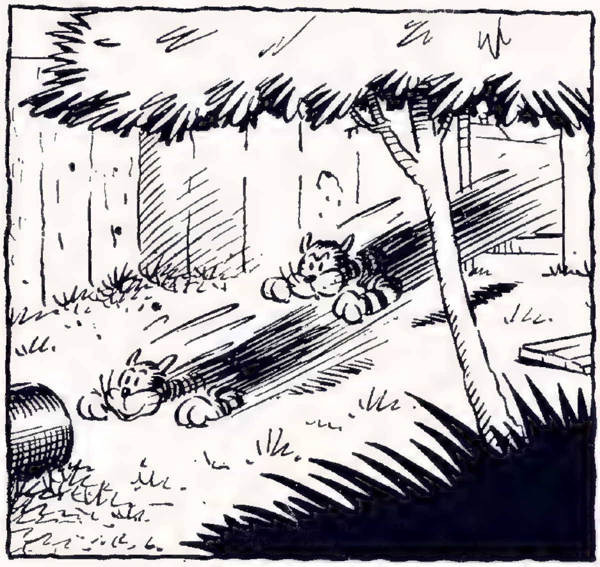
"Oh, yeah!" snarled the skinny cat. "Let's just you and I play the game. I'll be the leader and you follow me."

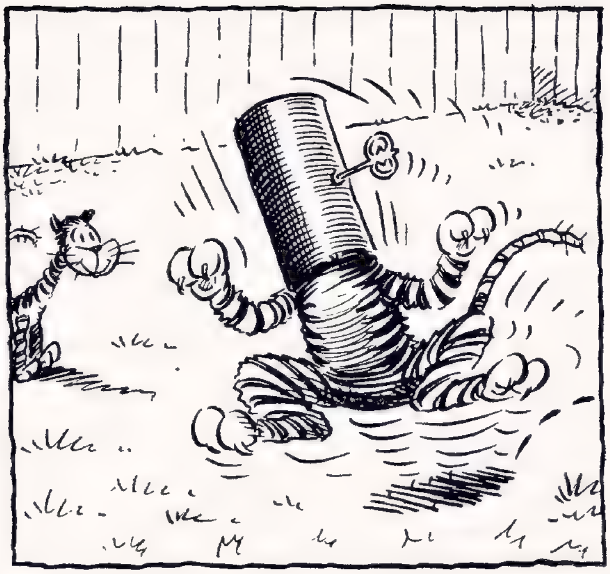
Without another word, the skinny cat jumped up and started to run with Tom right behind him. They ran around the field and over fences, up the sides of buildings and always Tom stayed right on the skinny cat's tail.

"COME ON! COME ON!" yelled Tom. "When are you going to do something I can't do?"

The skinny cat paid no attention to Tom and continued to lead the fat cat around the field. When he figured that Tom was close enough behind him, so he wouldn't even think about where he was going, he headed for an old piece of stovepipe he had seen laying in the grass beside the fence. Quick as a flash, the skinny cat dove into the stovepipe and through it.

THUNG!!! Tom dove for the stovepipe and started through but because of his huge size





all that would go in was his head. But his head went in with such force that the stovepipe was driven firmly into place over his shoulders and Tom went dancing all over the field trying to shake the offending pipe loose.

"HELP! HELP!" he screamed. "Get me out of this thing."

The other animals started to dash to the rescue of Tom but were stopped by the skinny cat.

"LET him suffer a little bit," he laughed. "I want him to remember that his big size isn't always such a wonderful thing."

The other cats saw the wisdom of this and they let Tom wear himself out dashing about the field. After a time, Tom became winded and lay down in the grass.

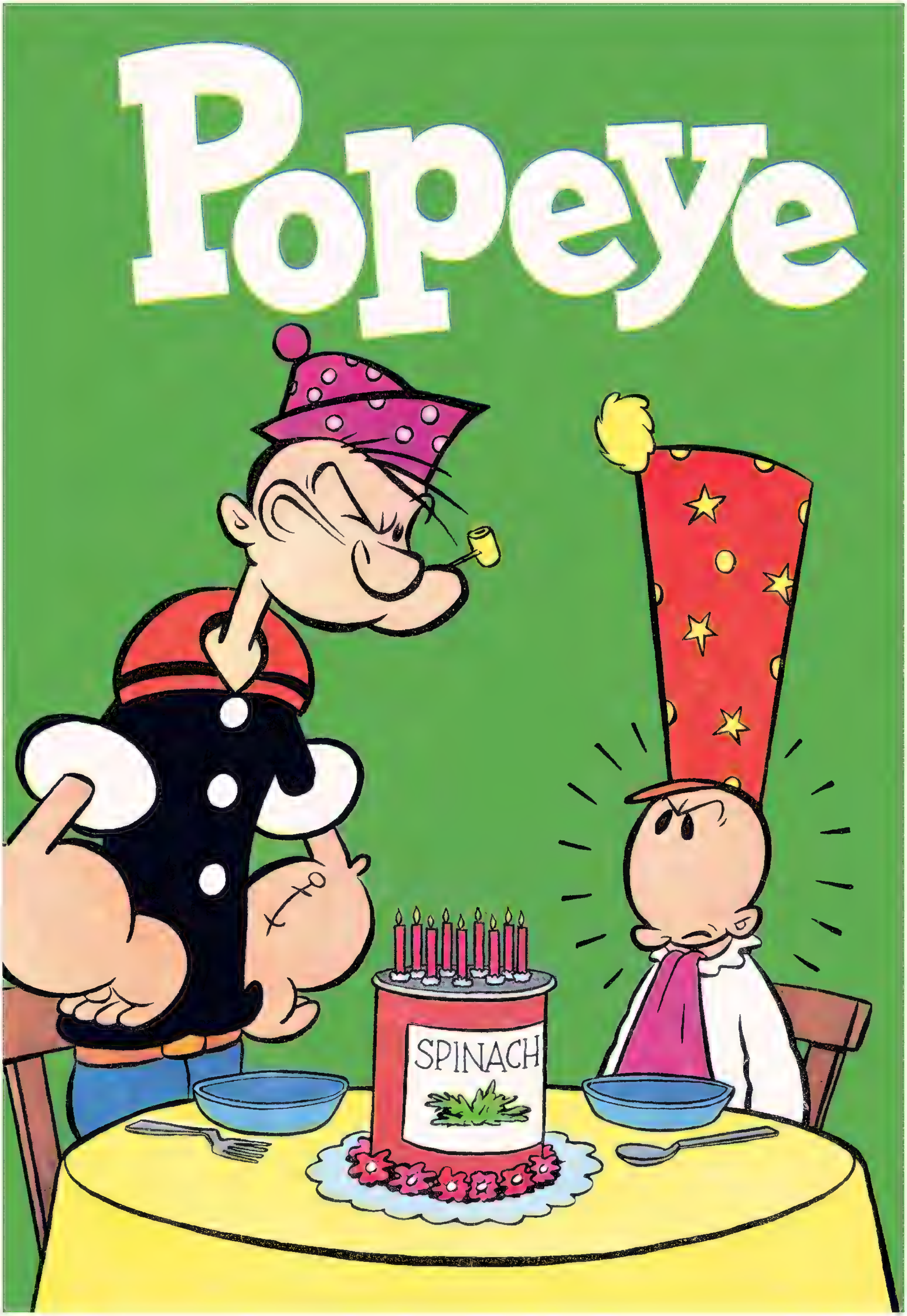
"Your big size isn't so wonderful this time, is it?" the skinny cat asked. "If you promise not to keep talking about how big you are all the time, we'll help you get out."

There wasn't much else that Tom could do if he ever hoped to get the pipe off his head, so he promised.

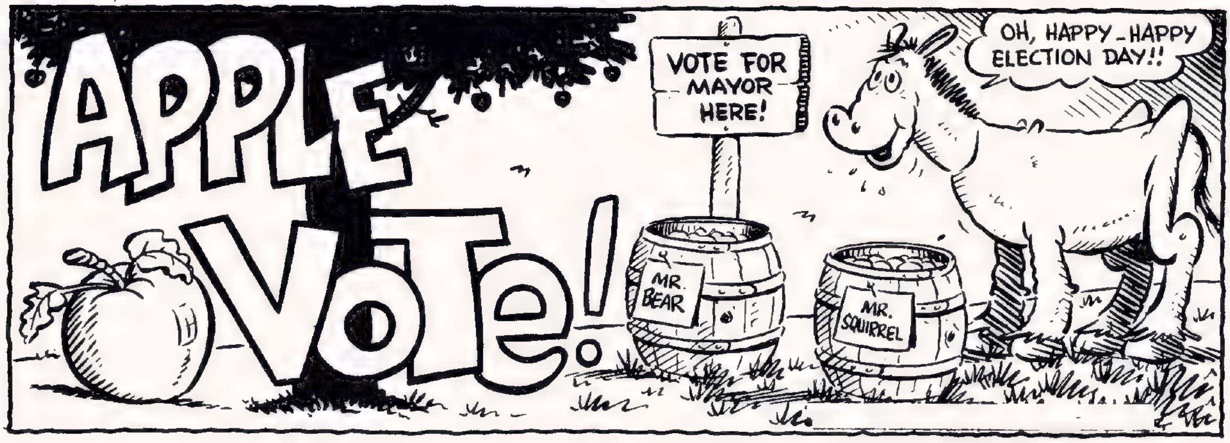
"Repeat after me," commanded the skinny cat, "THE BIGGER THEY ARE THE HARDER THEY FALL!"

"The bigger they are the harder they tall," mewed Tom.

When the cats heard him repeat what the skinny cat had said, they all pushed and pulled until they got the stovepipe off the head of the beaten cat. From that day to this, not a single cat has kidded big Tom about what happened. There was no reason to, for Tom has learned his lesson well and has never again bragged about his size.



 Popeye #31, January-March 1955



Horseface Harry lived in a pasture surrounded by a rail fence. The pasture was full of fine green grass and patches of thick clover. It was a pasture that any horse should have been proud to spend his last years in, but not Horseface Harry. Oh! He liked grass and clover but his fondness for apples was something more than a mere liking. He was just plain crazy about apples. During all his life as a race horse, he had run his races as fast and as hard as he could because his trainer would always reward him for winning with a bucket of beautiful red apples. However, now that Harry was too old to race and had been put out to pasture, there were never any races to win so there were never any apples. Perhaps Harry would have lived in peace without thinking about apples if it hadn't just happened that the field next to his pasture was an apple orchard. The apple trees grew right up to the fence and for the first few days that Harry was in the pasture, he had all of the apples he wanted. But, after the first week, he had cleaned the trees of all of the apples that he could reach, and no matter how hard he stretched his neck, he couldn't grasp another one of the thousands of apples that he could see.

"This is terrible," Harry said to himself as he nursed a stiff neck from trying to reach the distant fruit. "There must be some way for a highly intelligent horse like me to get some of those apples."

Now, being a civilized horse and considering himself above the wild animals who lived around the pasture and the nearby woods, Harry ignored the overtures of friendship from the wild animals, as he felt it was his place to do. But now that he was faced with the problem of getting the apples from across the fence, he began to think of the wild animals in an attempt to figure out a scheme that would bring the apples to him.

"Hmmmm? Yes, indeed! Those poor, ignorant wild beasties shall bring the apples to me," Harry laughed as his evil plot began to take shape inside his horse's head.

That evening, Harry waited in the corner of the pasture where he had seen several of the wild animals pass by. He didn't have long to wait before a big brown bear and a grey squirrel came out of the woods.

"Good evening, gentlemen," spoke Harry, his horse's teeth spread in his very best race track manner, "I wonder if you could help me out?"

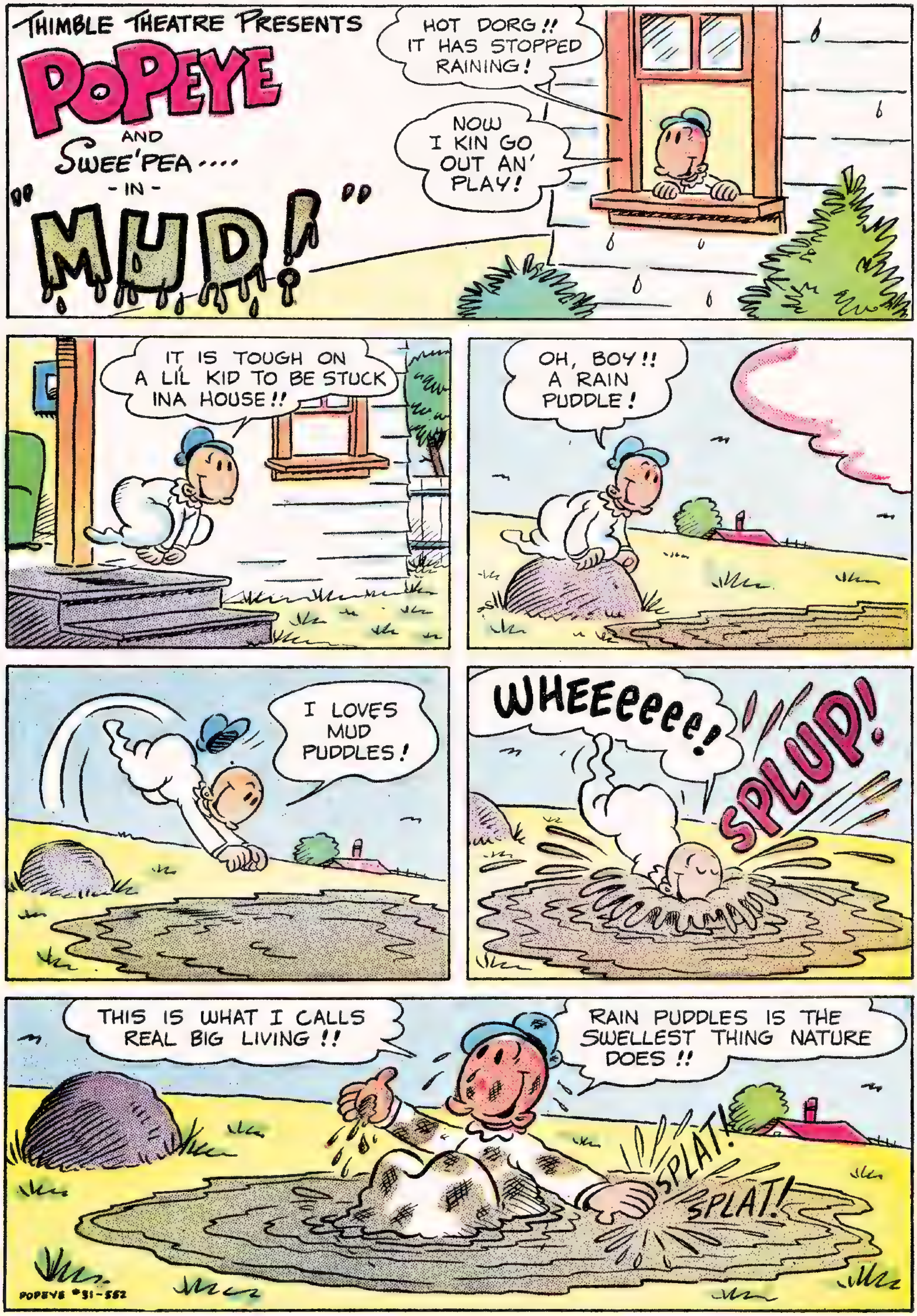
The bear and squirrel stopped and came over to where the grinning horse was.

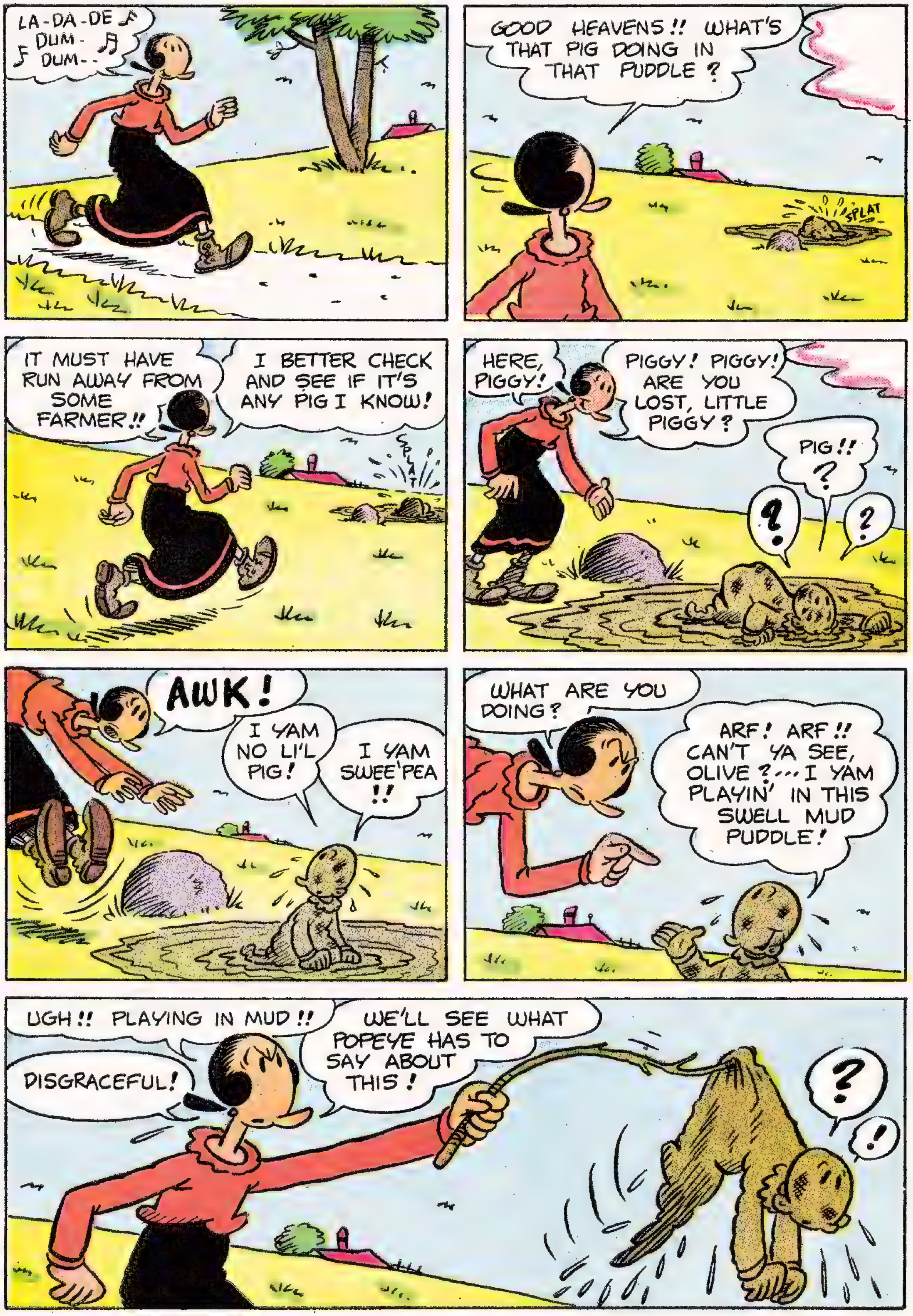
"Whatcha want, Bud?" snarled the bear, well aware of the way the horse had behaved when the animals had tried to make friends with him.

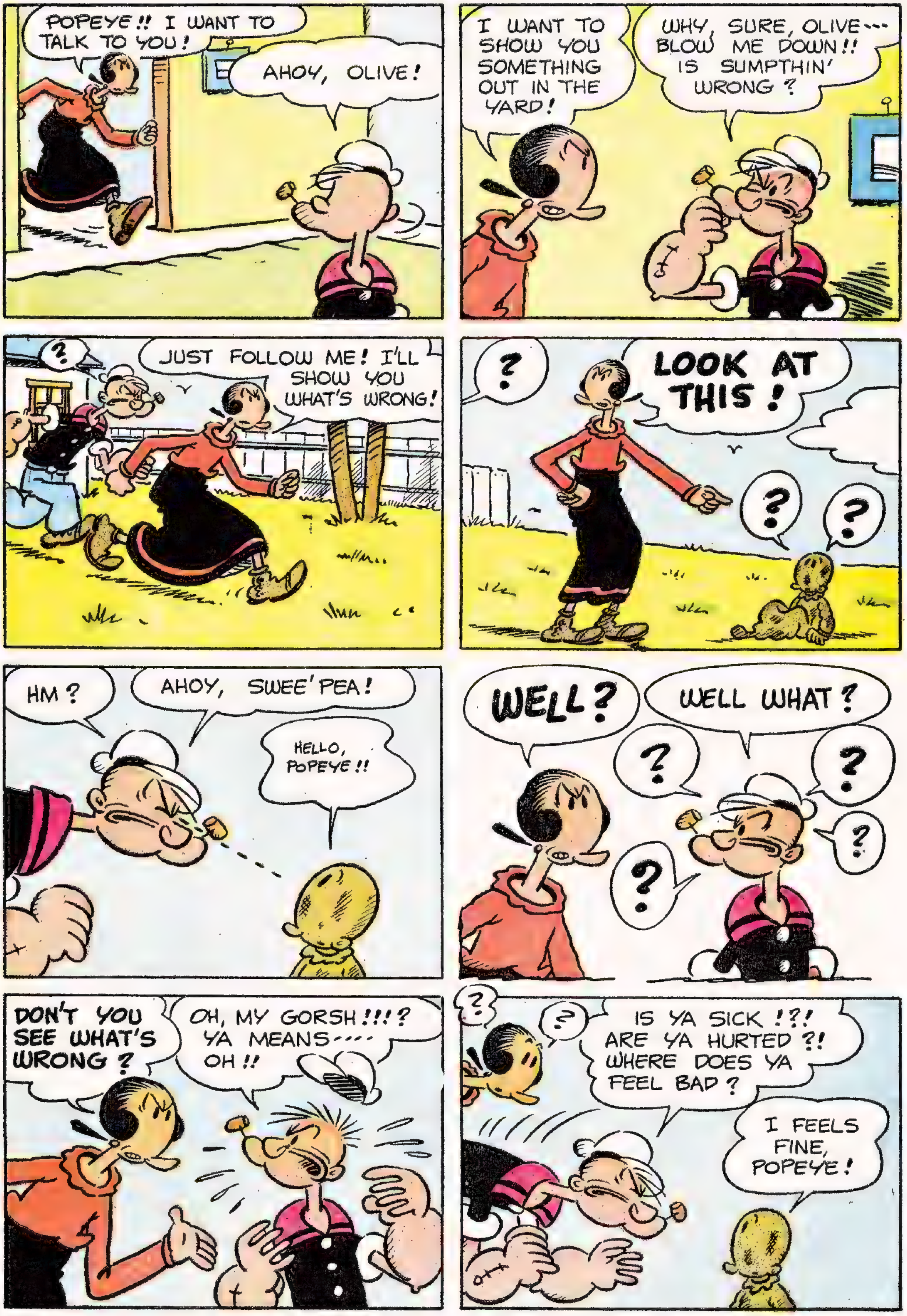
"I was wondering if you could tell me who is animal mayor of these woods?" Oh, Harry was a smart horse.

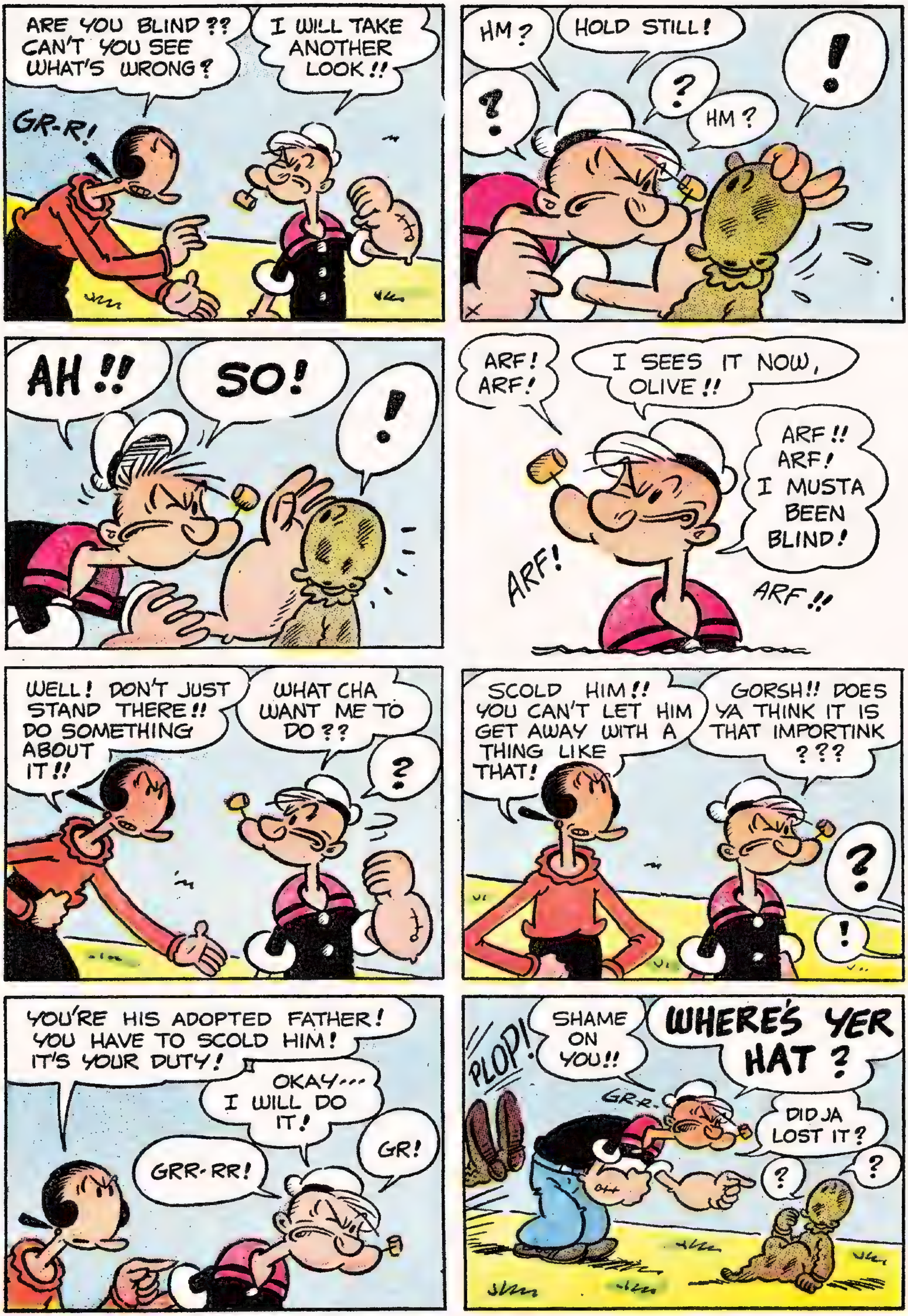
The squirrel looked at the bear and the bear looked at the squirrel and then they both asked:

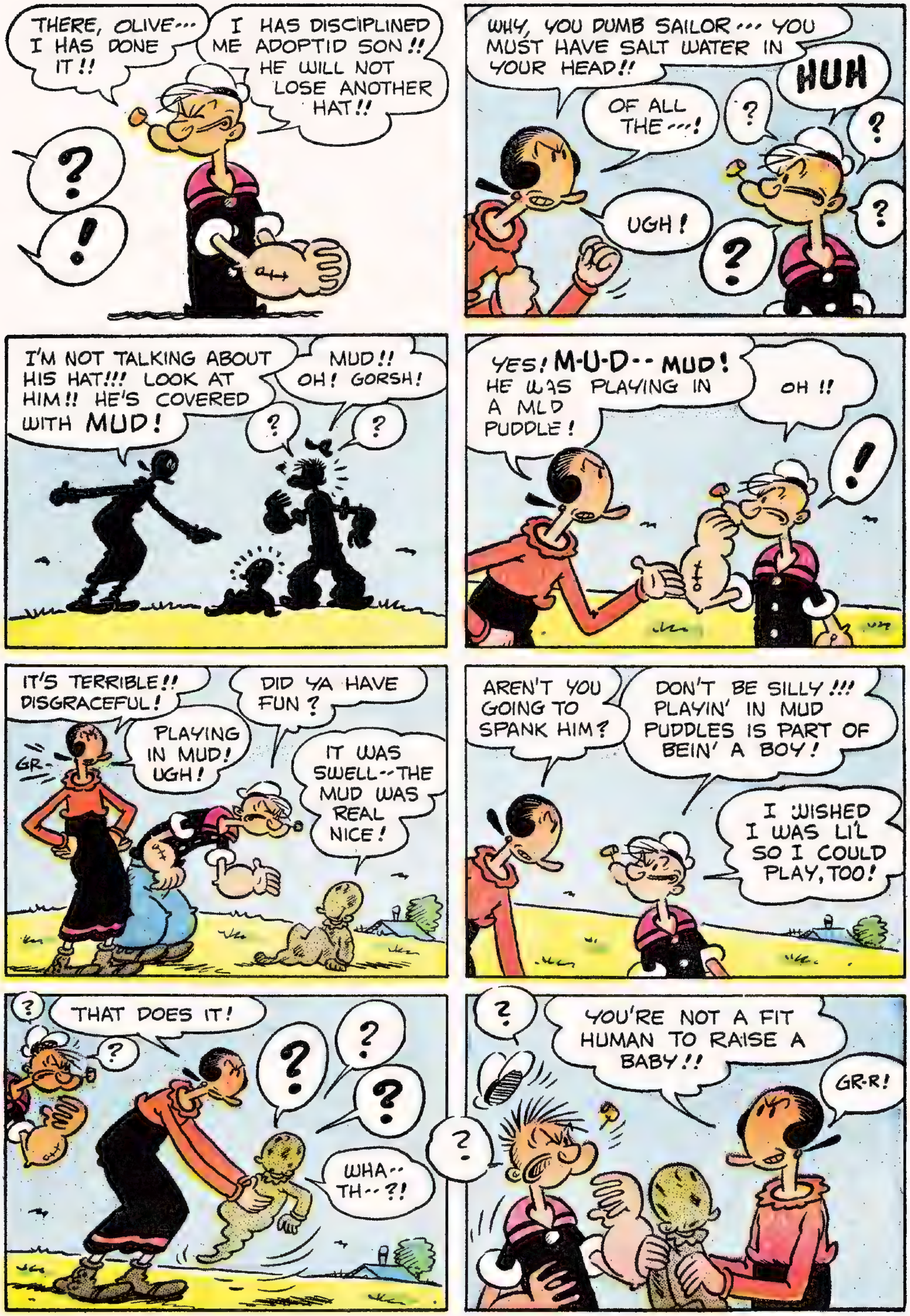
(Continued on inside back cover)

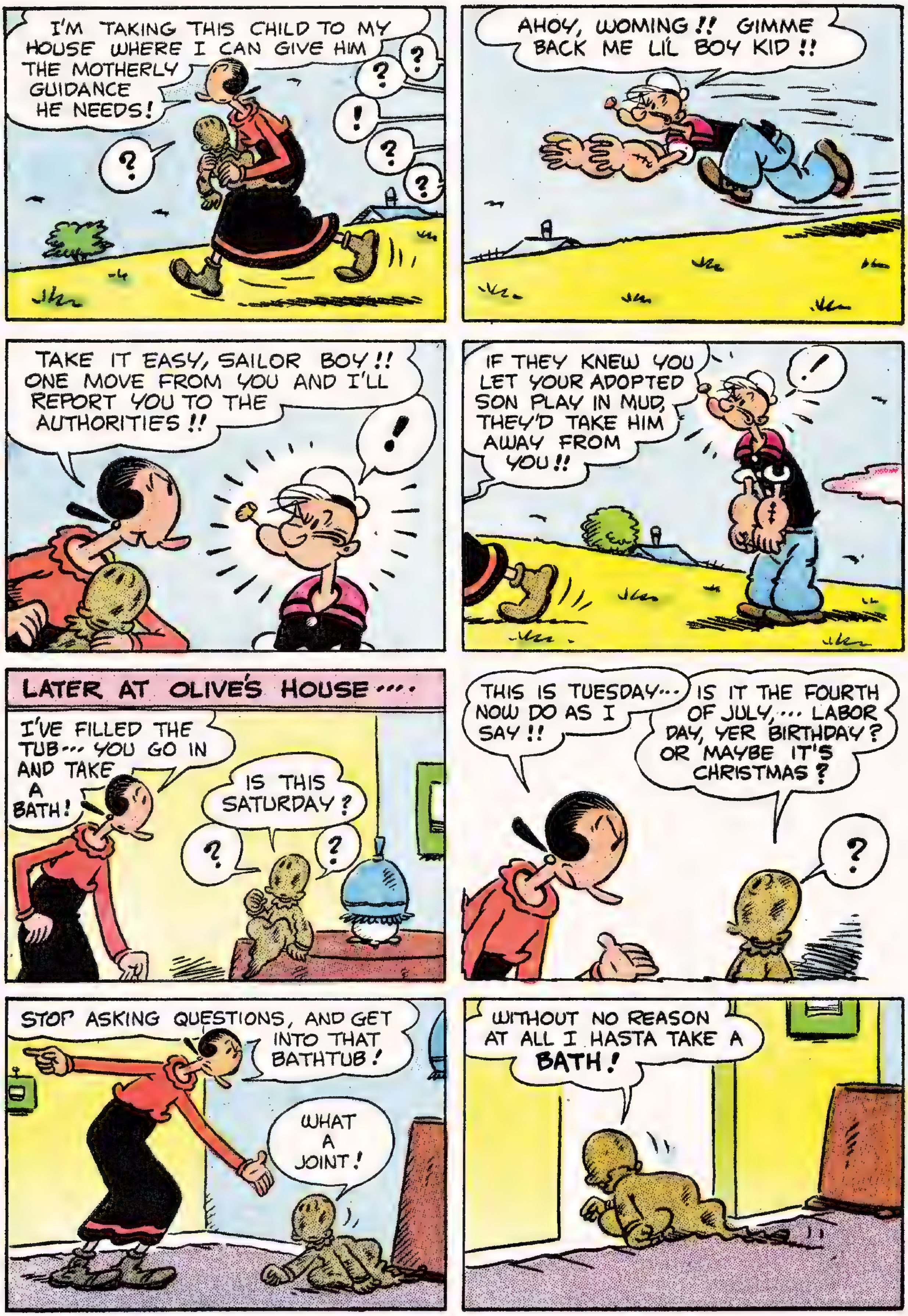

THIMBLE THEATRE PRESENTS
POPEYE
AND
SWEE'PEA....
- IN -
"MUD!"
HOT DORG!! IT HAS STOPPED RAINING!
NOW I KIN GO OUT AN' PLAY!
IT IS TOUGH ON A LIL KID TO BE STUCK INA HOUSE!!
OH, BOY!! A RAIN PUDDLE!
I LOVES MUD PUDDLES!
WHEEeeee!
SPLUP!
THIS IS WHAT I CALLS REAL BIG LIVING!!
RAIN PUDDLES IS THE SWELLEST THING NATURE DOES!!
SPLAT!
SPLAT!
POPEYE #31-552


LA-DA-DE DUM-DUM--
GOOD HEAVENS!! WHAT'S THAT PIG DOING IN THAT PUDDLE?
SPLAT
IT MUST HAVE RUN AWAY FROM SOME FARMER!!
I BETTER CHECK AND SEE IF IT'S ANY PIG I KNOW!
SPLAT
HERE, PIGGY!
PIGGY! PIGGY! ARE YOU LOST, LITTLE PIGGY?
PIG!! ?
?
?
AWK!
I YAM NO LI'L PIG!
I YAM SWEE'PEA!!
WHAT ARE YOU DOING?
ARF! ARF!! CAN'T YA SEE, OLIVE?... I YAM PLAYIN' IN THIS SWELL MUD PUDDLE!
UGH!! PLAYING IN MUD!!
DISGRACEFUL!
WE'LL SEE WHAT POPEYE HAS TO SAY ABOUT THIS!
?
!

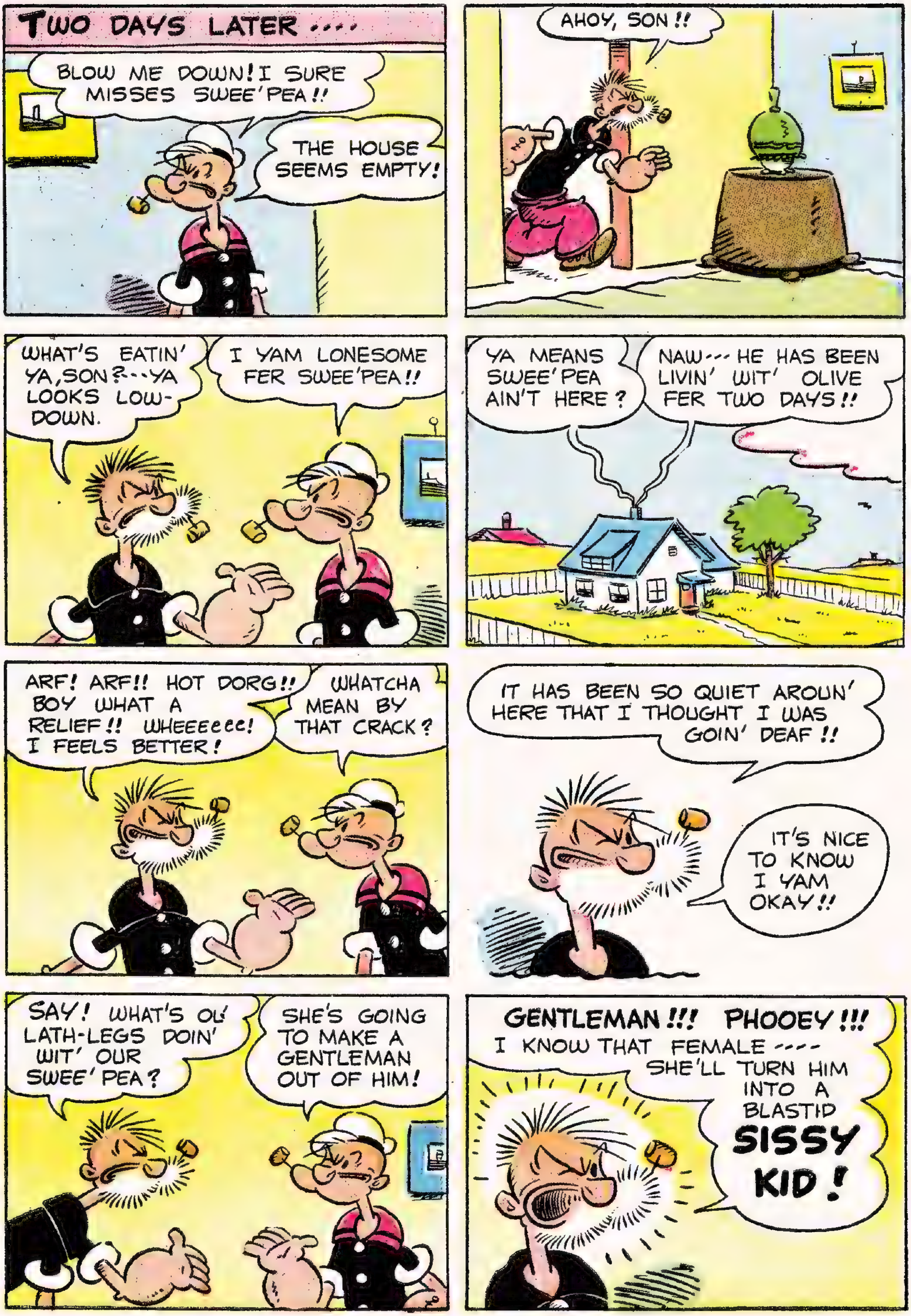

POPEYE!! I WANT TO TALK TO YOU!
AHOY, OLIVE!
I WANT TO SHOW YOU SOMETHING OUT IN THE YARD!
WHY, SURE, OLIVE--- BLOW ME DOWN!! IS SUMPTHIN' WRONG?
?
JUST FOLLOW ME! I'LL SHOW YOU WHAT'S WRONG!
?
LOOK AT THIS!
?
?
HM?
AHOY, SWEE'PEA!
HELLO, POPEYE!!
WELL?
WELL WHAT?
?
?
?
?
DON'T YOU SEE WHAT'S WRONG?
OH, MY GORSH!!!? YA MEANS---- OH!!
?
?
IS YA SICK!?! ARE YA HURTED?! WHERE DOES YA FEEL BAD?
I FEELS FINE, POPEYE!

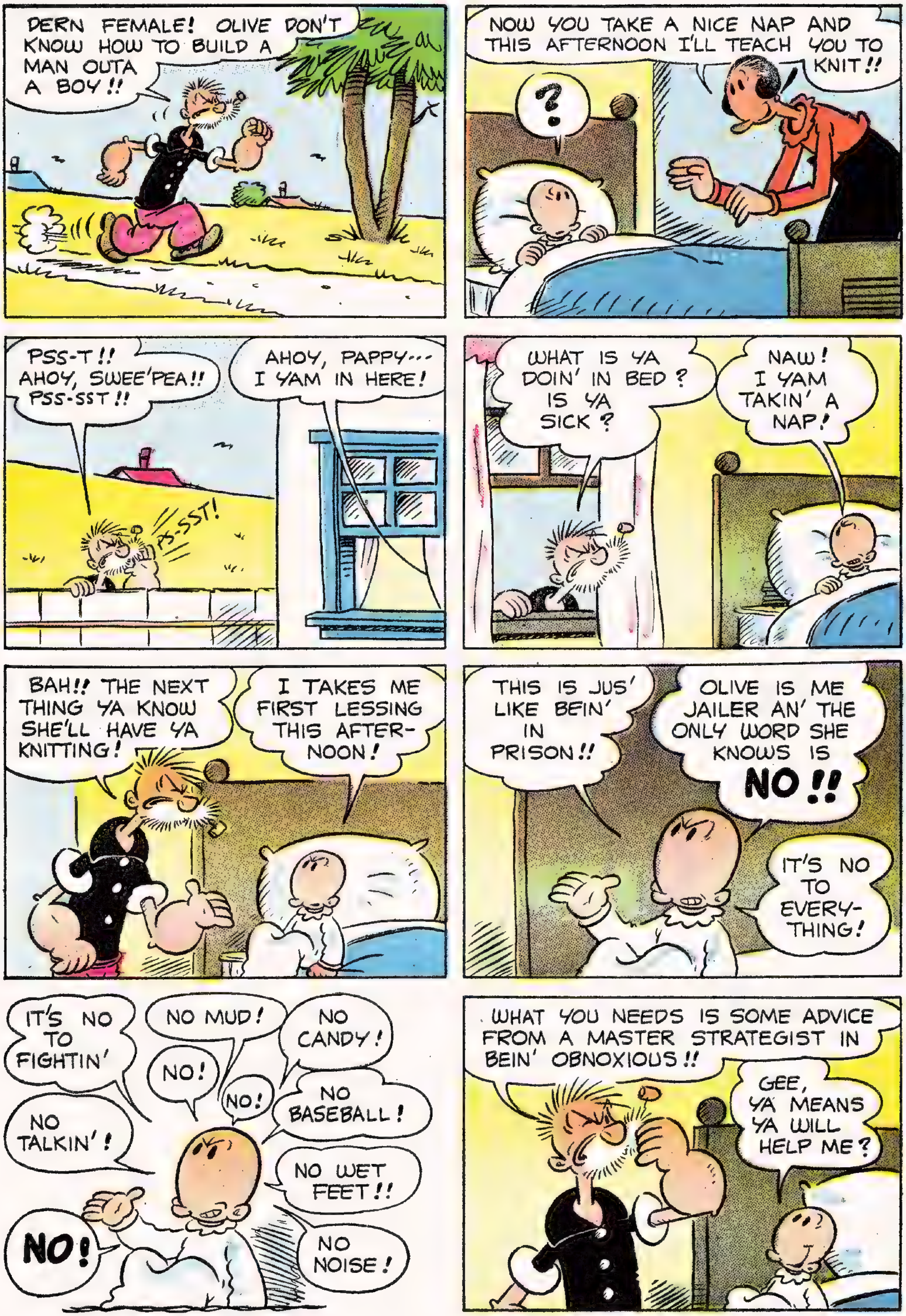

ARE YOU BLIND ?? CAN'T YOU SEE WHAT'S WRONG ?
I WILL TAKE ANOTHER LOOK !!
GR-R!
HM ?
HOLD STILL!
?
?
HM ?
!
AH !!
SO!
!
ARF! ARF!
I SEES IT NOW, OLIVE !!
ARF !! ARF! I MUSTA BEEN BLIND!
ARF!
ARF !!
WELL! DON'T JUST STAND THERE !! DO SOMETHING ABOUT IT !!
WHAT CHA WANT ME TO DO ??
?
SCOLD HIM !! YOU CAN'T LET HIM GET AWAY WITH A THING LIKE THAT!
GORSH !! DOES YA THINK IT IS THAT IMPORTINK ???
?
!
YOU'RE HIS ADOPTED FATHER! YOU HAVE TO SCOLD HIM! IT'S YOUR DUTY!
OKAY... I WILL DO IT!
GRR-RR!
GR!
PLOP!
SHAME ON YOU!!
WHERE'S YER HAT ?
GR-R.
DIDJA LOST IT ?
?
?


THERE, OLIVE... I HAS DONE IT!!
I HAS DISCIPLINED ME ADOPTID SON!! HE WILL NOT LOSE ANOTHER HAT!!
?
!
WHY, YOU DUMB SAILOR... YOU MUST HAVE SALT WATER IN YOUR HEAD!!
HUH
OF ALL THE...!
?
?
UGH!
?
?
I'M NOT TALKING ABOUT HIS HAT!!! LOOK AT HIM!! HE'S COVERED WITH MUD!
MUD!! OH! GORSH!
?
?
YES! M-U-D-- MUD! HE WAS PLAYING IN A MUD PUDDLE!
OH!!
!
IT'S TERRIBLE!! DISGRACEFUL!
PLAYING IN MUD! UGH!
GR-
DID YA HAVE FUN?
IT WAS SWELL--THE MUD WAS REAL NICE!
AREN'T YOU GOING TO SPANK HIM?
DON'T BE SILLY!!! PLAYIN' IN MUD PUDDLES IS PART OF BEIN' A BOY!
I WISHED I WAS LI'L SO I COULD PLAY, TOO!
?
THAT DOES IT!
?
?
?
?
WHA-- TH--?!
?
YOU'RE NOT A FIT HUMAN TO RAISE A BABY!!
GR-R!
?

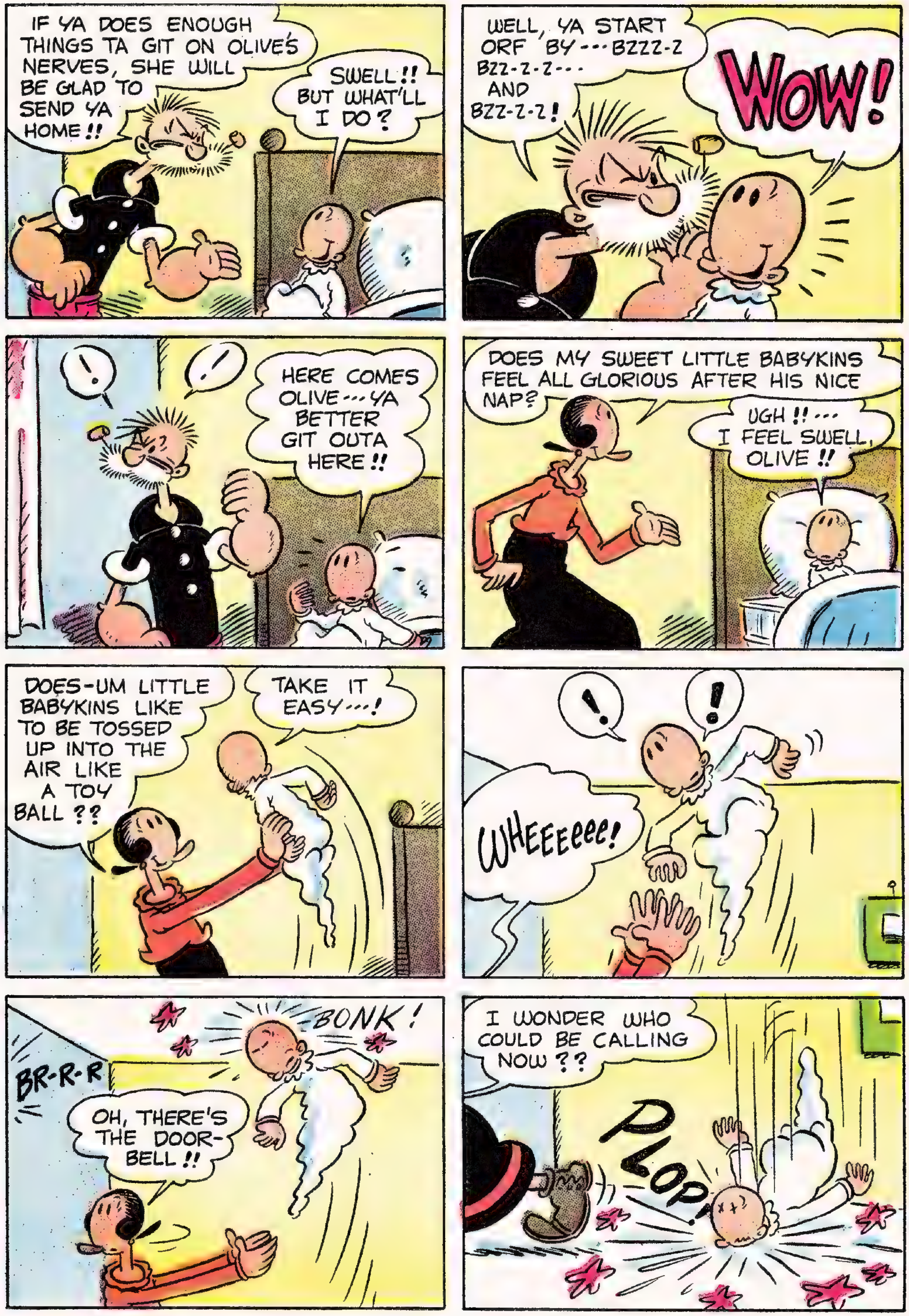


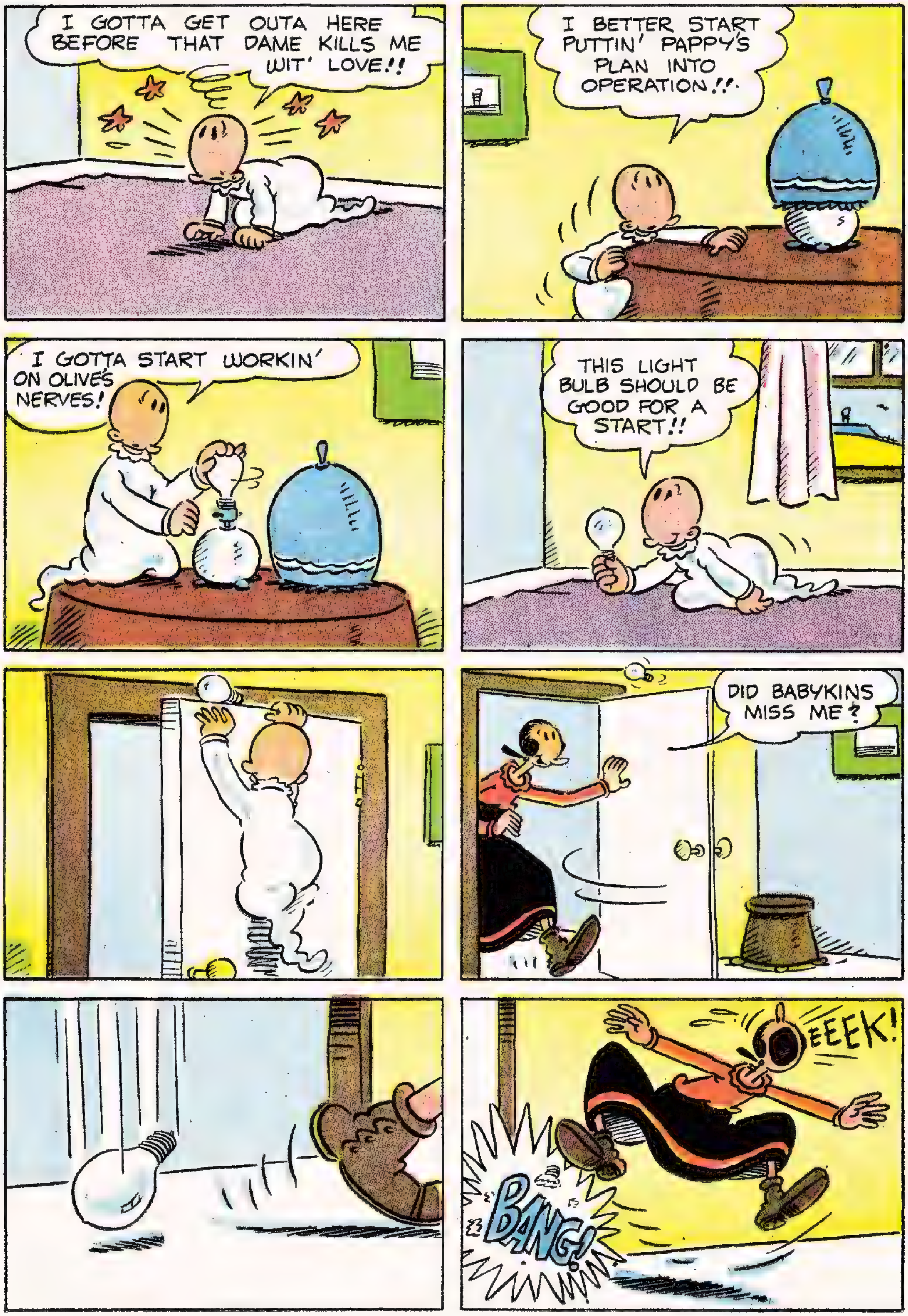
I'M TAKING THIS CHILD TO MY HOUSE WHERE I CAN GIVE HIM THE MOTHERLY GUIDANCE HE NEEDS!
?
?
!
?
?
?
AHOY, WOMING!! GIMME BACK ME LIL BOY KID!!
TAKE IT EASY, SAILOR BOY!! ONE MOVE FROM YOU AND I'LL REPORT YOU TO THE AUTHORITIES!!
!
IF THEY KNEW YOU LET YOUR ADOPTED SON PLAY IN MUD, THEY'D TAKE HIM AWAY FROM YOU!!
!
LATER AT OLIVE'S HOUSE....
I'VE FILLED THE TUB... YOU GO IN AND TAKE A BATH!
IS THIS SATURDAY?
?
?
THIS IS TUESDAY... NOW DO AS I SAY!!
IS IT THE FOURTH OF JULY,... LABOR DAY, YER BIRTHDAY? OR MAYBE IT'S CHRISTMAS?
?
STOP ASKING QUESTIONS, AND GET INTO THAT BATHTUB!
WHAT A JOINT!
WITHOUT NO REASON AT ALL I HASTA TAKE A BATH!

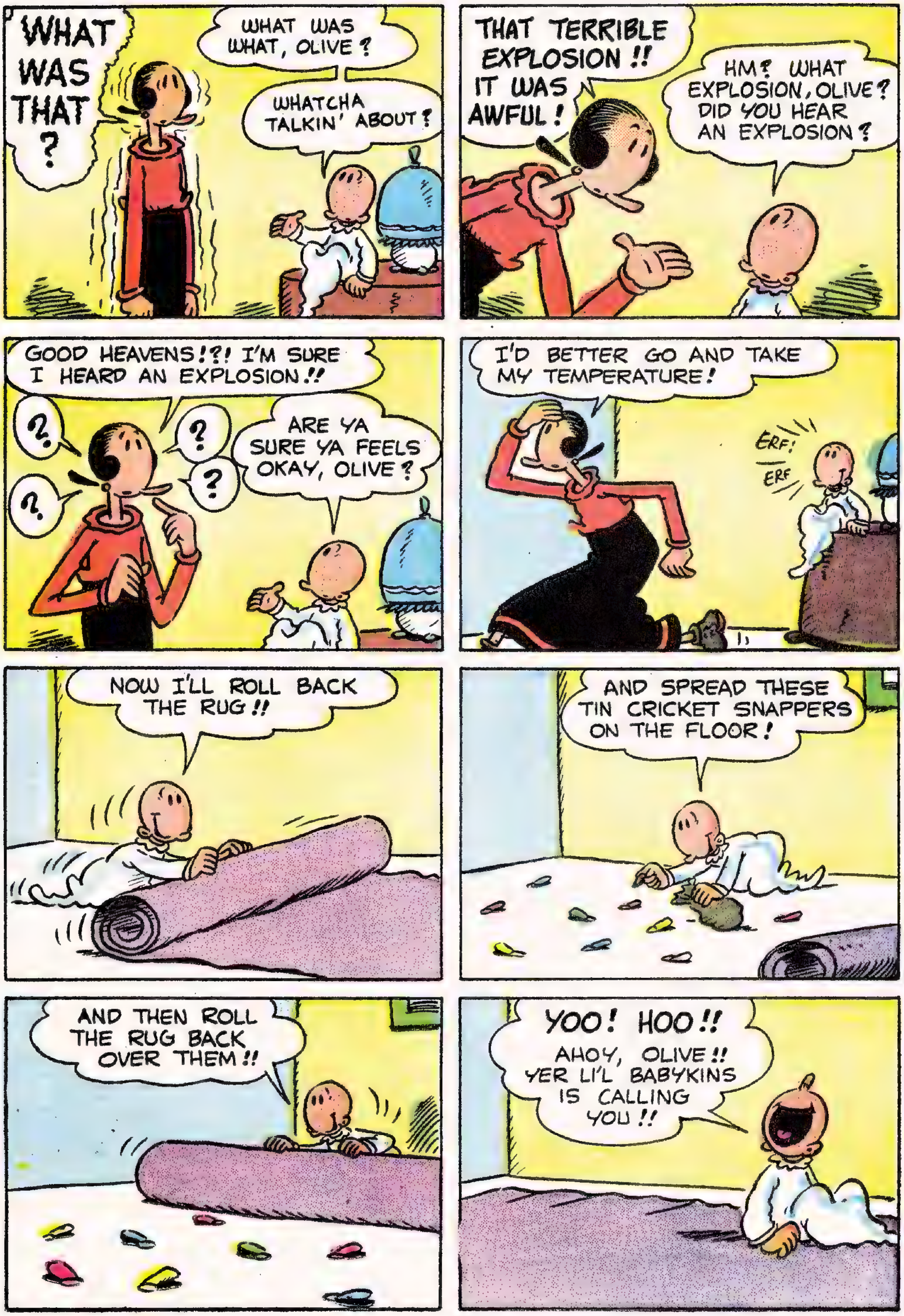

TWO DAYS LATER ....
BLOW ME DOWN! I SURE MISSES SWEE'PEA!!
THE HOUSE SEEMS EMPTY!
AHOY, SON!!
WHAT'S EATIN' YA, SON?--YA LOOKS LOW-DOWN.
I YAM LONESOME FER SWEE'PEA!!
YA MEANS SWEE'PEA AIN'T HERE?
NAW--- HE HAS BEEN LIVIN' WIT' OLIVE FER TWO DAYS!!
ARF! ARF!! HOT DORG!! BOY WHAT A RELIEF!! WHEEEeeee! I FEELS BETTER!
WHATCHA MEAN BY THAT CRACK?
IT HAS BEEN SO QUIET AROUN' HERE THAT I THOUGHT I WAS GOIN' DEAF!!
IT'S NICE TO KNOW I YAM OKAY!!
SAY! WHAT'S OL' LATH-LEGS DOIN' WIT' OUR SWEE'PEA?
SHE'S GOING TO MAKE A GENTLEMAN OUT OF HIM!
GENTLEMAN!!! PHOOEY!!!
I KNOW THAT FEMALE ----
SHE'LL TURN HIM INTO A BLASTID
SISSY KID!



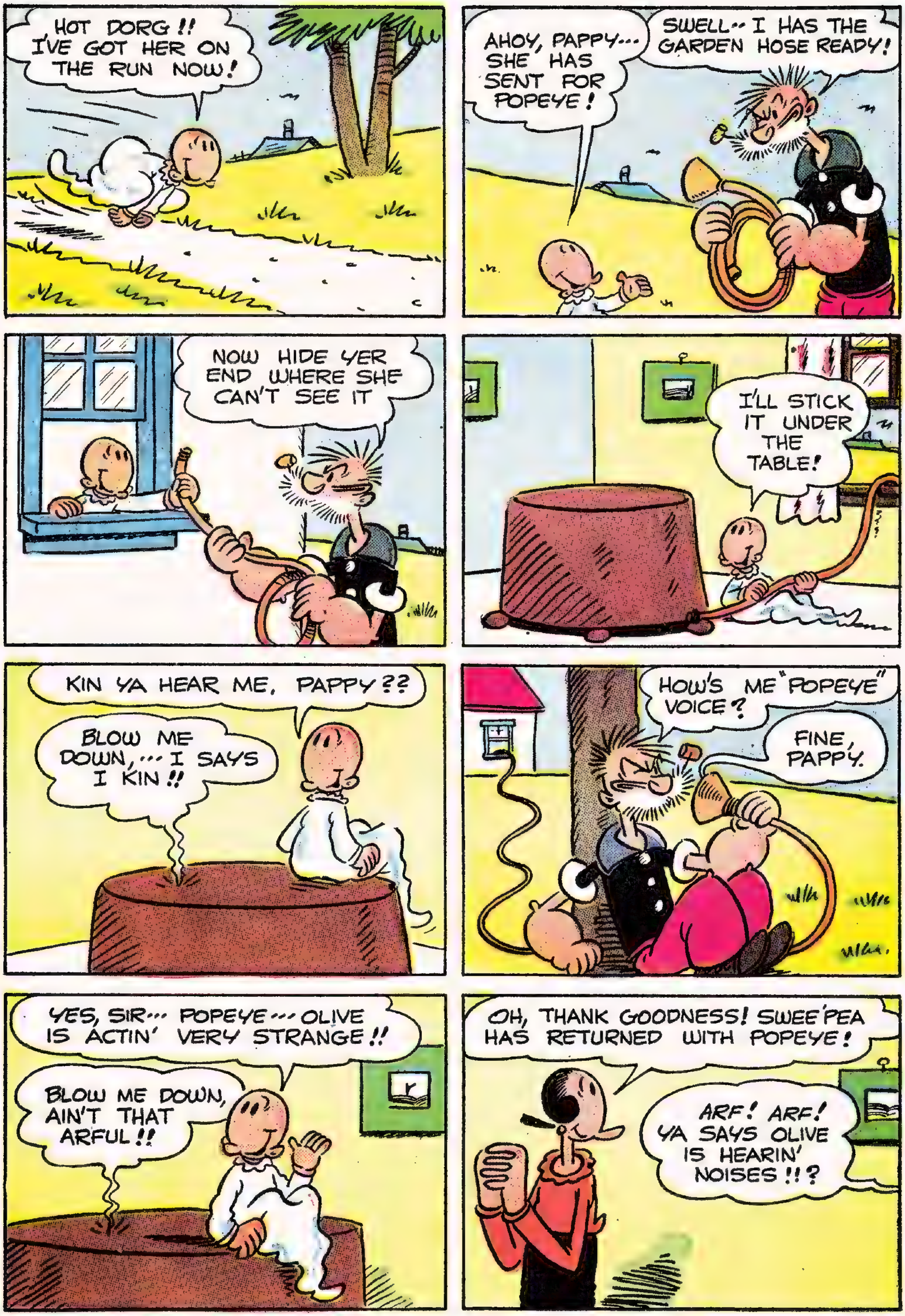
DERN FEMALE! OLIVE DON'T KNOW HOW TO BUILD A MAN OUTA A BOY!!
NOW YOU TAKE A NICE NAP AND THIS AFTERNOON I'LL TEACH YOU TO KNIT!!
?
PSS-T!! AHOY, SWEE'PEA!! PSS-SST!!
AHOY, PAPPY... I YAM IN HERE!
PS-SST!
WHAT IS YA DOIN' IN BED? IS YA SICK?
NAW! I YAM TAKIN' A NAP!
BAH!! THE NEXT THING YA KNOW SHE'LL HAVE YA KNITTING!
I TAKES ME FIRST LESSING THIS AFTER-NOON!
THIS IS JUS' LIKE BEIN' IN PRISON!!
OLIVE IS ME JAILER AN' THE ONLY WORD SHE KNOWS IS NO!!
IT'S NO TO EVERY-THING!
IT'S NO TO FIGHTIN'
NO MUD!
NO CANDY!
NO!
NO!
NO BASEBALL!
NO TALKIN'!
NO WET FEET!!
NO!
NO NOISE!
WHAT YOU NEEDS IS SOME ADVICE FROM A MASTER STRATEGIST IN BEIN' OBNOXIOUS!!
GEE, YA MEANS YA WILL HELP ME?

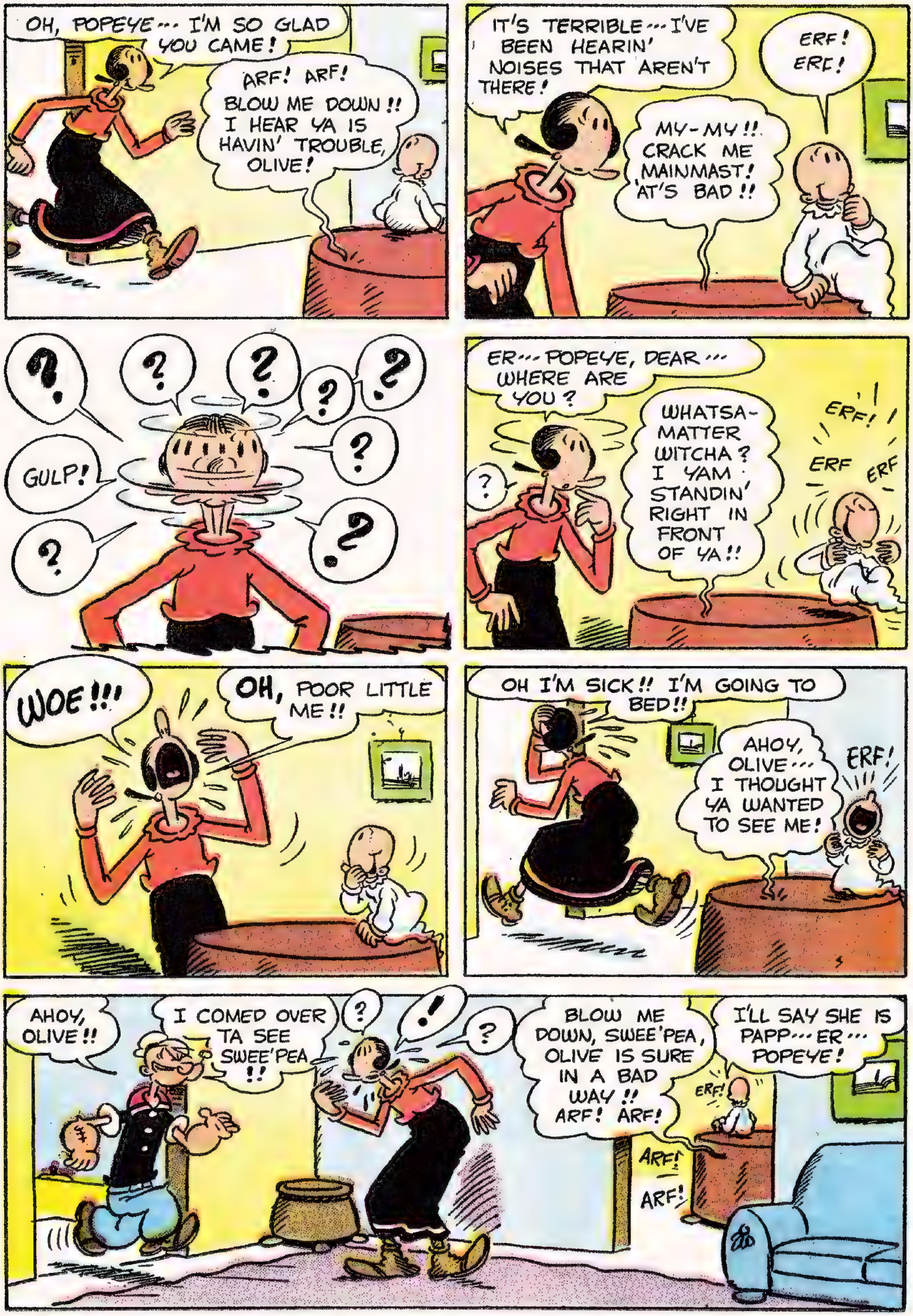

IF YA DOES ENOUGH THINGS TA GIT ON OLIVE'S NERVES, SHE WILL BE GLAD TO SEND YA HOME!!
SWELL!! BUT WHAT'LL I DO?
WELL, YA START ORF BY---BZZZ-Z BZZ-Z-Z--- AND BZZ-Z-Z!
WOW!
!
!
HERE COMES OLIVE---YA BETTER GIT OUTA HERE!!
DOES MY SWEET LITTLE BABYKINS FEEL ALL GLORIOUS AFTER HIS NICE NAP?
UGH!!--- I FEEL SWELL, OLIVE!!
DOES-UM LITTLE BABYKINS LIKE TO BE TOSSED UP INTO THE AIR LIKE A TOY BALL??
TAKE IT EASY---!
!
!
WHEEEeee!
BR-R-R
BONK!
OH, THERE'S THE DOOR-BELL!!
I WONDER WHO COULD BE CALLING NOW??
PLOP!

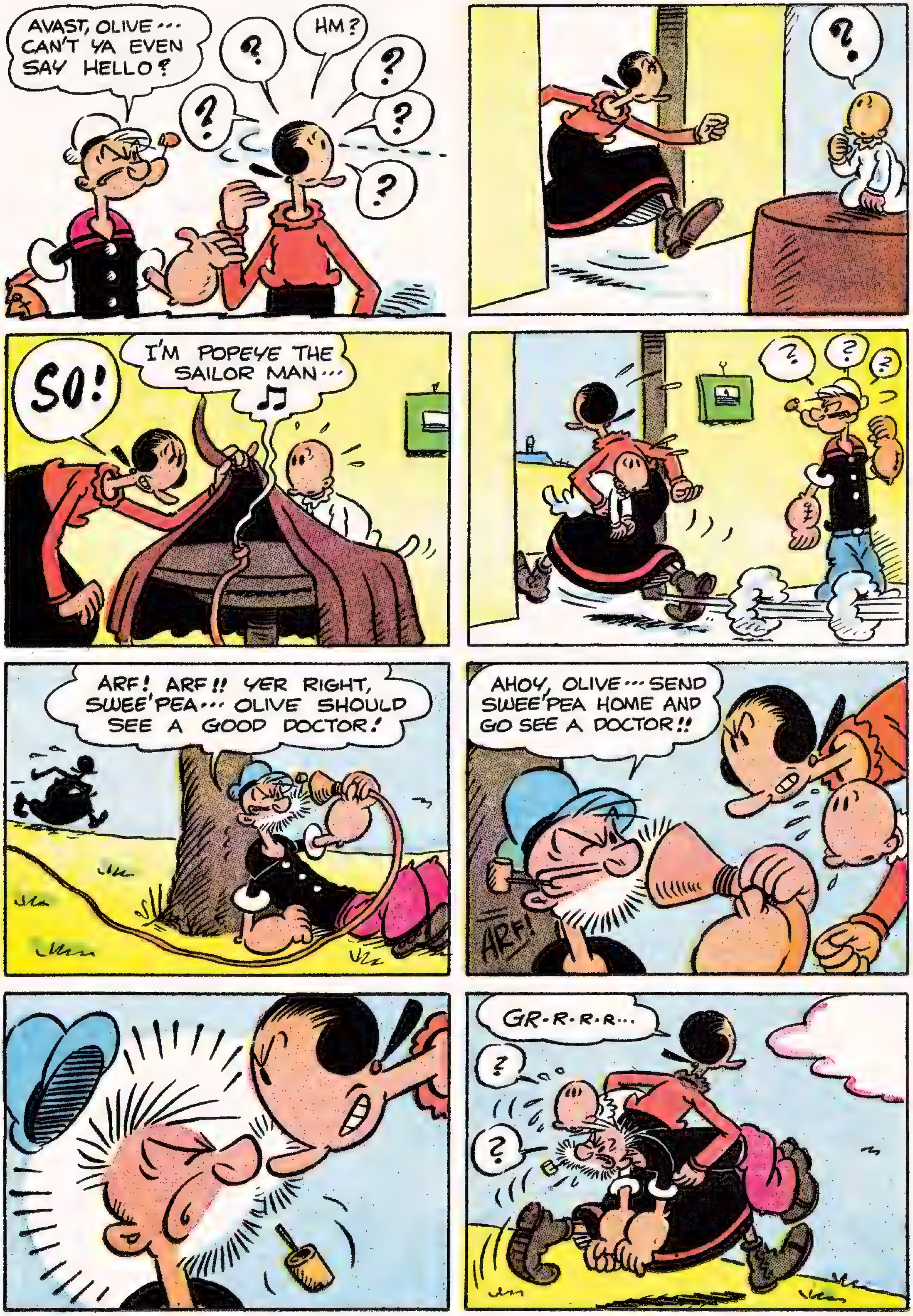

I GOTTA GET OUTA HERE BEFORE THAT DAME KILLS ME WIT' LOVE!!
I BETTER START PUTTIN' PAPPY'S PLAN INTO OPERATION!!
I GOTTA START WORKIN' ON OLIVE'S NERVES!
THIS LIGHT BULB SHOULD BE GOOD FOR A START!!
DID BABYKINS MISS ME?
EEEK!
BANG!


WHAT WAS THAT ?
WHAT WAS WHAT, OLIVE ?
WHATCHA TALKIN' ABOUT ?
THAT TERRIBLE EXPLOSION !! IT WAS AWFUL !
HM? WHAT EXPLOSION, OLIVE? DID YOU HEAR AN EXPLOSION ?
GOOD HEAVENS!?! I'M SURE I HEARD AN EXPLOSION !!
?
?
?
?
ARE YA SURE YA FEELS OKAY, OLIVE ?
I'D BETTER GO AND TAKE MY TEMPERATURE !
ERF!
ERF
NOW I'LL ROLL BACK THE RUG !!
AND SPREAD THESE TIN CRICKET SNAPPERS ON THE FLOOR !
AND THEN ROLL THE RUG BACK OVER THEM !!
YOO! HOO !!
AHOY, OLIVE !! YER LI'L BABYKINS IS CALLING YOU !!

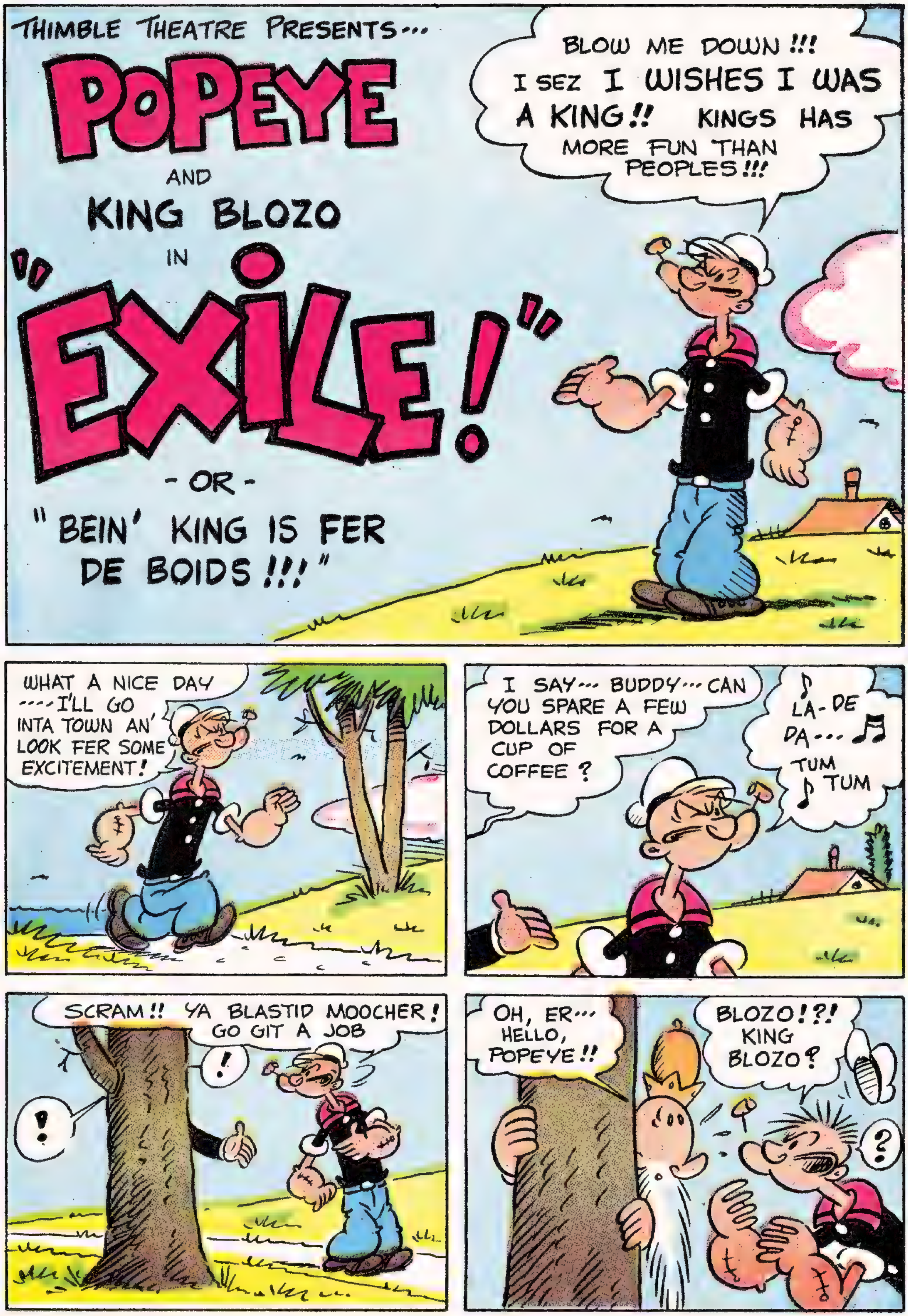
HERE COMES OLIVE, DEAR!
CLACK!
AWK!!
CLACK!
CRICK!
CLACK!
CLACK!
CRICK!
CLACK!
?
CRICK!
CLACK!
?
AHOY, OLIVE.... 'AT WAS A SWELL DANCE... DO IT AGAIN!!!
CLAP!
?
OH, WHAT'S WRONG WITH ME??
I KEEP HEARING CRICKETS!
I MUST BE SICK!
QUICK, SWEE'PEA... RUN AND GET POPEYE!!
OKAY, OLIVE!!!

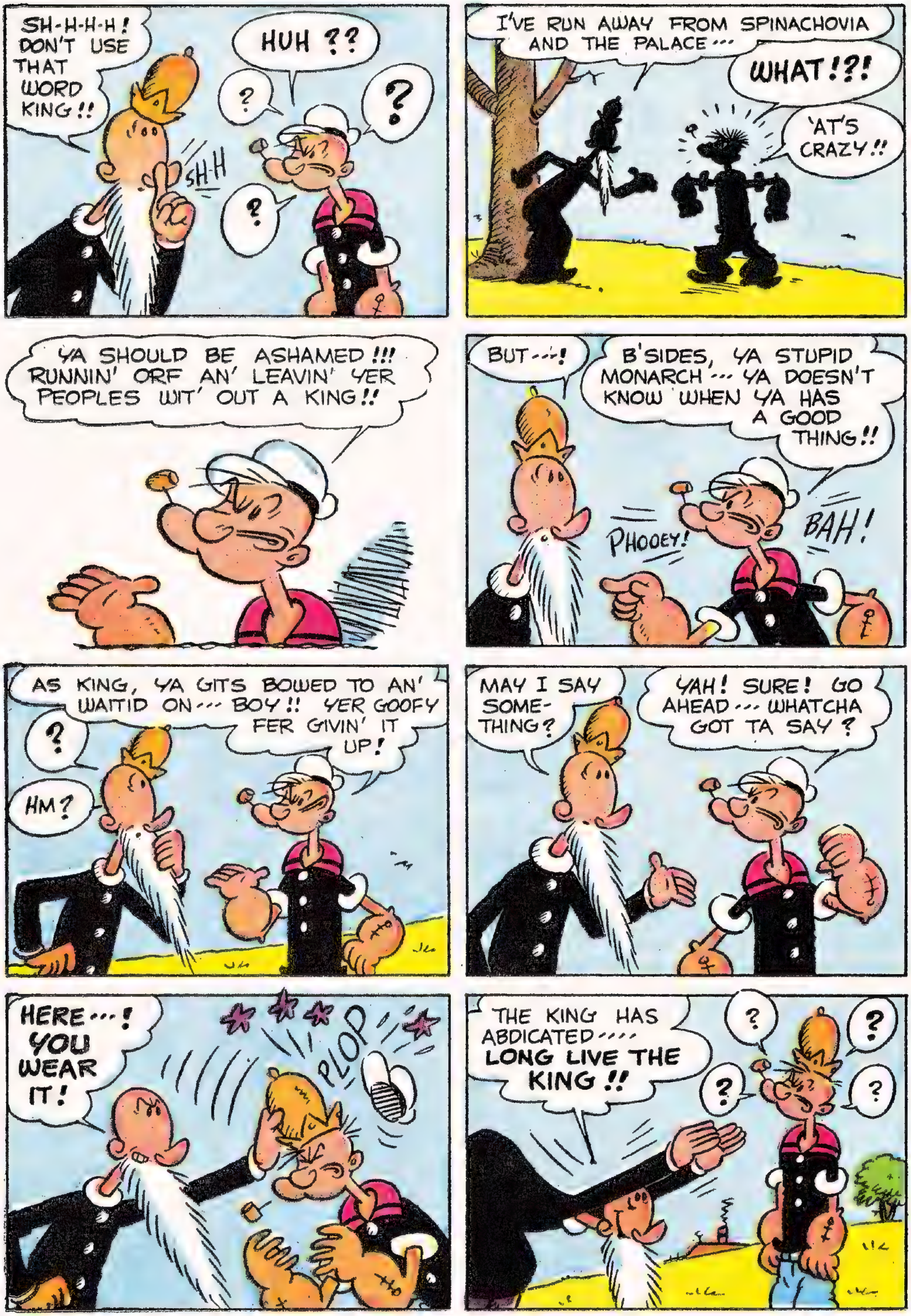

HOT DORG !! I'VE GOT HER ON THE RUN NOW!
AHOY, PAPPY... SHE HAS SENT FOR POPEYE!
SWELL.. I HAS THE GARDEN HOSE READY!
NOW HIDE YER END WHERE SHE CAN'T SEE IT
I'LL STICK IT UNDER THE TABLE!
KIN YA HEAR ME, PAPPY??
BLOW ME DOWN,... I SAYS I KIN!!
HOW'S ME "POPEYE" VOICE?
FINE, PAPPY.
YES, SIR... POPEYE... OLIVE IS ACTIN' VERY STRANGE!!
BLOW ME DOWN, AIN'T THAT ARFUL!!
OH, THANK GOODNESS! SWEE'PEA HAS RETURNED WITH POPEYE!
ARF! ARF! YA SAYS OLIVE IS HEARIN' NOISES!!?

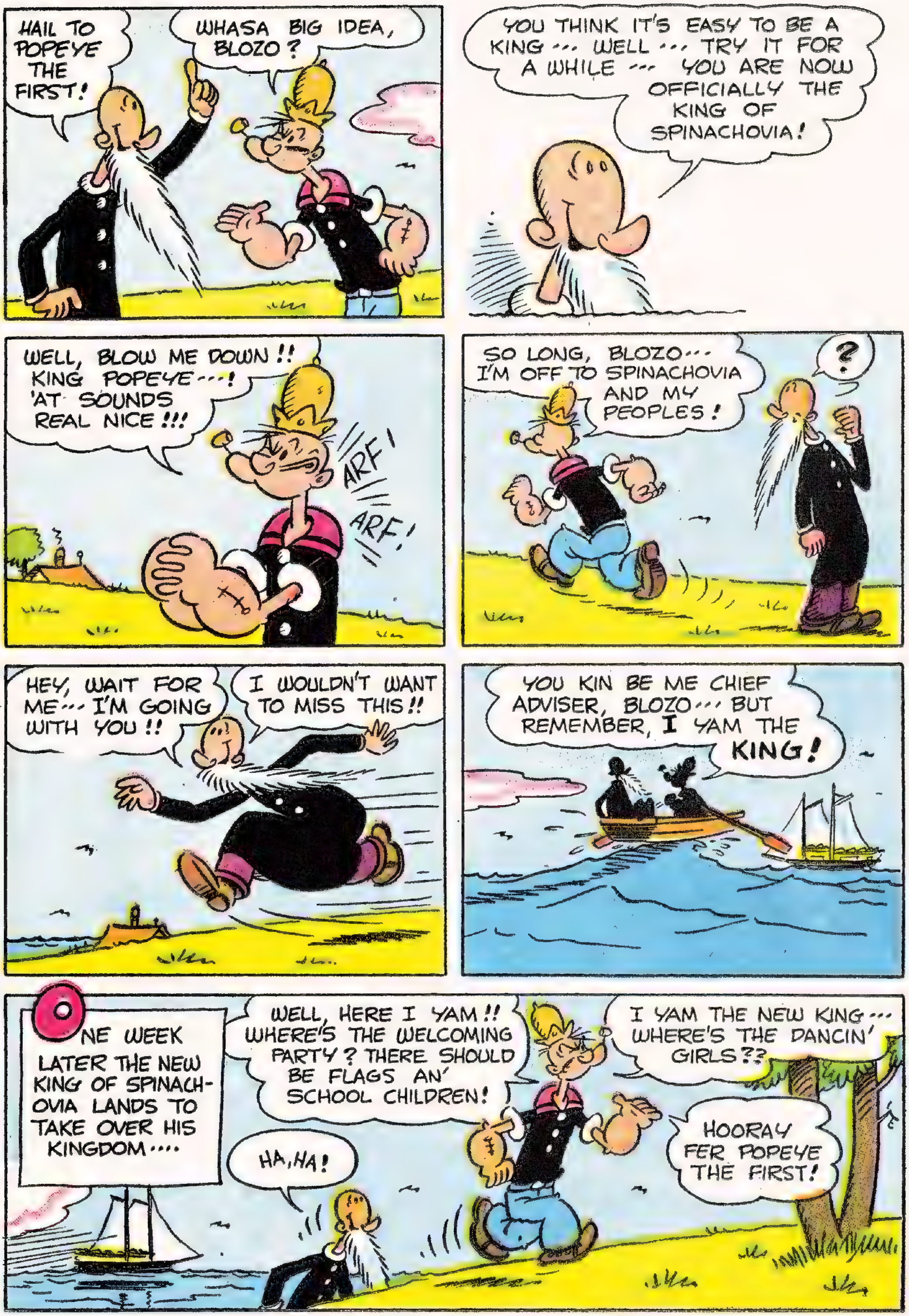

OH, POPEYE... I'M SO GLAD YOU CAME!
ARF! ARF! BLOW ME DOWN!! I HEAR YA IS HAVIN' TROUBLE, OLIVE!
IT'S TERRIBLE... I'VE BEEN HEARIN' NOISES THAT AREN'T THERE!
ERF! ERF!
MY-MY!! CRACK ME MAINMAST! 'AT'S BAD!!
GULP!
ER... POPEYE, DEAR... WHERE ARE YOU?
WHATSA-MATTER WITCHA? I YAM STANDIN' RIGHT IN FRONT OF YA!!
ERF! ERF ERF
WOE!!!
OH, POOR LITTLE ME!!
OH I'M SICK!! I'M GOING TO BED!!
AHOY, OLIVE... I THOUGHT YA WANTED TO SEE ME!
ERF!
AHOY, OLIVE!!
I COMED OVER TA SEE SWEE'PEA!!
BLOW ME DOWN, SWEE'PEA, OLIVE IS SURE IN A BAD WAY!! ARF! ARF!
I'LL SAY SHE IS PAPP... ER... POPEYE!
ERF!
ARF!
ARF!

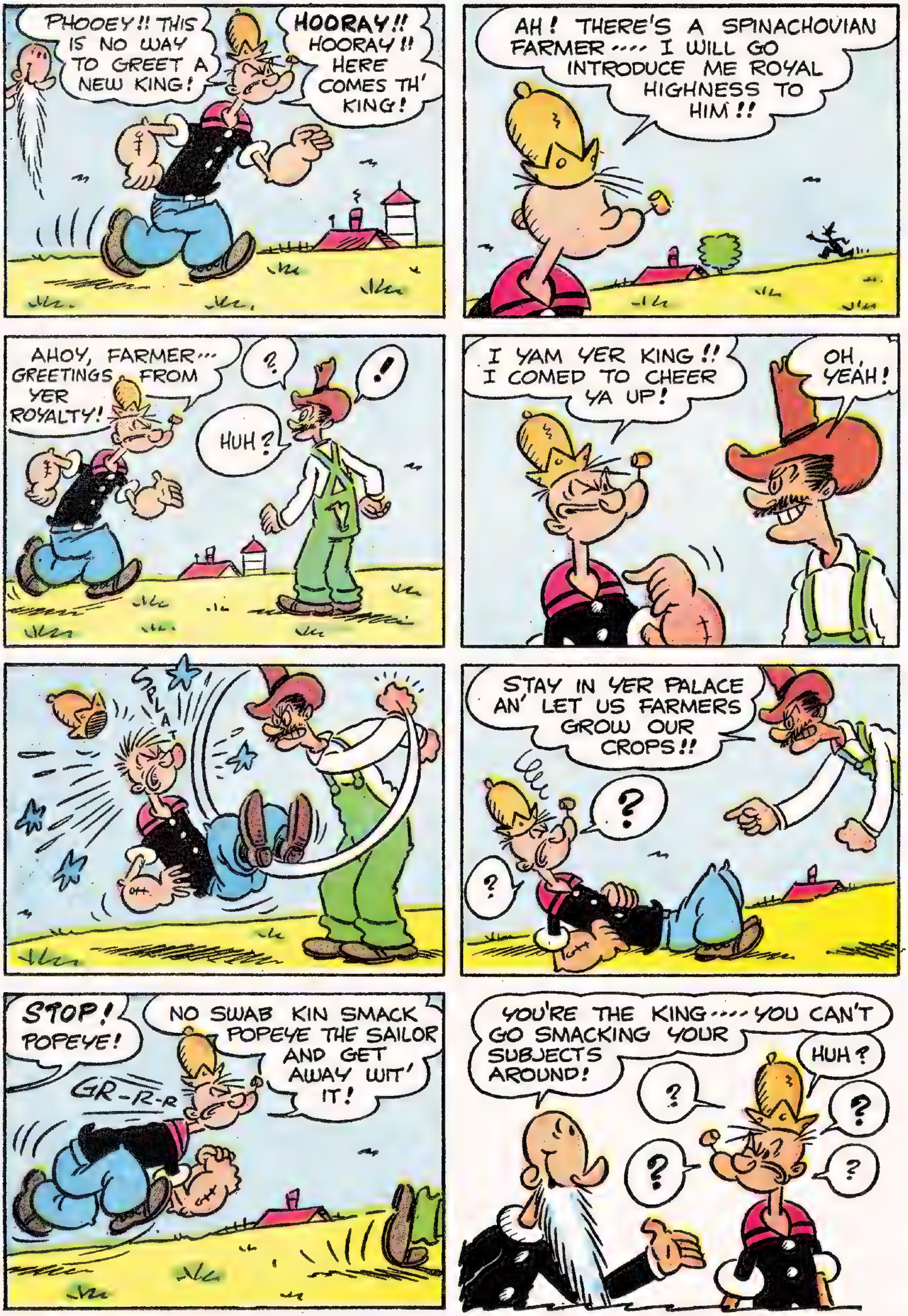

AVAST, OLIVE... CAN'T YA EVEN SAY HELLO?
HM?
?
?
?
?
?
SO!
I'M POPEYE THE SAILOR MAN... ♫
?
?
?
ARF! ARF!! YER RIGHT, SWEE'PEA... OLIVE SHOULD SEE A GOOD DOCTOR!
AHOY, OLIVE... SEND SWEE'PEA HOME AND GO SEE A DOCTOR!!
ARF!
GR-R-R-R...
?
?

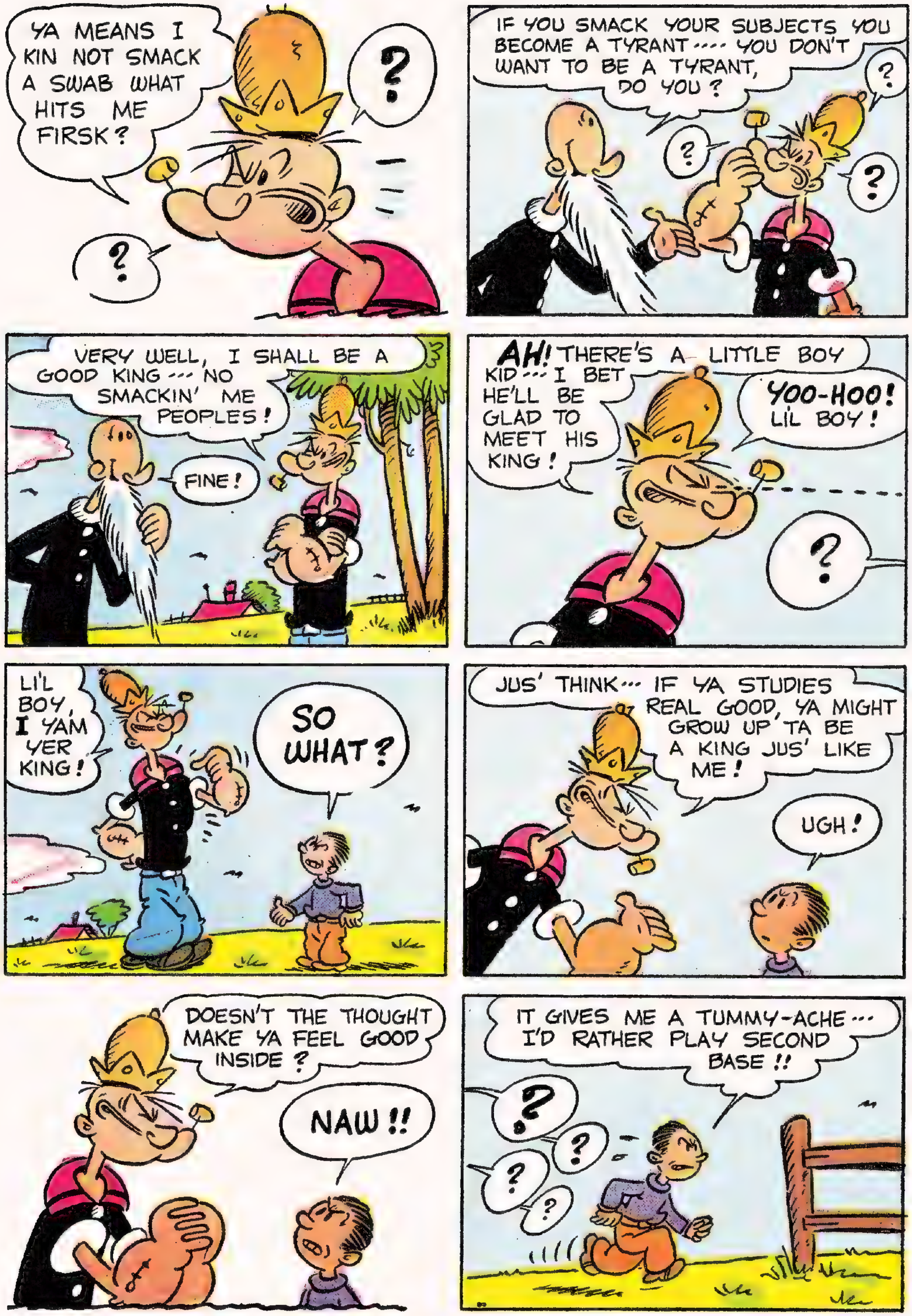
WHA'-TH'-HECK??
OLIVE RAN OUT OF THE HOUSE WIT' SWEE'PEA··· I WON'ER WHAT SHE'S UP TO!?
HERE SHE COMES BACK ALONE!
?
?
AHOY, OLIVE ----! WHERE'S SWEE'PEA···? WHAT CHA DO WIT' HIM?
GRRR!
?
?
?
JUST FOLLOW ME··· I'LL TAKE YOU TO HIM!
THAT'S WHERE I FOUND HIM··· TAKE HIM HOME! HE DESERVES TO BE RAISED BY YOU!!
!
?
AHOY, SON···! COME ON IN··· THE MUD'S WONDERFUL!
WHEEee!! YA SURE GOT ME OUTA OLIVE'S CLUTCHES, PAPPY!!
ARF!
SPLAT

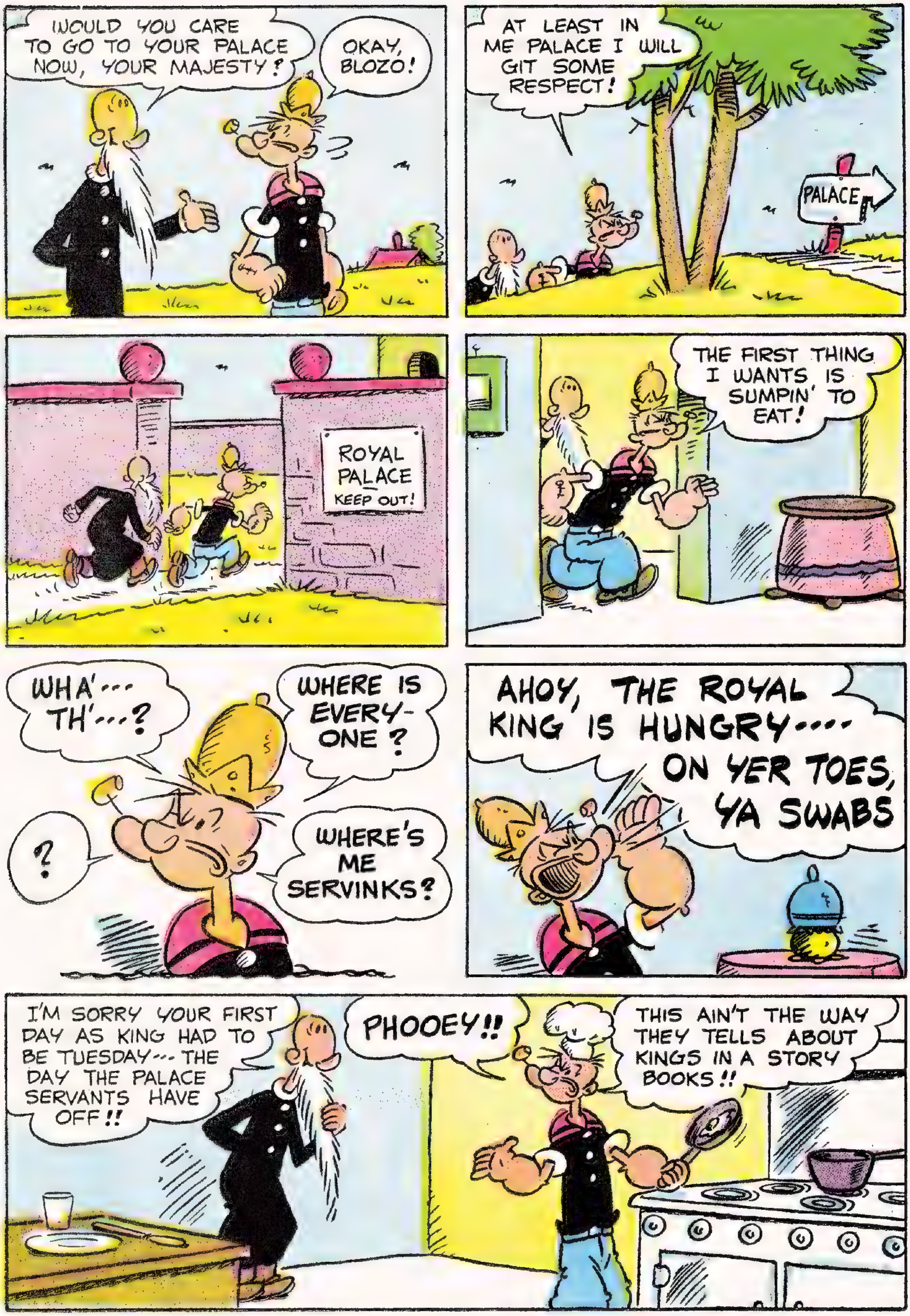

THIMBLE THEATRE PRESENTS...
POPEYE
AND
KING BLOZO
IN
"EXILE!"
- OR -
"BEIN' KING IS FER DE BOIDS!!!"
BLOW ME DOWN!!! I SEZ I WISHES I WAS A KING!! KINGS HAS MORE FUN THAN PEOPLES!!!
WHAT A NICE DAY ----I'LL GO INTA TOWN AN' LOOK FER SOME EXCITEMENT!
I SAY--- BUDDY--- CAN YOU SPARE A FEW DOLLARS FOR A CUP OF COFFEE?
LA-DE DA--- TUM TUM
SCRAM!! YA BLASTID MOOCHER! GO GIT A JOB
!
!
OH, ER--- HELLO, POPEYE!!
BLOZO!?! KING BLOZO?
?

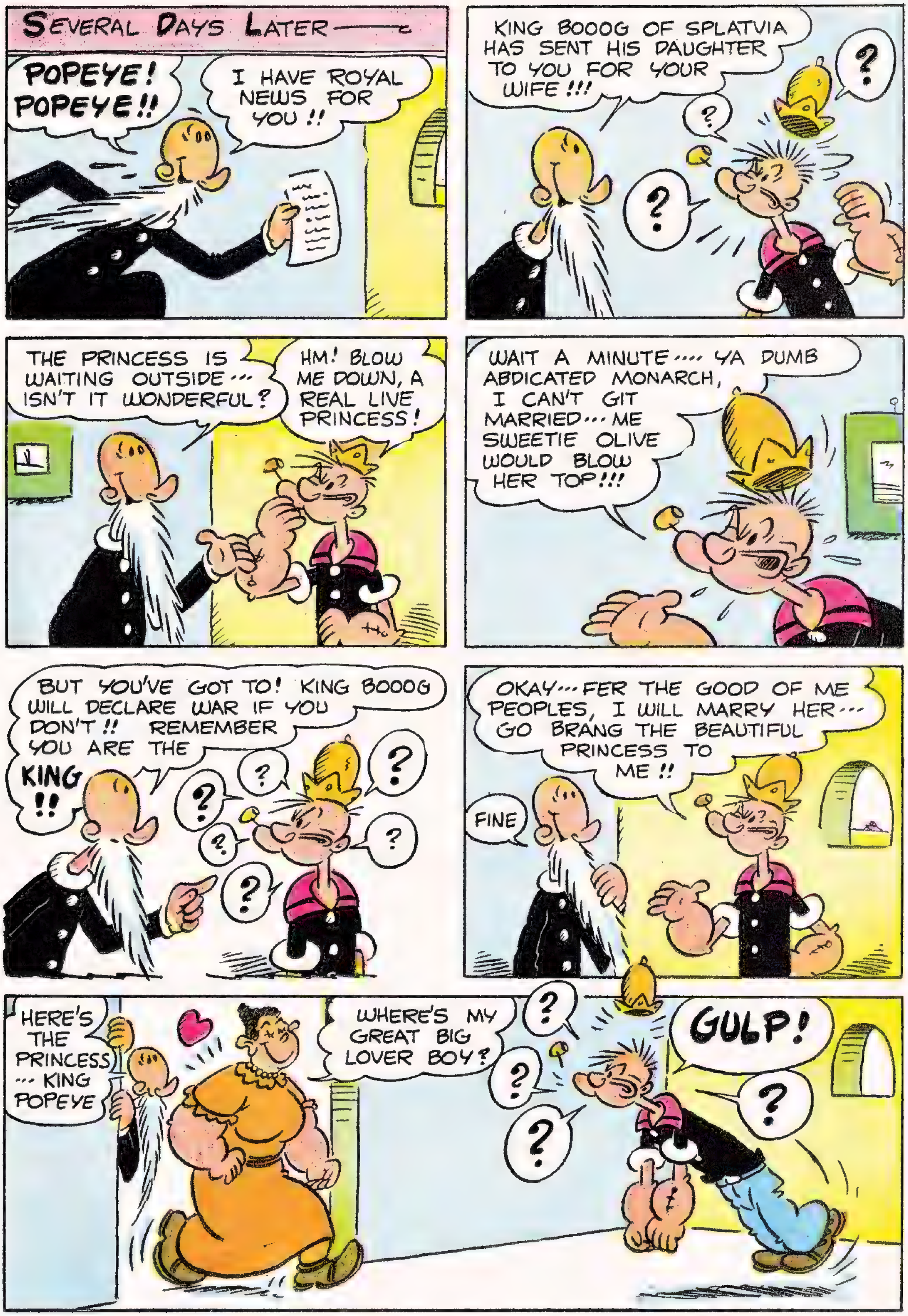

SH-H-H-H! DON'T USE THAT WORD KING!!
HUH ??
?
?
?
SH-H
I'VE RUN AWAY FROM SPINACHOVIA AND THE PALACE...
WHAT!?!
'AT'S CRAZY!!
YA SHOULD BE ASHAMED!!! RUNNIN' ORF AN' LEAVIN' YER PEOPLES WIT' OUT A KING!!
BUT...!
B'SIDES, YA STUPID MONARCH... YA DOESN'T KNOW WHEN YA HAS A GOOD THING!!
PHOOEY!
BAH!
AS KING, YA GITS BOWED TO AN' WAITID ON... BOY!! YER GOOFY FER GIVIN' IT UP!
?
HM?
MAY I SAY SOME-THING?
YAH! SURE! GO AHEAD... WHATCHA GOT TA SAY?
HERE...! YOU WEAR IT!
PLOP
THE KING HAS ABDICATED.... LONG LIVE THE KING!!
?
?
?
?

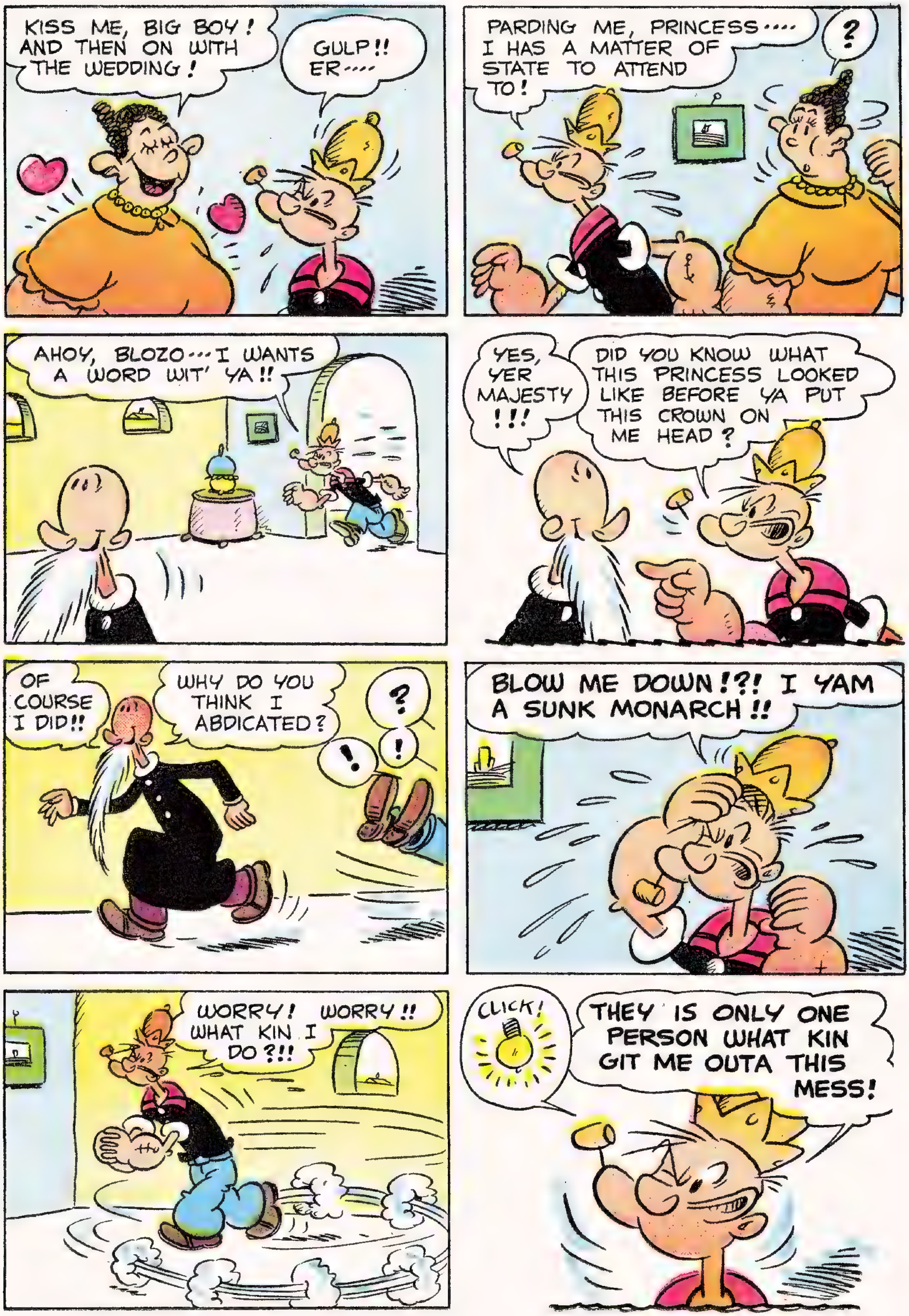

HAIL TO POPEYE THE FIRST!
WHASA BIG IDEA, BLOZO?
YOU THINK IT'S EASY TO BE A KING ··· WELL ··· TRY IT FOR A WHILE ··· YOU ARE NOW OFFICIALLY THE KING OF SPINACHOVIA!
WELL, BLOW ME DOWN!! KING POPEYE···! 'AT SOUNDS REAL NICE!!!
ARF! ARF!
SO LONG, BLOZO··· I'M OFF TO SPINACHOVIA AND MY PEOPLES!
?
HEY, WAIT FOR ME··· I'M GOING WITH YOU!!
I WOULDN'T WANT TO MISS THIS!!
YOU KIN BE ME CHIEF ADVISER, BLOZO··· BUT REMEMBER, I YAM THE KING!
ONE WEEK LATER THE NEW KING OF SPINACHOVIA LANDS TO TAKE OVER HIS KINGDOM····
WELL, HERE I YAM!! WHERE'S THE WELCOMING PARTY? THERE SHOULD BE FLAGS AN' SCHOOL CHILDREN!
I YAM THE NEW KING··· WHERE'S THE DANCIN' GIRLS??
HA, HA!
HOORAY FER POPEYE THE FIRST!

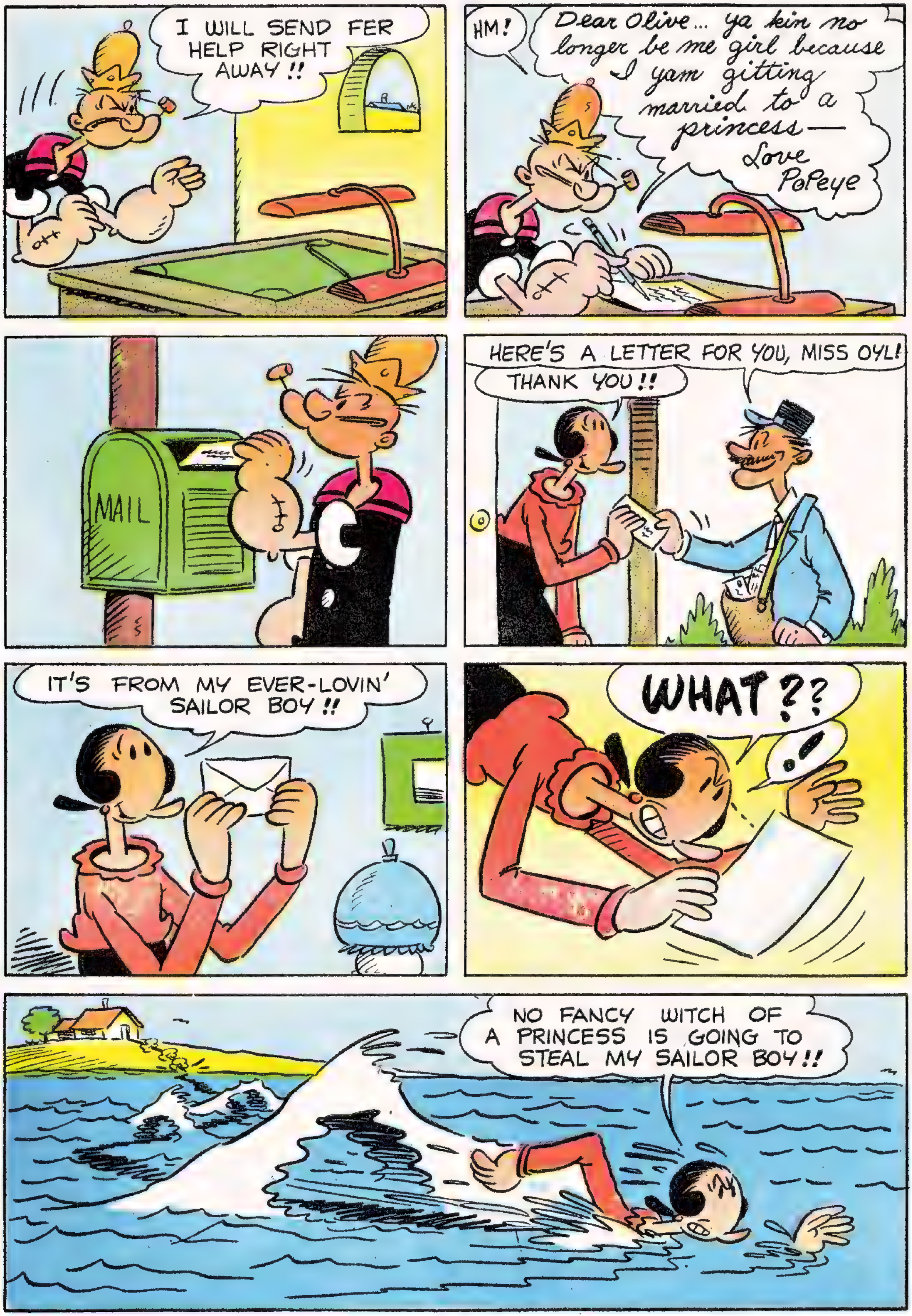

PHOOEY!! THIS IS NO WAY TO GREET A NEW KING!
HOORAY!! HOORAY!! HERE COMES TH' KING!
AH! THERE'S A SPINACHOVIAN FARMER.... I WILL GO INTRODUCE ME ROYAL HIGHNESS TO HIM!!
AHOY, FARMER... GREETINGS FROM YER ROYALTY!
?
!
HUH?
I YAM YER KING!! I COMED TO CHEER YA UP!
OH, YEAH!
SPLAT
STAY IN YER PALACE AN' LET US FARMERS GROW OUR CROPS!!
?
?
STOP! POPEYE!
NO SWAB KIN SMACK POPEYE THE SAILOR AND GET AWAY WIT' IT!
GR-R-R
YOU'RE THE KING.... YOU CAN'T GO SMACKING YOUR SUBJECTS AROUND!
HUH?
?
?
?
?

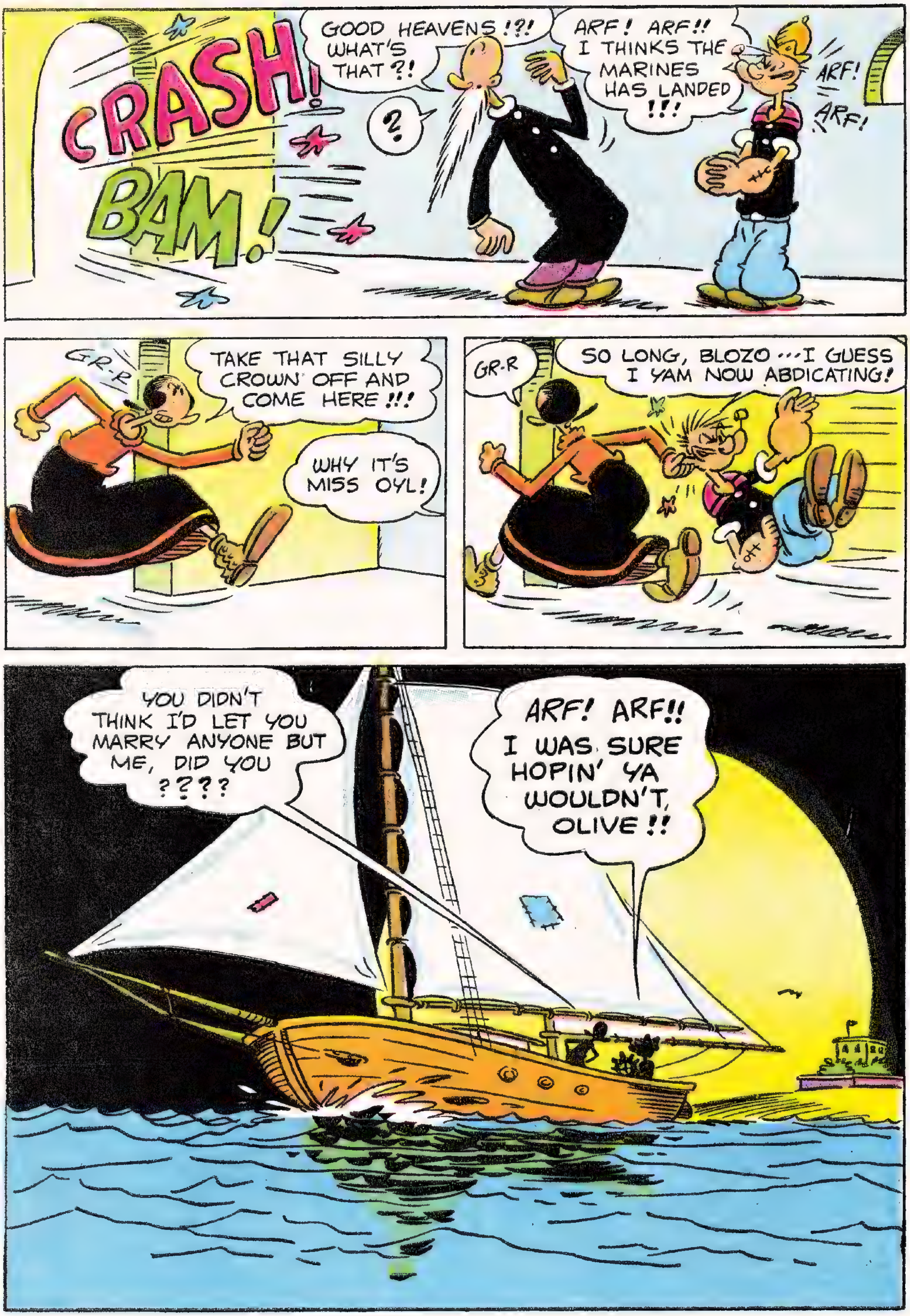

YA MEANS I KIN NOT SMACK A SWAB WHAT HITS ME FIRSK?
?
?
IF YOU SMACK YOUR SUBJECTS YOU BECOME A TYRANT.... YOU DON'T WANT TO BE A TYRANT, DO YOU?
?
?
?
VERY WELL, I SHALL BE A GOOD KING --- NO SMACKIN' ME PEOPLES!
FINE!
AH! THERE'S A LITTLE BOY KID --- I BET HE'LL BE GLAD TO MEET HIS KING!
YOO-HOO! LIL BOY!
?
LI'L BOY, I YAM YER KING!
SO WHAT?
JUS' THINK... IF YA STUDIES REAL GOOD, YA MIGHT GROW UP TA BE A KING JUS' LIKE ME!
UGH!
DOESN'T THE THOUGHT MAKE YA FEEL GOOD INSIDE?
NAW!!
IT GIVES ME A TUMMY-ACHE... I'D RATHER PLAY SECOND BASE!!
?
?
?
?

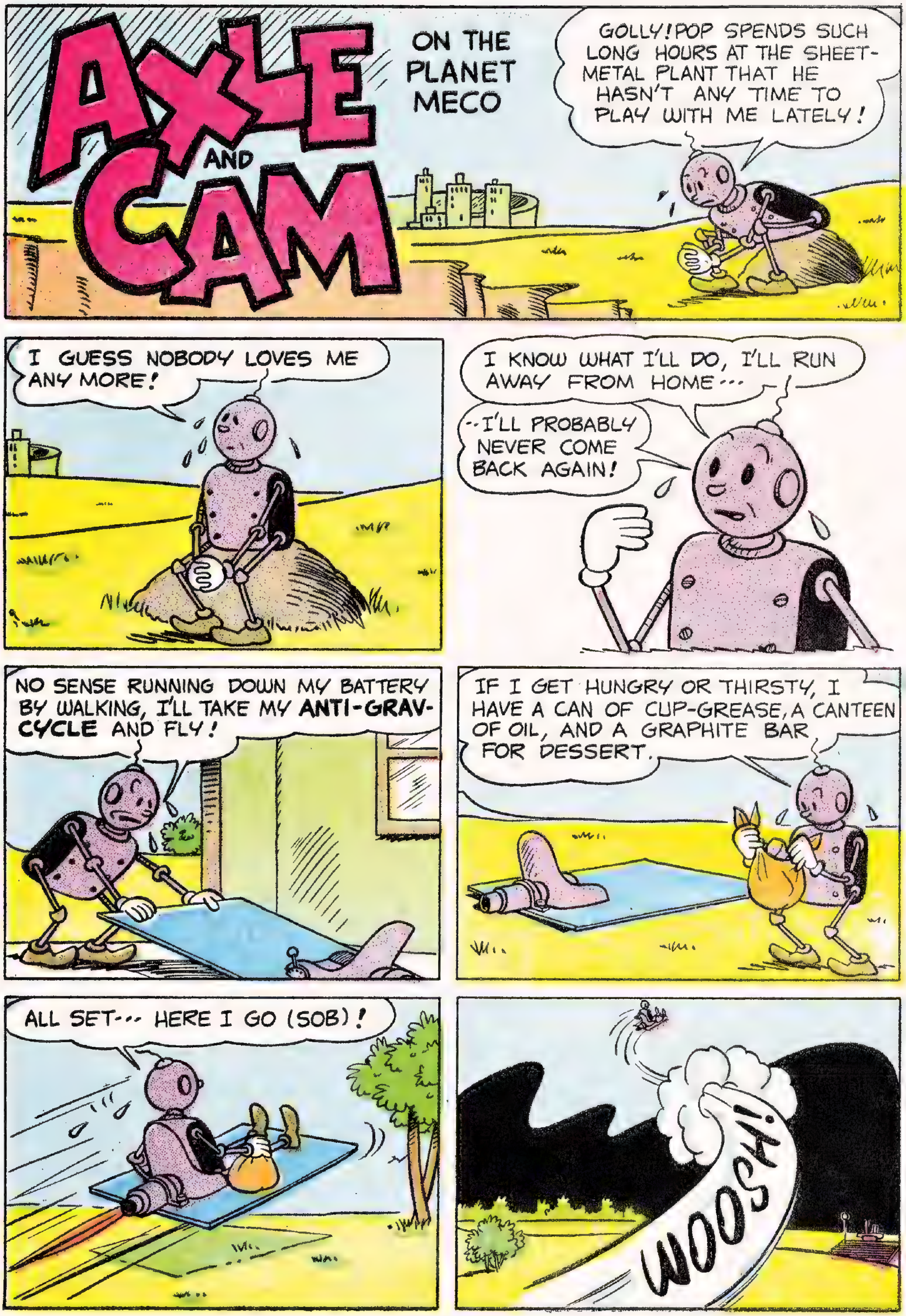

WOULD YOU CARE TO GO TO YOUR PALACE NOW, YOUR MAJESTY?
OKAY, BLOZO!
AT LEAST IN ME PALACE I WILL GIT SOME RESPECT!
PALACE
ROYAL PALACE KEEP OUT!
THE FIRST THING I WANTS IS SUMPIN' TO EAT!
WHA'... TH'...?
WHERE IS EVERY-ONE?
?
WHERE'S ME SERVINKS?
AHOY, THE ROYAL KING IS HUNGRY.... ON YER TOES, YA SWABS
I'M SORRY YOUR FIRST DAY AS KING HAD TO BE TUESDAY... THE DAY THE PALACE SERVANTS HAVE OFF!!
PHOOEY!!
THIS AIN'T THE WAY THEY TELLS ABOUT KINGS IN A STORY BOOKS!!

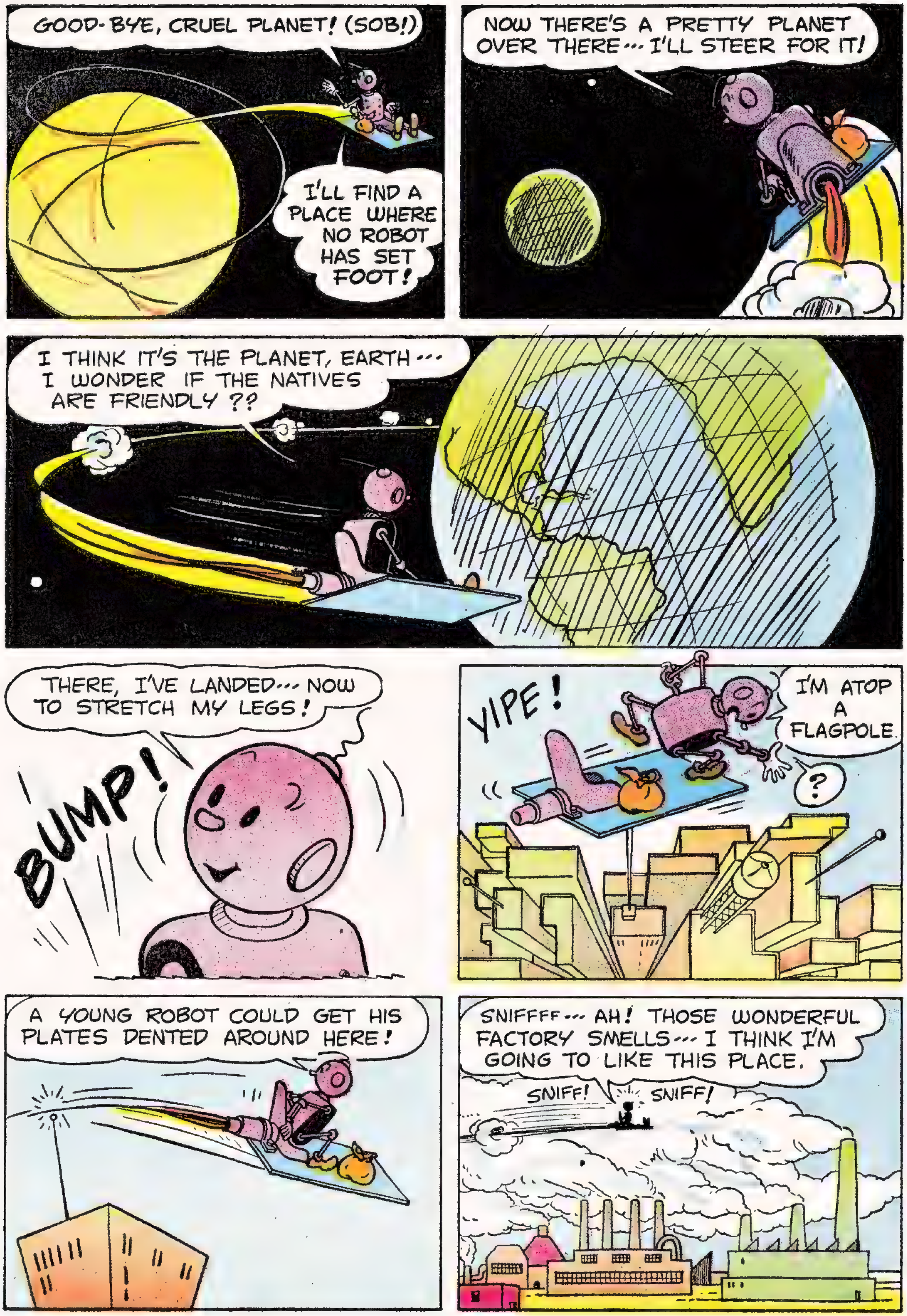

SEVERAL DAYS LATER—
POPEYE! POPEYE!!
I HAVE ROYAL NEWS FOR YOU!!
KING BOOOG OF SPLATVIA HAS SENT HIS DAUGHTER TO YOU FOR YOUR WIFE!!!
?
?
?
THE PRINCESS IS WAITING OUTSIDE... ISN'T IT WONDERFUL?
HM! BLOW ME DOWN, A REAL LIVE PRINCESS!
WAIT A MINUTE.... YA DUMB ABDICATED MONARCH, I CAN'T GIT MARRIED... ME SWEETIE OLIVE WOULD BLOW HER TOP!!!
BUT YOU'VE GOT TO! KING BOOOG WILL DECLARE WAR IF YOU DON'T!! REMEMBER YOU ARE THE KING!!
?
?
?
?
?
?
OKAY... FER THE GOOD OF ME PEOPLES, I WILL MARRY HER... GO BRANG THE BEAUTIFUL PRINCESS TO ME!!
FINE
HERE'S THE PRINCESS ... KING POPEYE
WHERE'S MY GREAT BIG LOVER BOY?
?
?
?
GULP!
?


KISS ME, BIG BOY! AND THEN ON WITH THE WEDDING!
GULP!! ER.....
PARDING ME, PRINCESS.... I HAS A MATTER OF STATE TO ATTEND TO!
?
AHOY, BLOZO...I WANTS A WORD WIT' YA!!
YES, YER MAJESTY!!!
DID YOU KNOW WHAT THIS PRINCESS LOOKED LIKE BEFORE YA PUT THIS CROWN ON ME HEAD?
OF COURSE I DID!!
WHY DO YOU THINK I ABDICATED?
?
!
!
BLOW ME DOWN!?! I YAM A SUNK MONARCH!!
WORRY! WORRY!! WHAT KIN I DO?!!
CLICK!
THEY IS ONLY ONE PERSON WHAT KIN GIT ME OUTA THIS MESS!

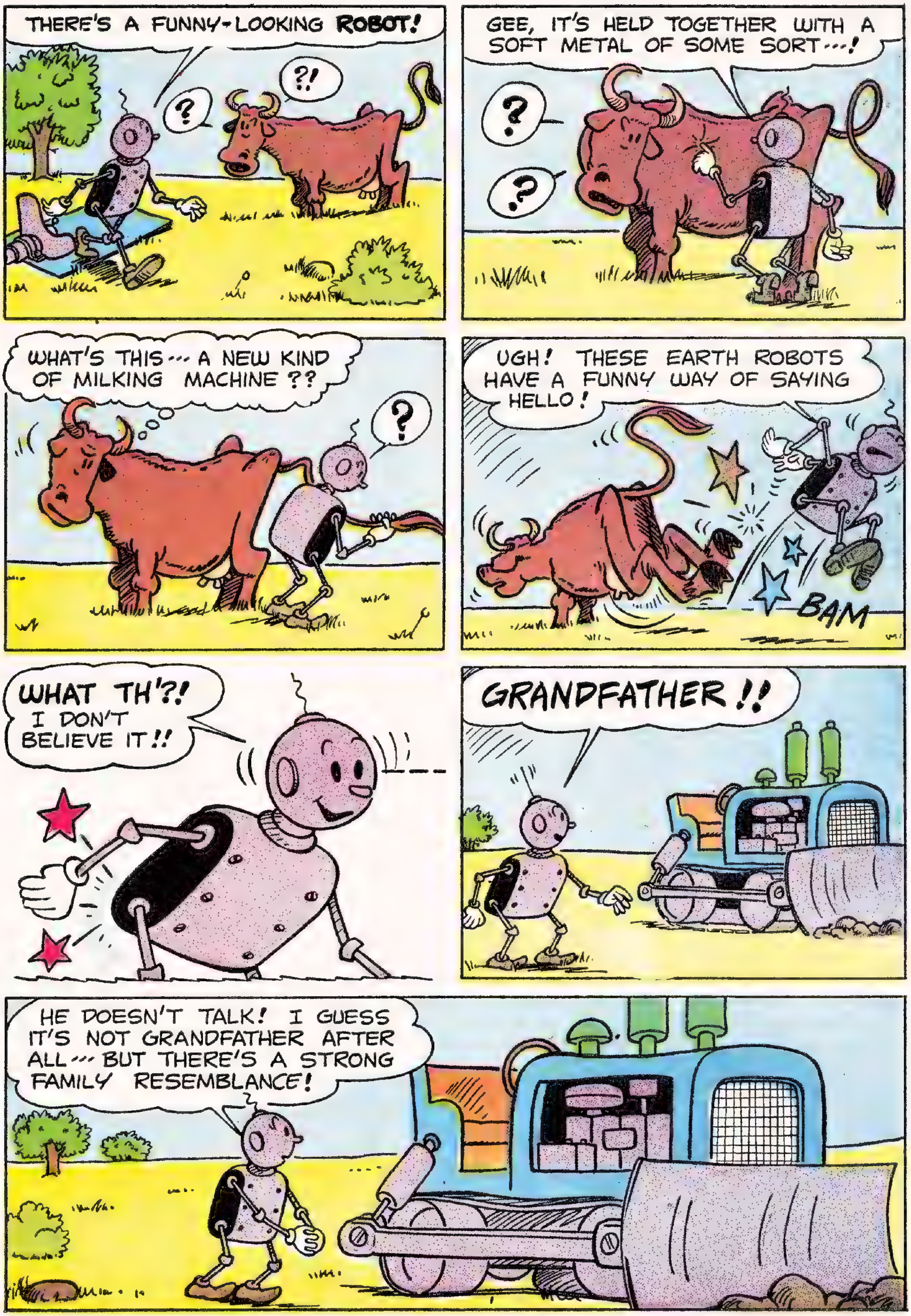

I WILL SEND FER HELP RIGHT AWAY !!
HM!
Dear Olive... ya kin no longer be me girl because I yam gitting married to a princess— Love Popeye
MAIL
HERE'S A LETTER FOR YOU, MISS OYL!
THANK YOU !!
IT'S FROM MY EVER-LOVIN' SAILOR BOY !!
WHAT ??
NO FANCY WITCH OF A PRINCESS IS GOING TO STEAL MY SAILOR BOY !!

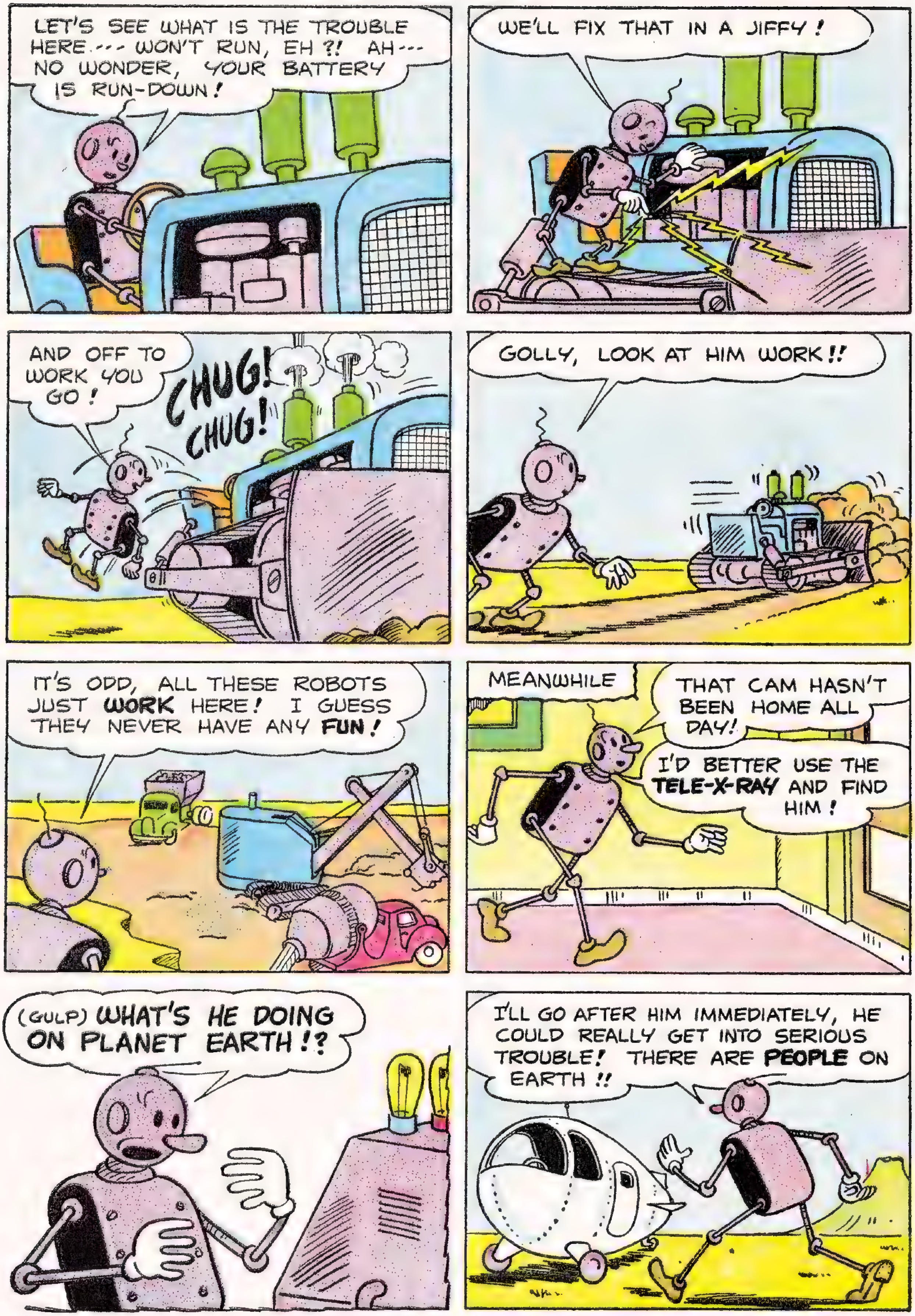

CRASH!
BAM!
GOOD HEAVENS!?! WHAT'S THAT?!
?
ARF! ARF!! I THINKS THE MARINES HAS LANDED!!!
ARF! ARF!
GR-R
TAKE THAT SILLY CROWN OFF AND COME HERE!!!
WHY IT'S MISS OYL!
GR-R
SO LONG, BLOZO...I GUESS I YAM NOW ABDICATING!
YOU DIDN'T THINK I'D LET YOU MARRY ANYONE BUT ME, DID YOU????
ARF! ARF!! I WAS SURE HOPIN' YA WOULDN'T, OLIVE!!

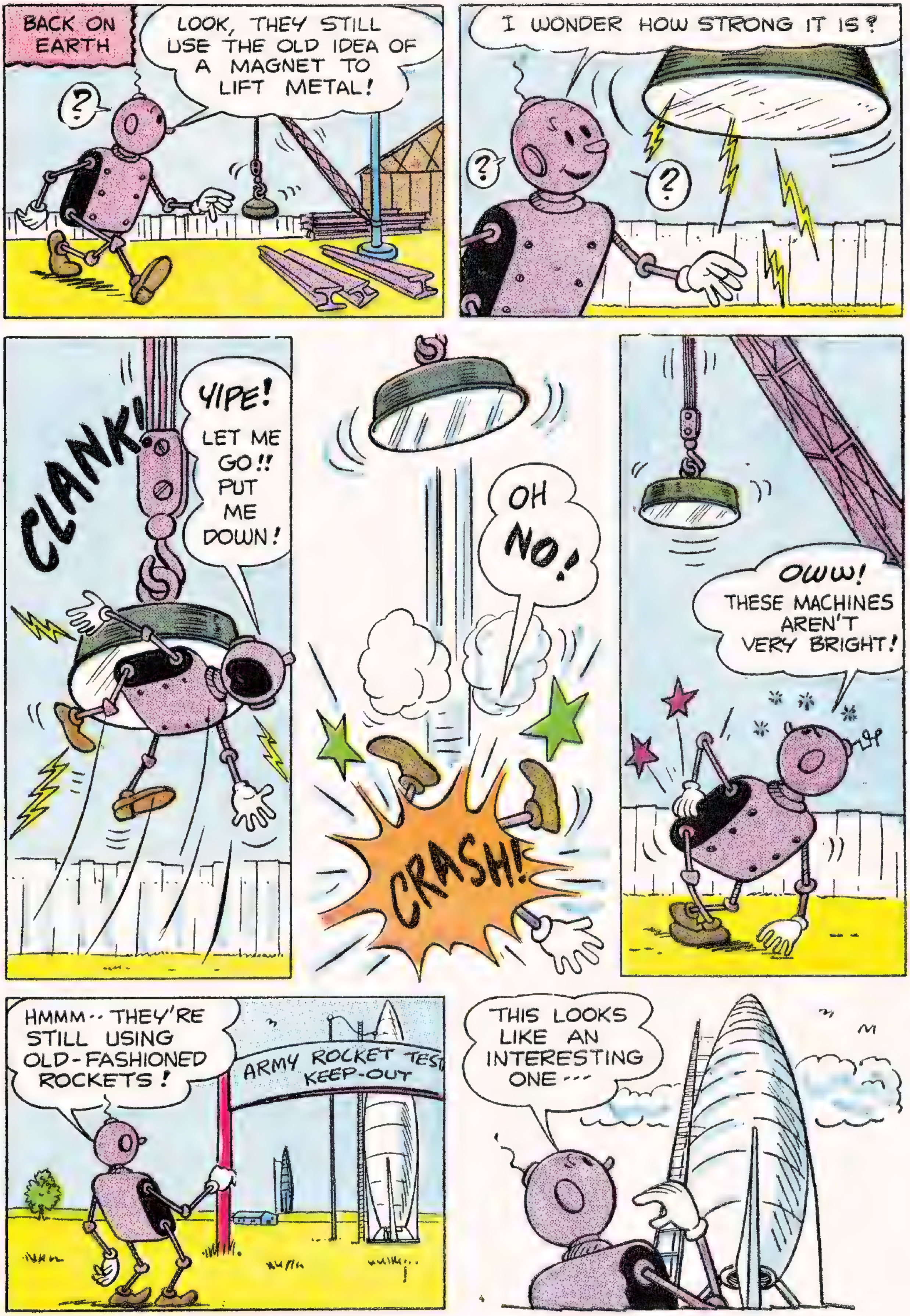

AXLE AND CAM
ON THE PLANET MECO
GOLLY! POP SPENDS SUCH LONG HOURS AT THE SHEET-METAL PLANT THAT HE HASN'T ANY TIME TO PLAY WITH ME LATELY!
I GUESS NOBODY LOVES ME ANY MORE!
I KNOW WHAT I'LL DO, I'LL RUN AWAY FROM HOME···
··I'LL PROBABLY NEVER COME BACK AGAIN!
NO SENSE RUNNING DOWN MY BATTERY BY WALKING, I'LL TAKE MY **ANTI-GRAV-CYCLE** AND FLY!
IF I GET HUNGRY OR THIRSTY, I HAVE A CAN OF CUP-GREASE, A CANTEEN OF OIL, AND A GRAPHITE BAR FOR DESSERT.
ALL SET··· HERE I GO (SOB)!
WOOSH!

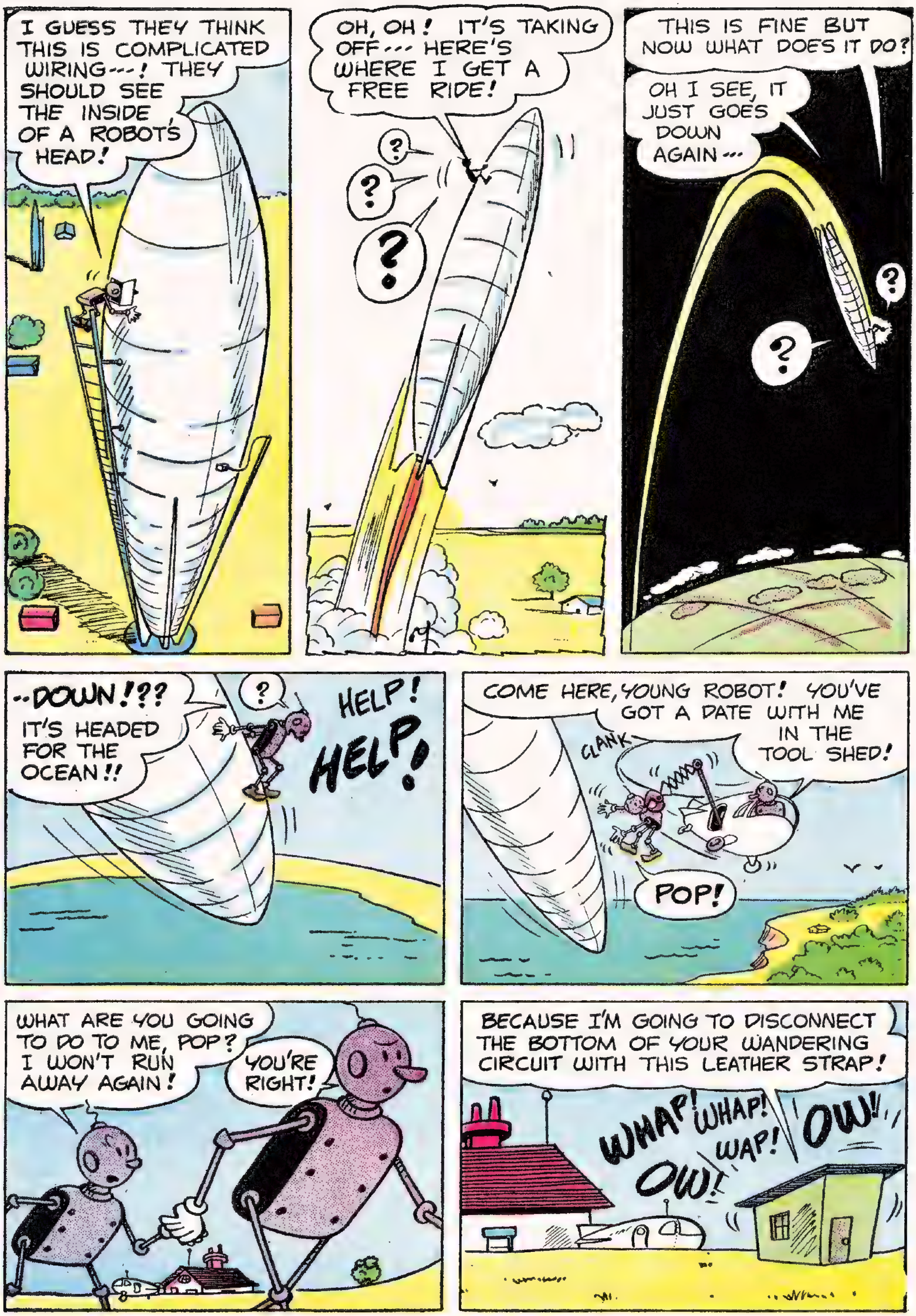


GOOD-BYE, CRUEL PLANET! (SOB!)
I'LL FIND A PLACE WHERE NO ROBOT HAS SET FOOT!
NOW THERE'S A PRETTY PLANET OVER THERE... I'LL STEER FOR IT!
I THINK IT'S THE PLANET, EARTH... I WONDER IF THE NATIVES ARE FRIENDLY ??
THERE, I'VE LANDED... NOW TO STRETCH MY LEGS!
BUMP!
YIPE!
I'M ATOP A FLAGPOLE.
?
A YOUNG ROBOT COULD GET HIS PLATES DENTED AROUND HERE!
SNIFFFFF... AH! THOSE WONDERFUL FACTORY SMELLS... I THINK I'M GOING TO LIKE THIS PLACE.
SNIFF!
SNIFF!


THERE'S A FUNNY-LOOKING ROBOT!
?
?!
GEE, IT'S HELD TOGETHER WITH A SOFT METAL OF SOME SORT...!
?
?
WHAT'S THIS... A NEW KIND OF MILKING MACHINE??
?
UGH! THESE EARTH ROBOTS HAVE A FUNNY WAY OF SAYING HELLO!
BAM
WHAT TH'?! I DON'T BELIEVE IT!!
GRANDFATHER!!
HE DOESN'T TALK! I GUESS IT'S NOT GRANDFATHER AFTER ALL... BUT THERE'S A STRONG FAMILY RESEMBLANCE!


LET'S SEE WHAT IS THE TROUBLE HERE --- WON'T RUN, EH ?! AH --- NO WONDER, YOUR BATTERY IS RUN-DOWN!
WE'LL FIX THAT IN A JIFFY!
AND OFF TO WORK YOU GO!
CHUG! CHUG!
GOLLY, LOOK AT HIM WORK!!
IT'S ODD, ALL THESE ROBOTS JUST WORK HERE! I GUESS THEY NEVER HAVE ANY FUN!
MEANWHILE
THAT CAM HASN'T BEEN HOME ALL DAY!
I'D BETTER USE THE TELE-X-RAY AND FIND HIM!
(GULP) WHAT'S HE DOING ON PLANET EARTH!?
I'LL GO AFTER HIM IMMEDIATELY, HE COULD REALLY GET INTO SERIOUS TROUBLE! THERE ARE PEOPLE ON EARTH!!


BACK ON EARTH
LOOK, THEY STILL USE THE OLD IDEA OF A MAGNET TO LIFT METAL!
I WONDER HOW STRONG IT IS?
CLANK!
YIPE! LET ME GO!! PUT ME DOWN!
OH NO!
CRASH!
OWW! THESE MACHINES AREN'T VERY BRIGHT!
HMMM.. THEY'RE STILL USING OLD-FASHIONED ROCKETS!
ARMY ROCKET TEST KEEP-OUT
THIS LOOKS LIKE AN INTERESTING ONE...



I GUESS THEY THINK THIS IS COMPLICATED WIRING---! THEY SHOULD SEE THE INSIDE OF A ROBOT'S HEAD!
OH, OH! IT'S TAKING OFF--- HERE'S WHERE I GET A FREE RIDE!
?
?
?
THIS IS FINE BUT NOW WHAT DOES IT DO?
OH I SEE, IT JUST GOES DOWN AGAIN---
?
?
--DOWN!?? IT'S HEADED FOR THE OCEAN!!
?
HELP!
HELP!
COME HERE, YOUNG ROBOT! YOU'VE GOT A DATE WITH ME IN THE TOOL SHED!
CLANK
POP!
WHAT ARE YOU GOING TO DO TO ME, POP? I WON'T RUN AWAY AGAIN!
YOU'RE RIGHT!
BECAUSE I'M GOING TO DISCONNECT THE BOTTOM OF YOUR WANDERING CIRCUIT WITH THIS LEATHER STRAP!
WHAP! WHAP!
WAP!
OW!
OW!

(Continued from inside front cover)

"Mayor? What's a mayor?"

Harry threw himself back from the fence with a look of horror and amazement upon his horsy face.

"WHAT? YOU HAVEN'T GOT A MAYOR OF THE WOODS! Oh, you poor little children of the forest! Who do you tell your troubles to?"

"We have no troubles," answered the bear.

"Who makes your laws and puts you in jail when you break them?" asked Harry.

"We don't need any laws!" said the squirrel. "We know how to get along with one another."

"OH! You poor, poor misguided children," sobbed Harry, and with tears of sorrow he told them about how the humans always elected a mayor, how wonderful it was to have a mayor, and how the animals would be so much better off if they would elect a mayor for themselves.

"Ha! Who would we run for mayor if we wanted one?" asked the bear.

"Yes, WHO?" chimed in the squirrel.

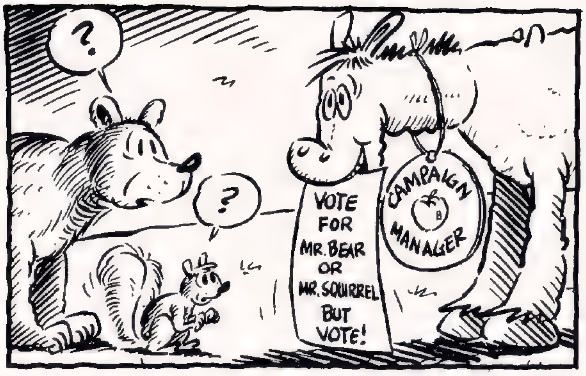
With a big smile, for he knew he had them hooked, Harry suggested that they both run for mayor and that he, the famous race horse, would act as campaign manager for both of them.

"We'll make tomorrow election day, so run now and tell all of your friends to vote for you."

"Er— How do they vote?" asked the squirrel.

"HO! HO! How silly of me. I forgot to tell you." Harry laughed and then continued. "Each animal who wishes to vote will go to the apple orchard and get an apple. If he wants to vote for you, Mr. Squirrel, he brings a red apple. If he wants to vote for Mr. Bear, he brings a yellow apple."

"Where do they bring them?" the bear



wanted to know.

"Why to me, of course," said Harry. "I'll have to count them to see which of you has won the election."

Next morning, Harry was up bright and early, for this was election day. He had rolled two barrels over to the corner, one for the squirrel's votes and one for the bear's votes. The sun was hardly over the tops of the trees before the animals started arriving with their apples to vote for their choice for mayor.

By noon, the two barrels were full to the top and Harry said that it was time for him to count the votes. He dumped out the apples and quickly counted them.

"Congratulations, Mr. Squirrel, you are the new mayor of the woods."

There was great happiness from those animals who voted for the squirrel and they started a parade which soon carried all of the animals back into the woods.

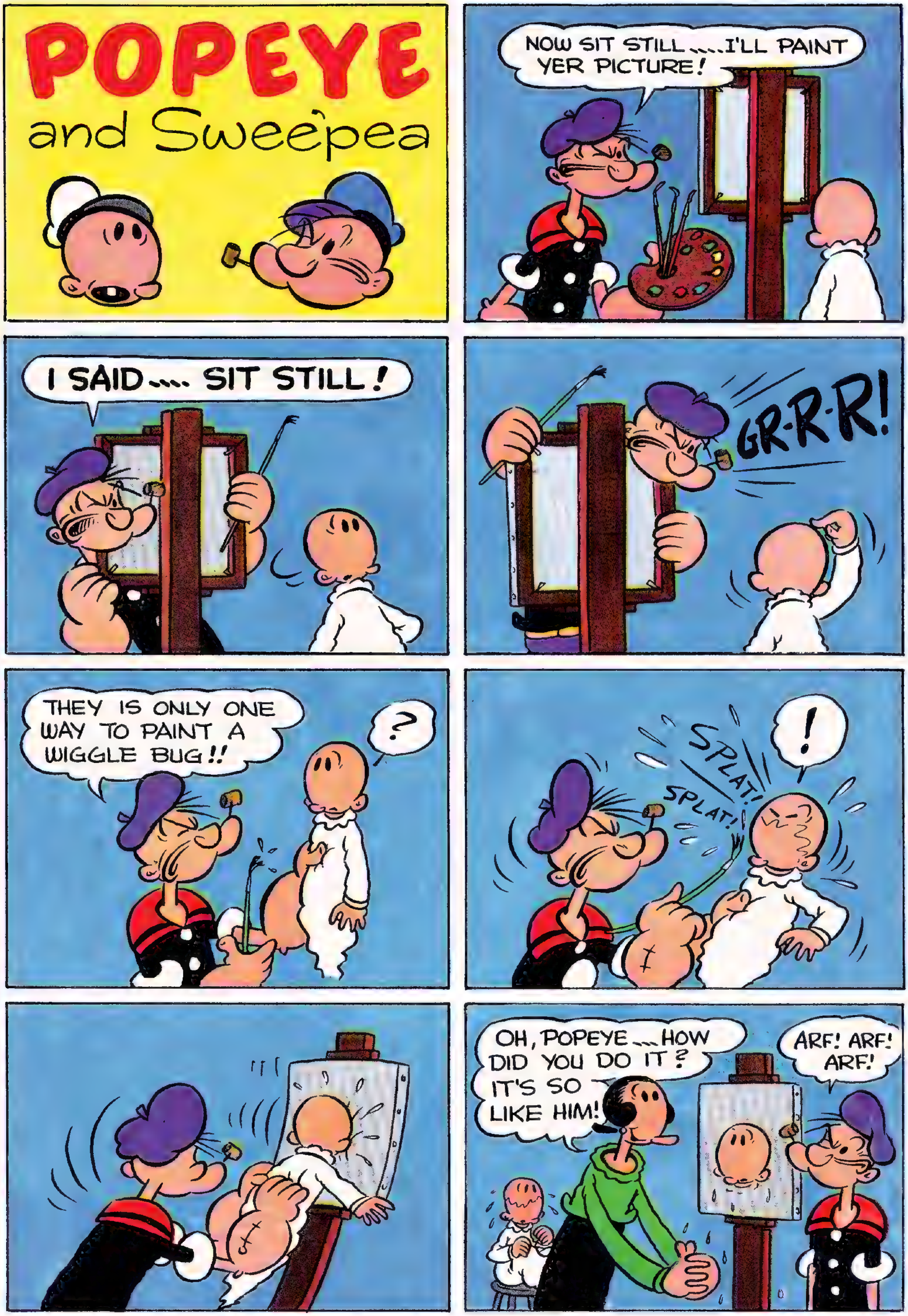
"WELL! WELL! Look at all of my apples," chuckled Harry. "Who says I'm not the smartest horse in the whole wide world?"

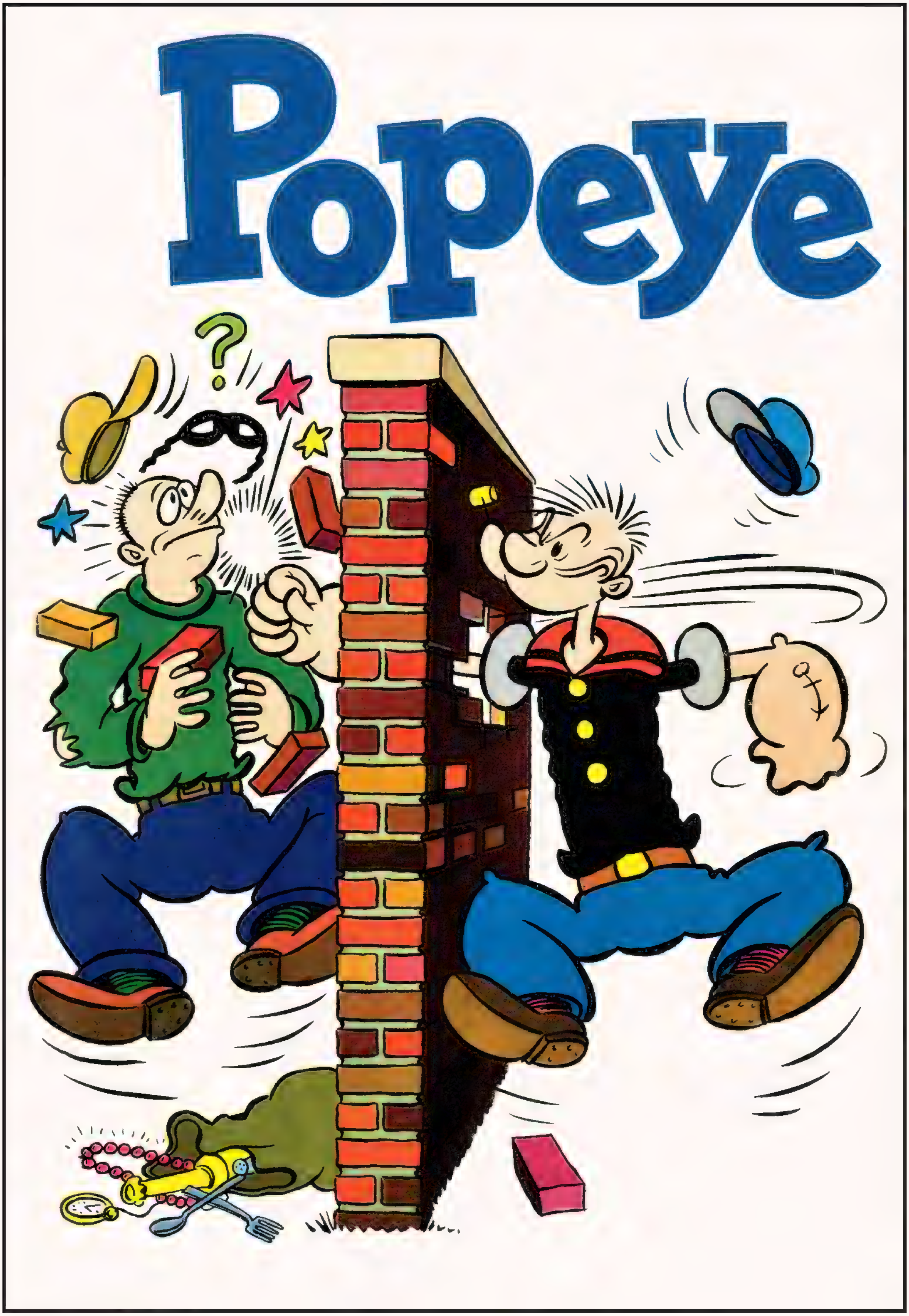
Harry started eating the apples, and he ate and ate and ate. By sundown he had finished the whole two barrels of apples and he was so full that he had to sleep right where he was.

It was some time after midnight when Harry woke up with a sharp pain in his tummy. The pain grew and grew.

"Oh! Those crazy dumb beasties," he moaned, "they didn't know the difference between ripe apples and green apples. OH! OH! OH! Oh! Oh! oh!

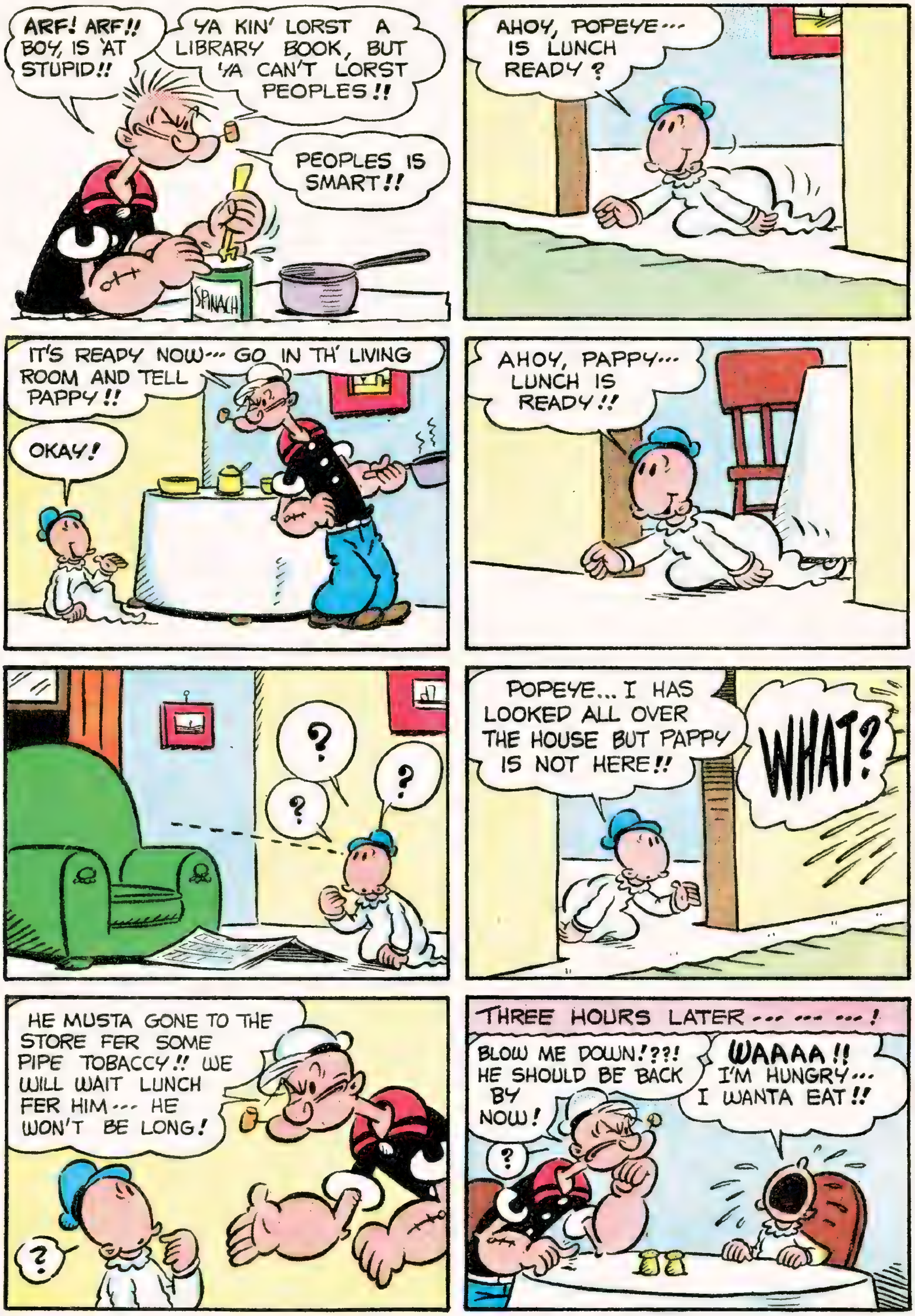
This all happened many years ago but if you should go into the woods today, you would find that Mr. Squirrel is still the mayor. He is tired of the job, but try as hard as he can, he cannot get Horseface Harry to hold another election.

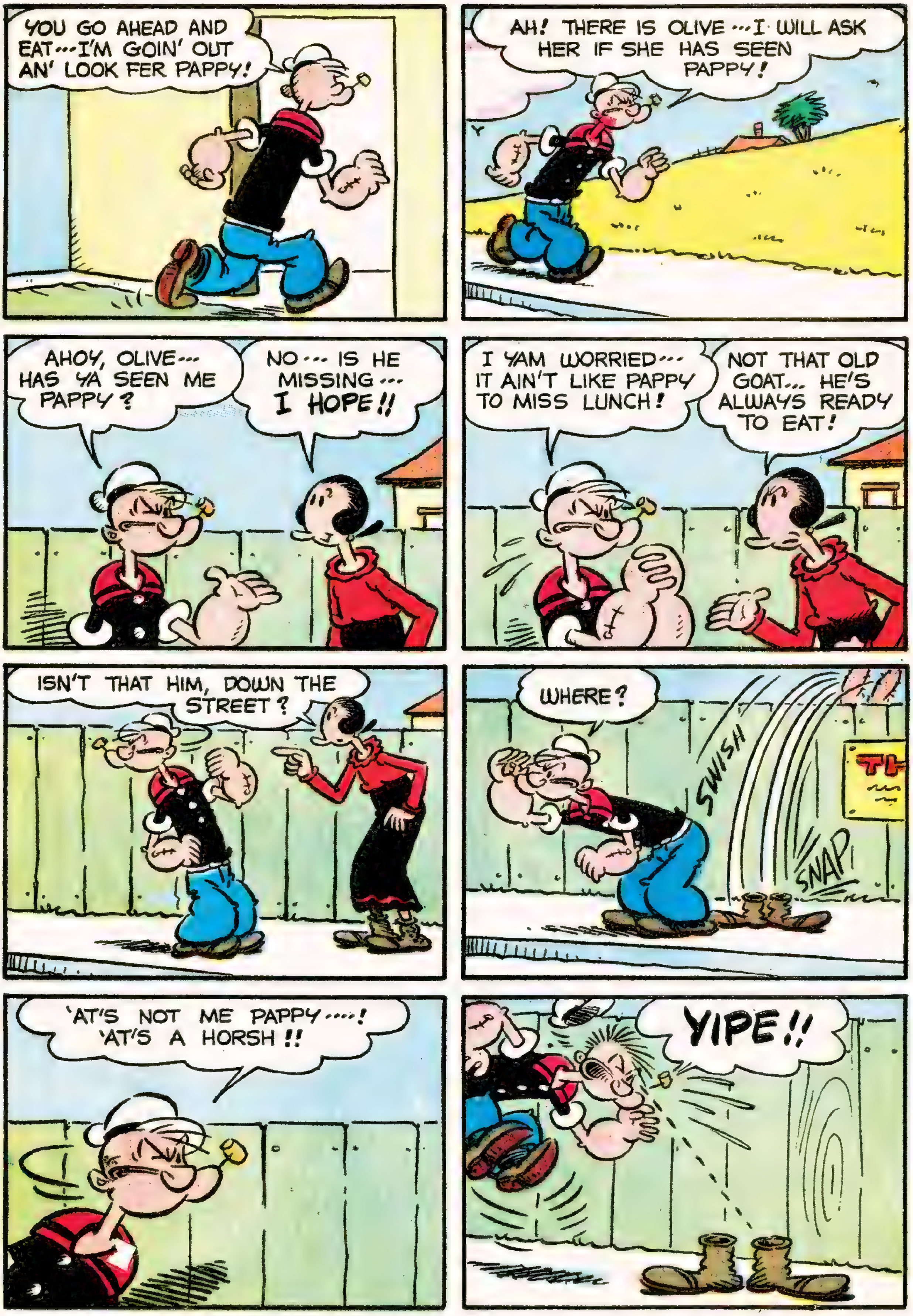

POPEYE
and Sweepea
NOW SIT STILL.....I'LL PAINT YER PICTURE!
I SAID..... SIT STILL!
GR-R-R!
THEY IS ONLY ONE WAY TO PAINT A WIGGLE BUG!!
?
SPLAT!
SPLAT!
!
OH, POPEYE...HOW DID YOU DO IT? IT'S SO LIKE HIM!
ARF! ARF! ARF!



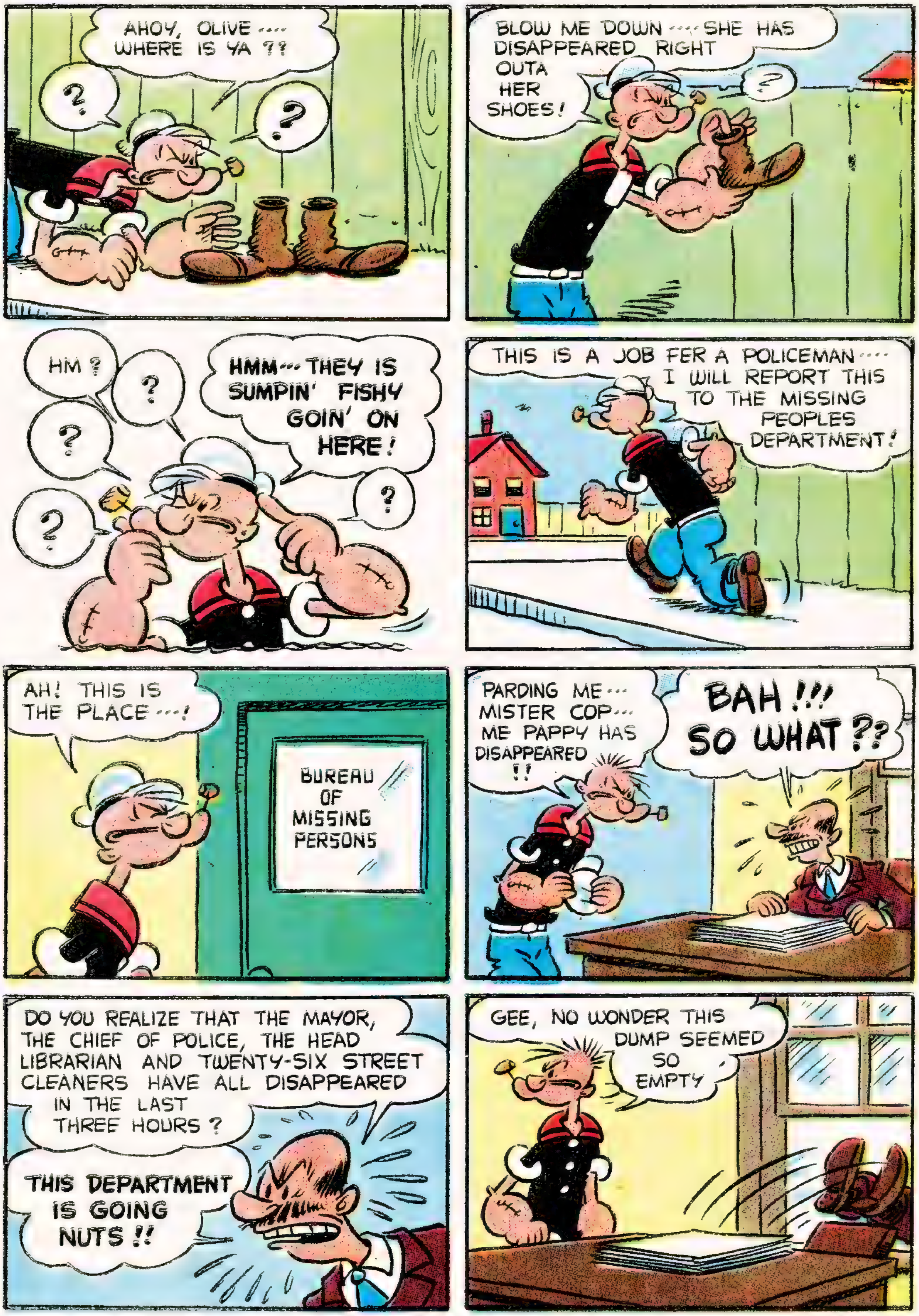
Popeye #32, April-June 1955

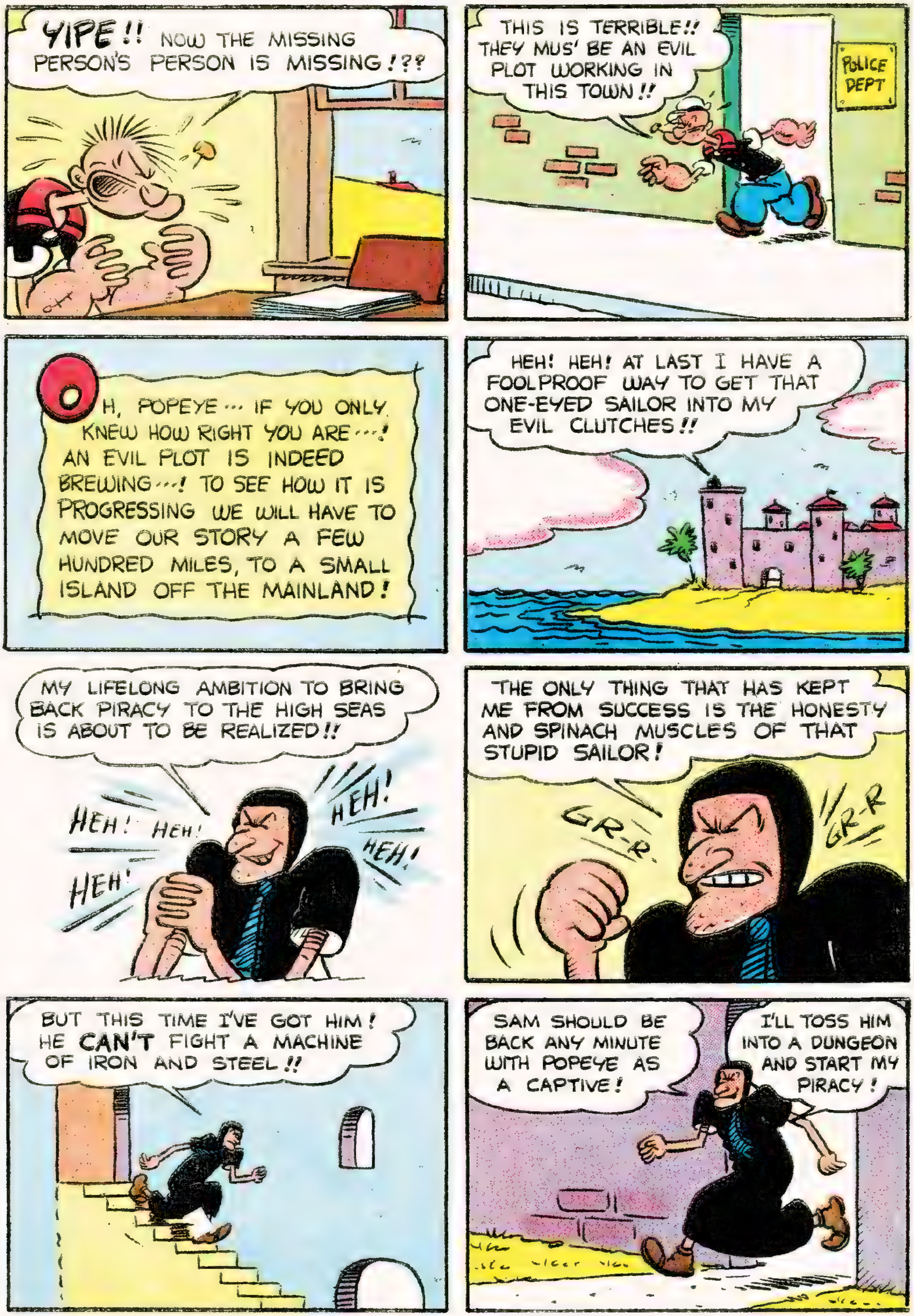
THIMBLE THEATRE PRESENTS
POPEYE
THE SAILOR
IN A STORY OF PEOPLE THEFT
ENTITLED...
"ALONE!"
OR
"HEY! WHERE IS EVERYBODY?"
OR
"PEOPLES IS ALL GONE!"
IF IT WASN'T FER SPINACH AND THE STRONG MUSKLES IT GIVES ME, THAT OL' SEA HAG WOULD BRING BACK PIRACY TO THE HIGH SEAS!!!
I HATES PIRATES!
AS LONG AS I YAM AROUN' THEY WILL BE NO PIRATES!
SPINACH
BLOW ME DOWN!!
HM?
WHAT'S WRONG, PAPPY
?
?
?
?
THE PAPER SAYS 'AT PEOPLES IS DISAPPEARIN' ALL ALONG THE SEA COAST!!
?
?
SWISH!
'AT'S SILLY...! PEOPLES DON'T JUS' DISAPPEAR...!
POPEYE #32-555

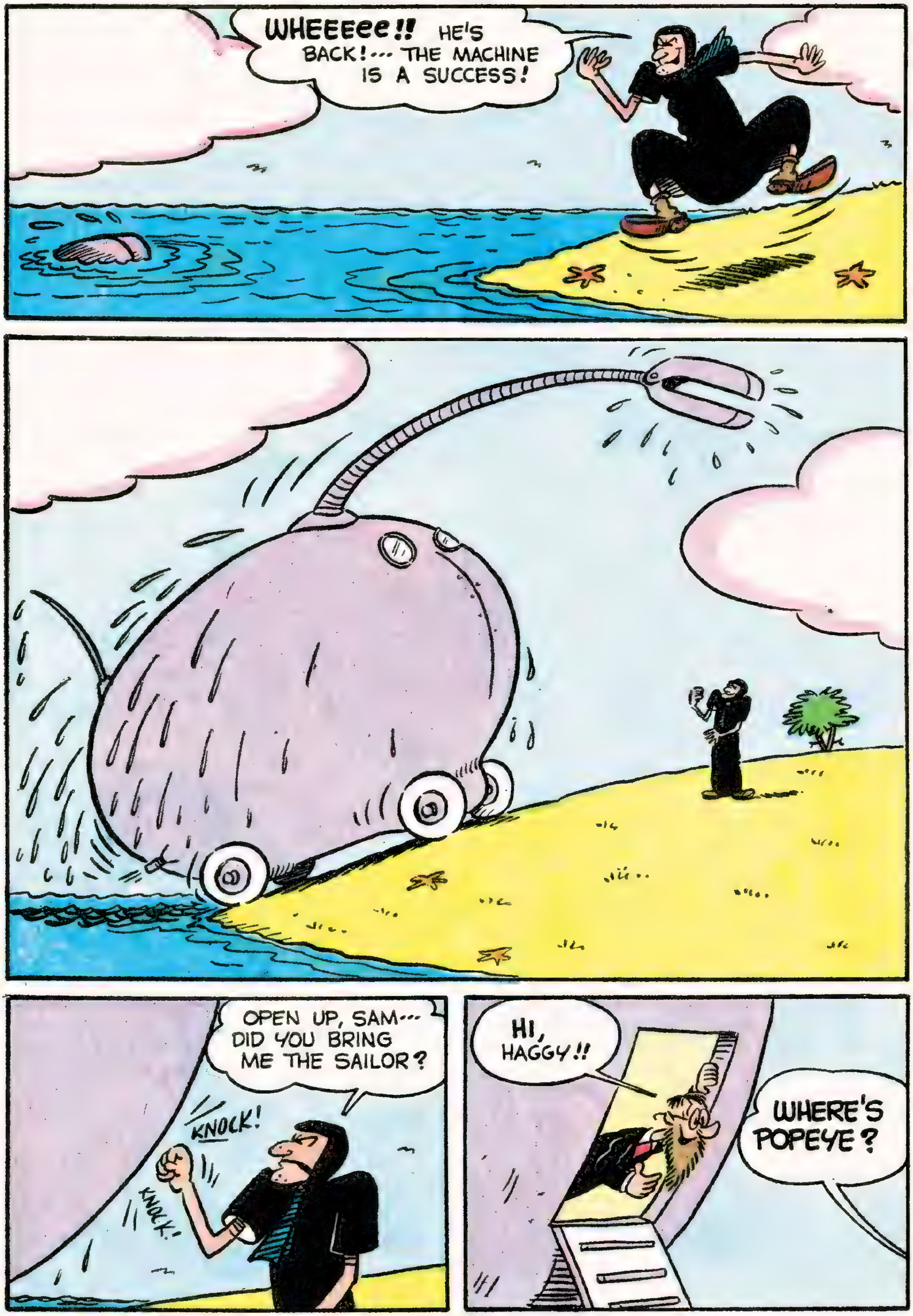

ARF! ARF!! BOY, IS 'AT STUPID!!
YA KIN' LORST A LIBRARY BOOK, BUT YA CAN'T LORST PEOPLES!!
PEOPLES IS SMART!!
SPINACH
AHOY, POPEYE... IS LUNCH READY?
IT'S READY NOW... GO IN TH' LIVING ROOM AND TELL PAPPY!!
OKAY!
AHOY, PAPPY... LUNCH IS READY!!
?
?
?
POPEYE... I HAS LOOKED ALL OVER THE HOUSE BUT PAPPY IS NOT HERE!!
WHAT?
HE MUSTA GONE TO THE STORE FER SOME PIPE TOBACCY!! WE WILL WAIT LUNCH FER HIM... HE WON'T BE LONG!
?
THREE HOURS LATER... ... ...!
BLOW ME DOWN!??! HE SHOULD BE BACK BY NOW!
?
WAAAA!! I'M HUNGRY... I WANTA EAT!!



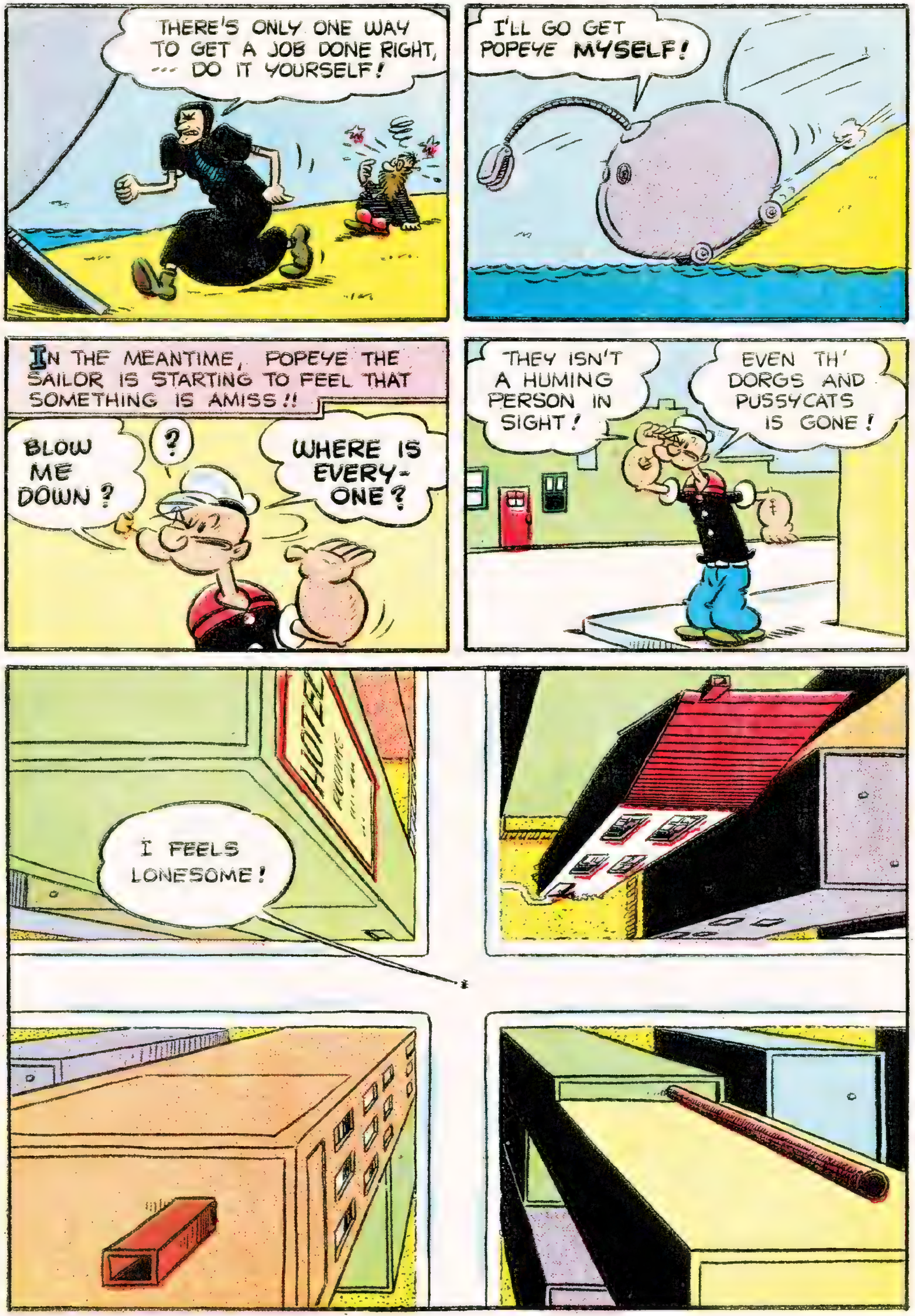
YOU GO AHEAD AND EAT...I'M GOIN' OUT AN' LOOK FER PAPPY!
AH! THERE IS OLIVE...I WILL ASK HER IF SHE HAS SEEN PAPPY!
AHOY, OLIVE... HAS YA SEEN ME PAPPY?
NO... IS HE MISSING... I HOPE!!
I YAM WORRIED... IT AIN'T LIKE PAPPY TO MISS LUNCH!
NOT THAT OLD GOAT... HE'S ALWAYS READY TO EAT!
ISN'T THAT HIM, DOWN THE STREET?
WHERE?
SWISH
SNAP
'AT'S NOT ME PAPPY....! 'AT'S A HORSH!!
YIPE!!

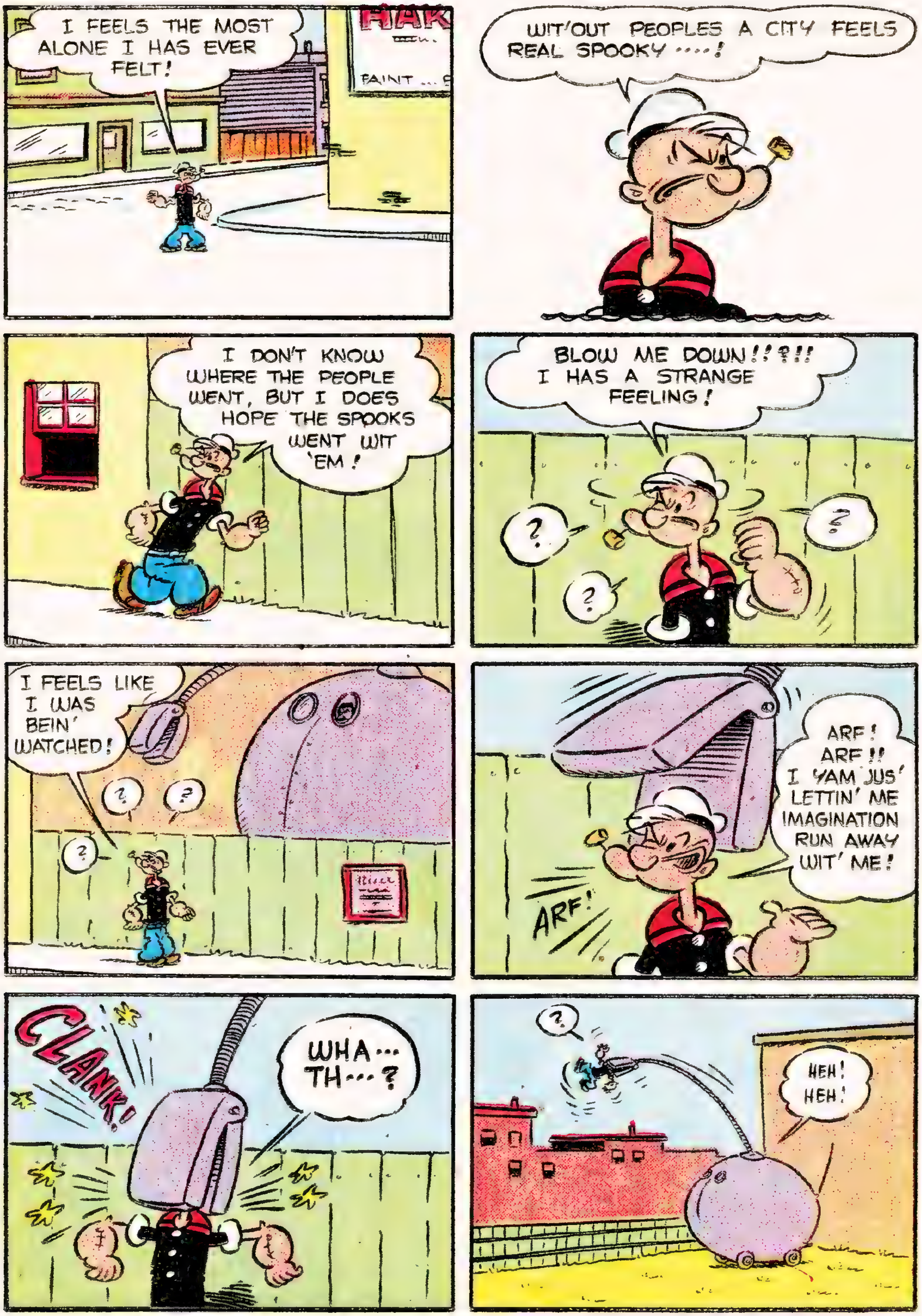

AHOY, OLIVE .... WHERE IS YA ??
?
?
BLOW ME DOWN .... SHE HAS DISAPPEARED RIGHT OUTA HER SHOES!
?
HM ?
?
?
?
HMM... THEY IS SUMPIN' FISHY GOIN' ON HERE!
?
THIS IS A JOB FER A POLICEMAN .... I WILL REPORT THIS TO THE MISSING PEOPLES DEPARTMENT!
AH! THIS IS THE PLACE ...!
BUREAU OF MISSING PERSONS
PARDING ME... MISTER COP... ME PAPPY HAS DISAPPEARED !!
BAH !!! SO WHAT ??
DO YOU REALIZE THAT THE MAYOR, THE CHIEF OF POLICE, THE HEAD LIBRARIAN AND TWENTY-SIX STREET CLEANERS HAVE ALL DISAPPEARED IN THE LAST THREE HOURS ?
THIS DEPARTMENT IS GOING NUTS !!
GEE, NO WONDER THIS DUMP SEEMED SO EMPTY

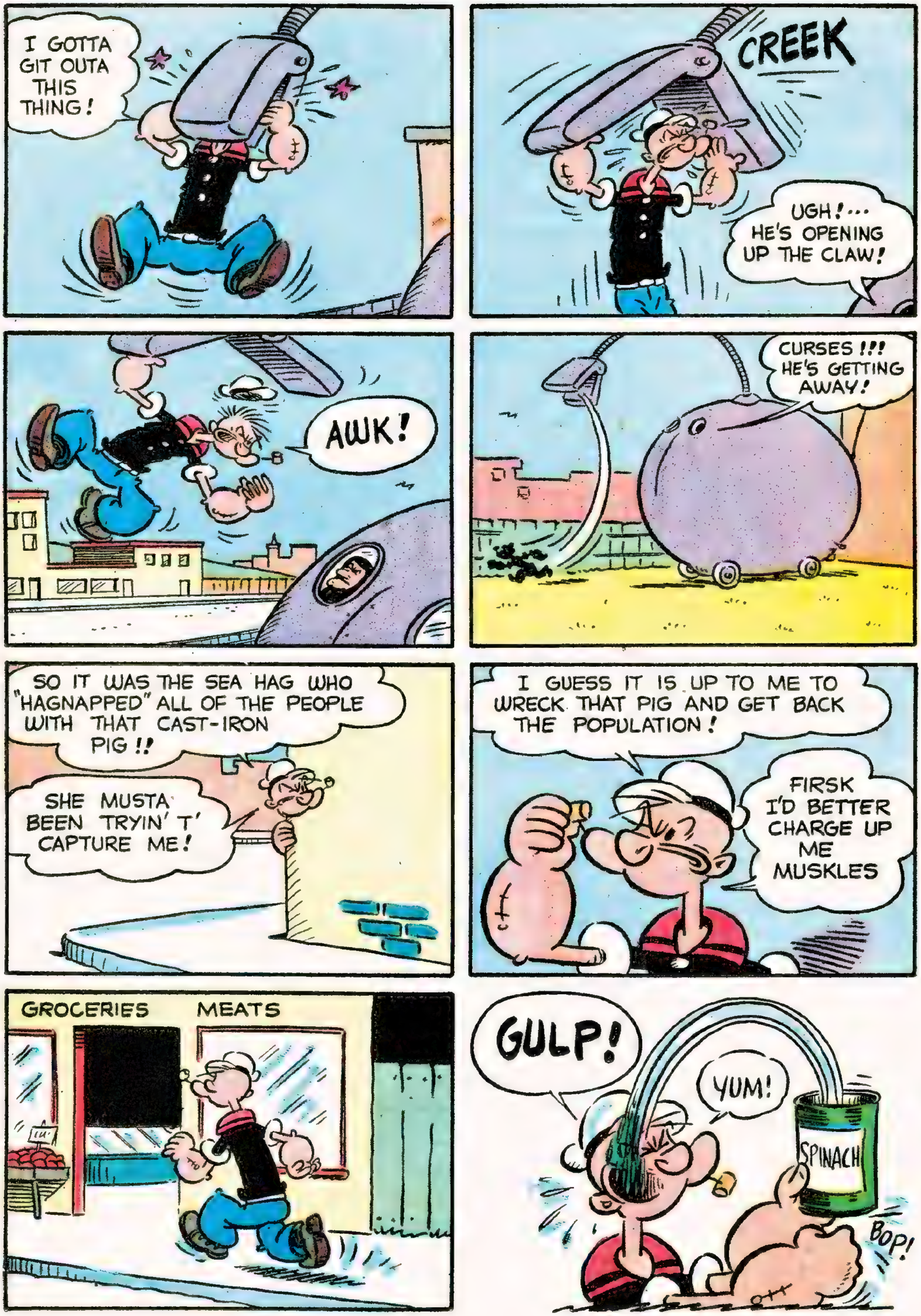

YIPE!! NOW THE MISSING PERSON'S PERSON IS MISSING!??
THIS IS TERRIBLE!! THEY MUS' BE AN EVIL PLOT WORKING IN THIS TOWN!!
POLICE DEPT
OH, POPEYE... IF YOU ONLY KNEW HOW RIGHT YOU ARE...! AN EVIL PLOT IS INDEED BREWING...! TO SEE HOW IT IS PROGRESSING WE WILL HAVE TO MOVE OUR STORY A FEW HUNDRED MILES, TO A SMALL ISLAND OFF THE MAINLAND!
HEH! HEH! AT LAST I HAVE A FOOLPROOF WAY TO GET THAT ONE-EYED SAILOR INTO MY EVIL CLUTCHES!!
MY LIFELONG AMBITION TO BRING BACK PIRACY TO THE HIGH SEAS IS ABOUT TO BE REALIZED!!
HEH! HEH! HEH! HEH! HEH!
THE ONLY THING THAT HAS KEPT ME FROM SUCCESS IS THE HONESTY AND SPINACH MUSCLES OF THAT STUPID SAILOR!
GR-R GR-R
BUT THIS TIME I'VE GOT HIM! HE CAN'T FIGHT A MACHINE OF IRON AND STEEL!!
SAM SHOULD BE BACK ANY MINUTE WITH POPEYE AS A CAPTIVE!
I'LL TOSS HIM INTO A DUNGEON AND START MY PIRACY!

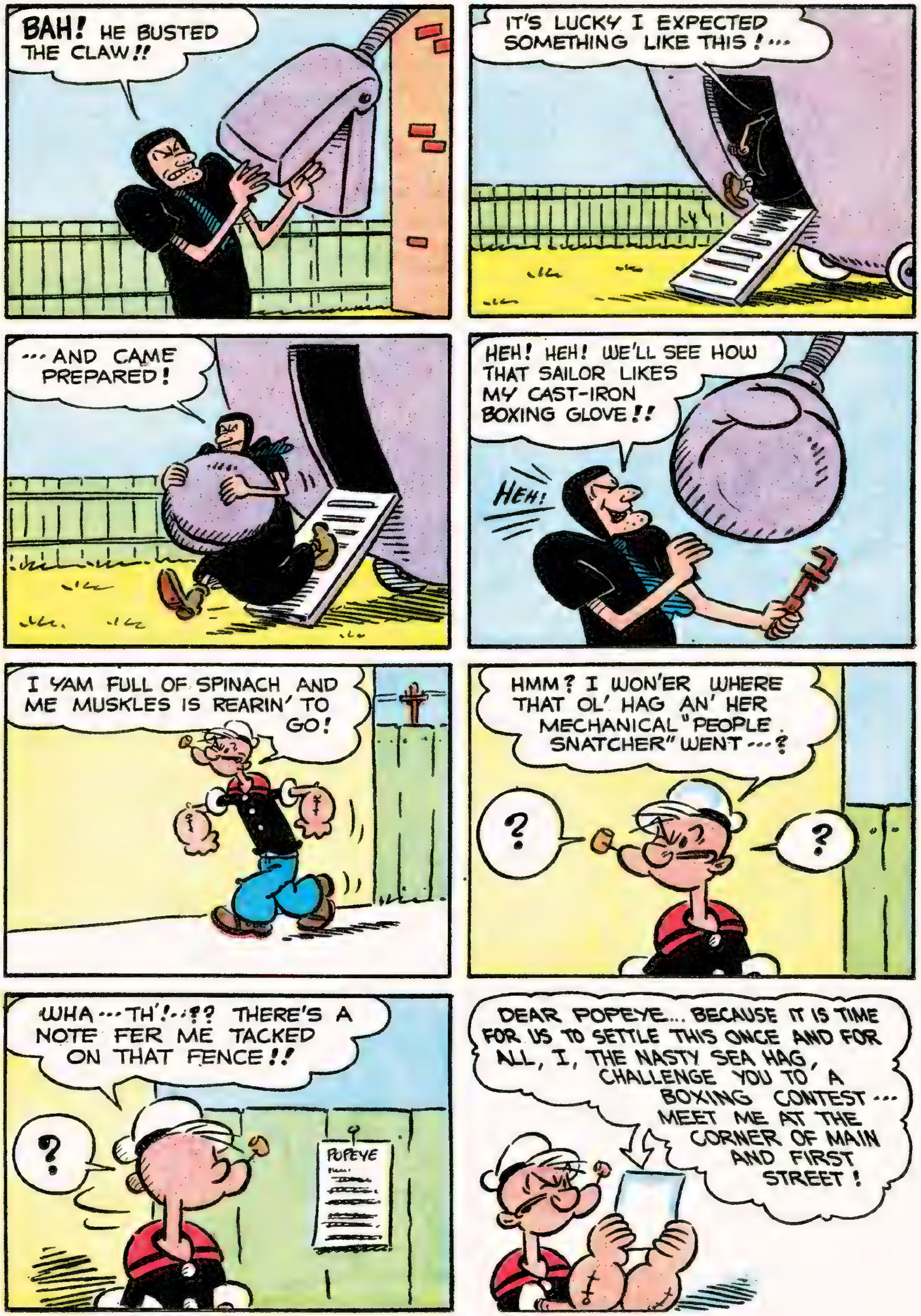

WHEEEEEE!! HE'S BACK!... THE MACHINE IS A SUCCESS!
OPEN UP, SAM... DID YOU BRING ME THE SAILOR?
KNOCK!
KNOCK!
HI, HAGGY!!
WHERE'S POPEYE?

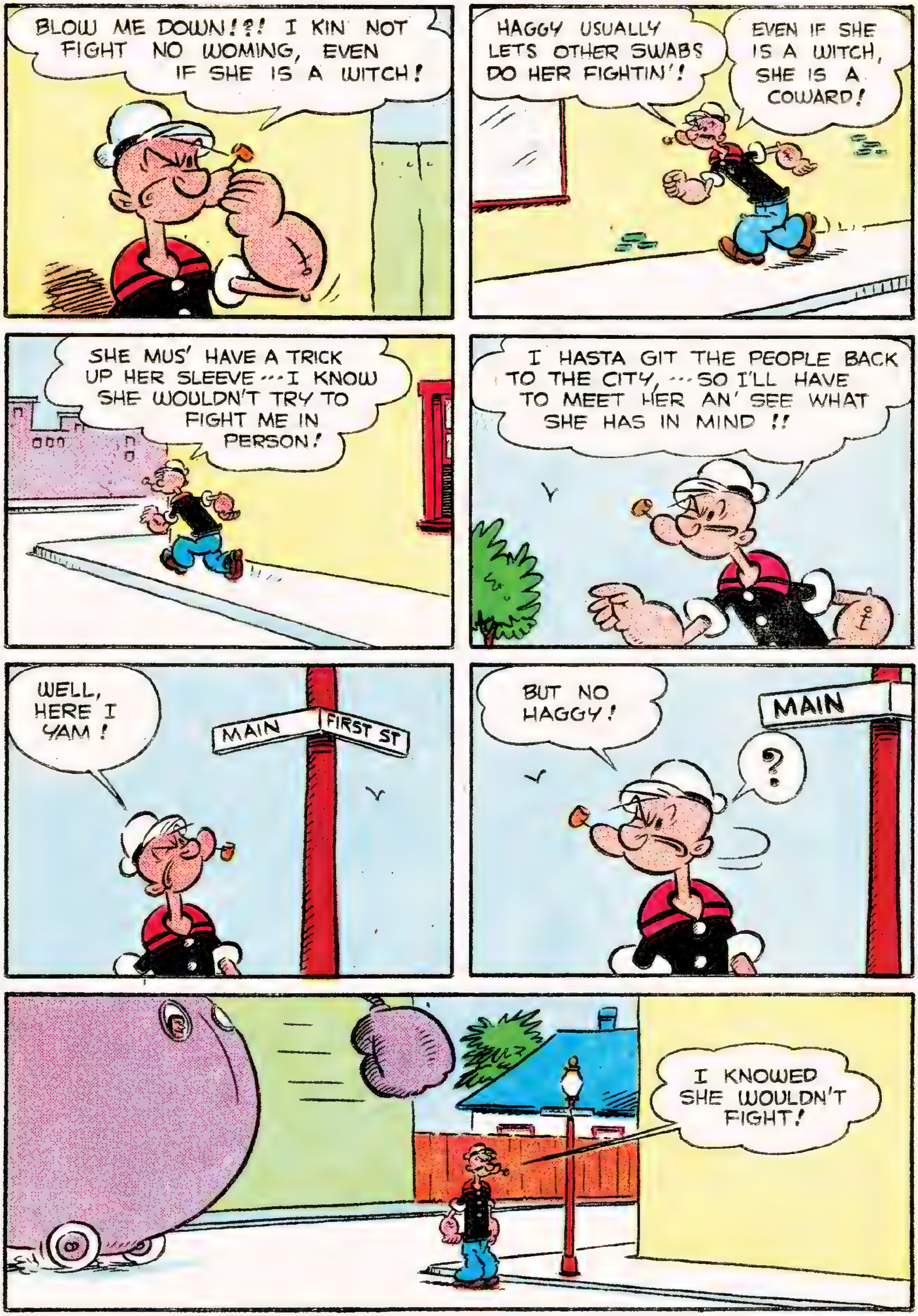
WELL, IT WAS THIS WAY, HAGGY··· NOT KNOWING WHAT POPEYE LOOKED LIKE, I JUST PICKED UP EVERYONE I MET··· YOU CAN LOOK THEM OVER AND SEE IF HE'S AMONG THE CARGO!!
?
?
?
OKAY, YOU CAPTIVES··· . COME OUT SINGLE FILE!!
?
WELL, HAGGY··· HOW DID I DO?
YOU GOT HIS PAPPY AND HIS GIRL FRIEND, BUT YOU DIDN'T GET HIM!
NOW GIT IN YOUR WATER PIG ··· GO BACK TO THAT TOWN AND BRING ME POPEYE THE SAILOR!
GO!
THREE WEEKS LATER··· ··· ···!
THIS IS MY FOUR HUNDREDTH TRIP... I HOPE I GOT HIM THIS TIME!
HM?
YOU'VE FAILED ME AGAIN!!! CAN'T YOU UNDERSTAND ???!
I WANT POPEYE!!
BUT···!

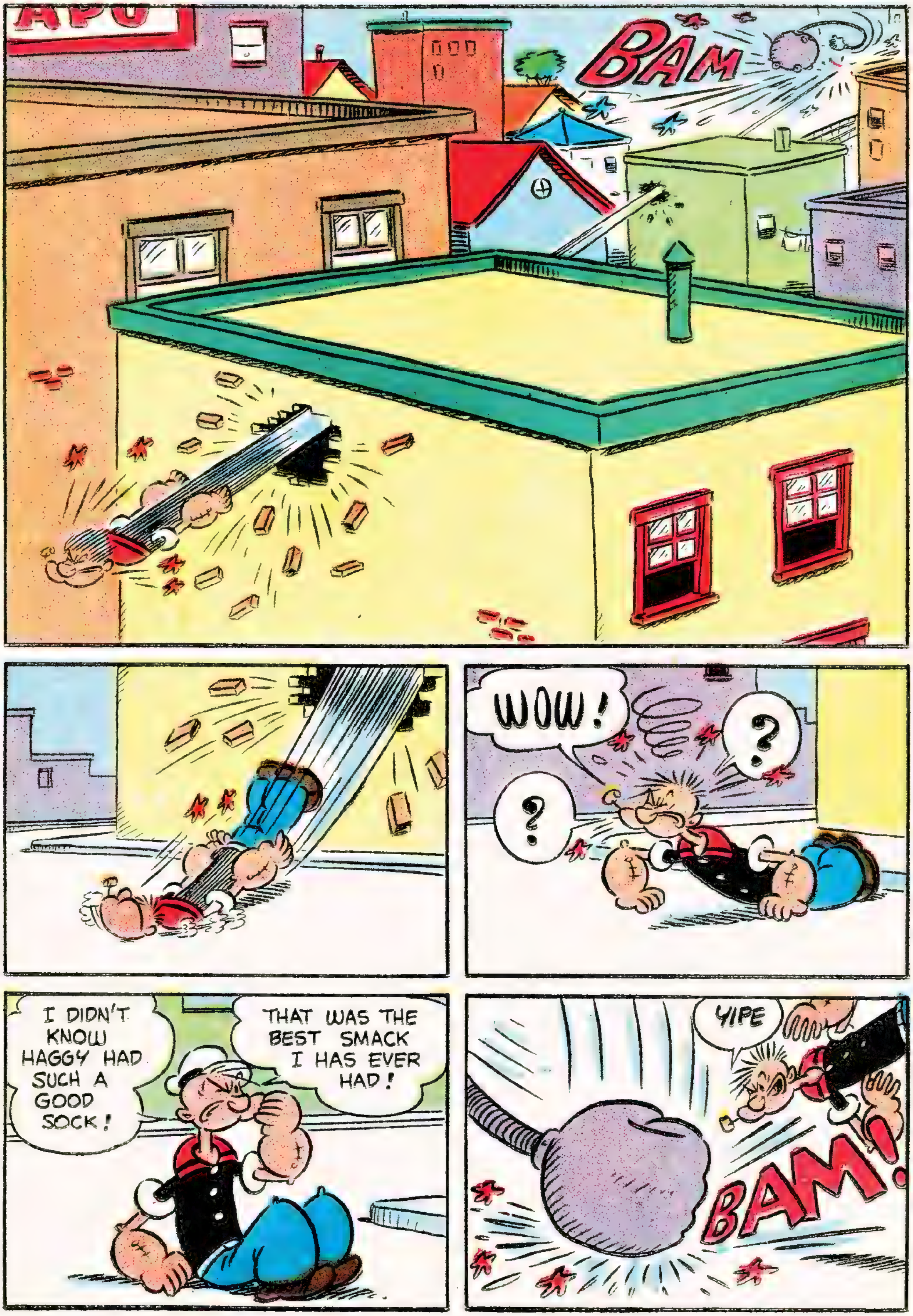

THERE'S ONLY ONE WAY TO GET A JOB DONE RIGHT, --- DO IT YOURSELF!
I'LL GO GET POPEYE MYSELF!
IN THE MEANTIME, POPEYE THE SAILOR IS STARTING TO FEEL THAT SOMETHING IS AMISS!!
BLOW ME DOWN?
?
WHERE IS EVERY-ONE?
THEY ISN'T A HUMING PERSON IN SIGHT!
EVEN TH' DORGS AND PUSSYCATS IS GONE!
HOTEL
I FEELS LONESOME!

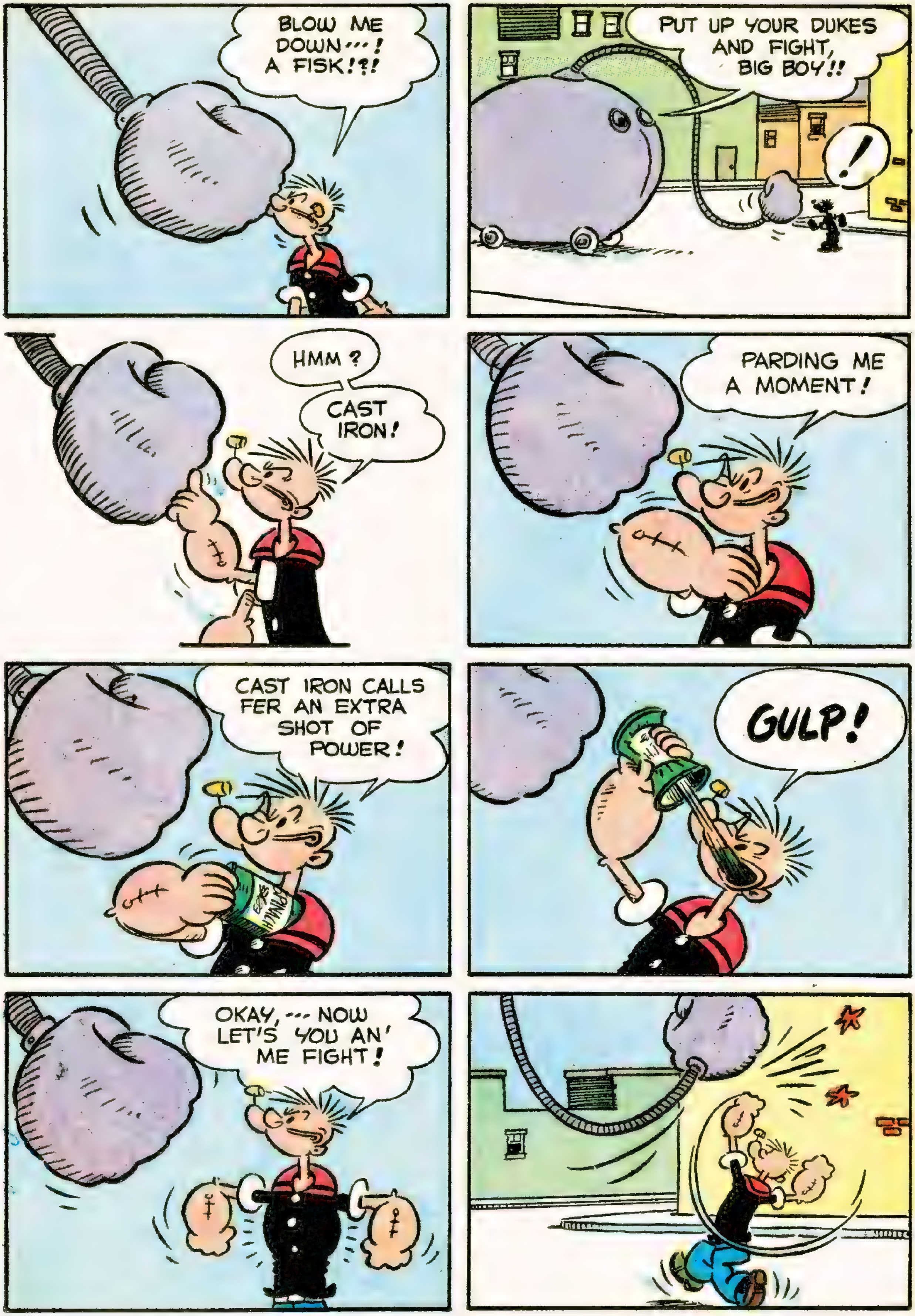

I FEELS THE MOST ALONE I HAS EVER FELT!
FAINT ...
WIT'OUT PEOPLES A CITY FEELS REAL SPOOKY ....!
I DON'T KNOW WHERE THE PEOPLE WENT, BUT I DOES HOPE THE SPOOKS WENT WIT 'EM!
BLOW ME DOWN!!?!! I HAS A STRANGE FEELING!
?
?
?
I FEELS LIKE I WAS BEIN' WATCHED!
?
?
?
ARF! ARF!! I YAM JUS' LETTIN' ME IMAGINATION RUN AWAY WIT' ME!
ARF!
CLANK!
WHA... TH...?
?
HEH! HEH!

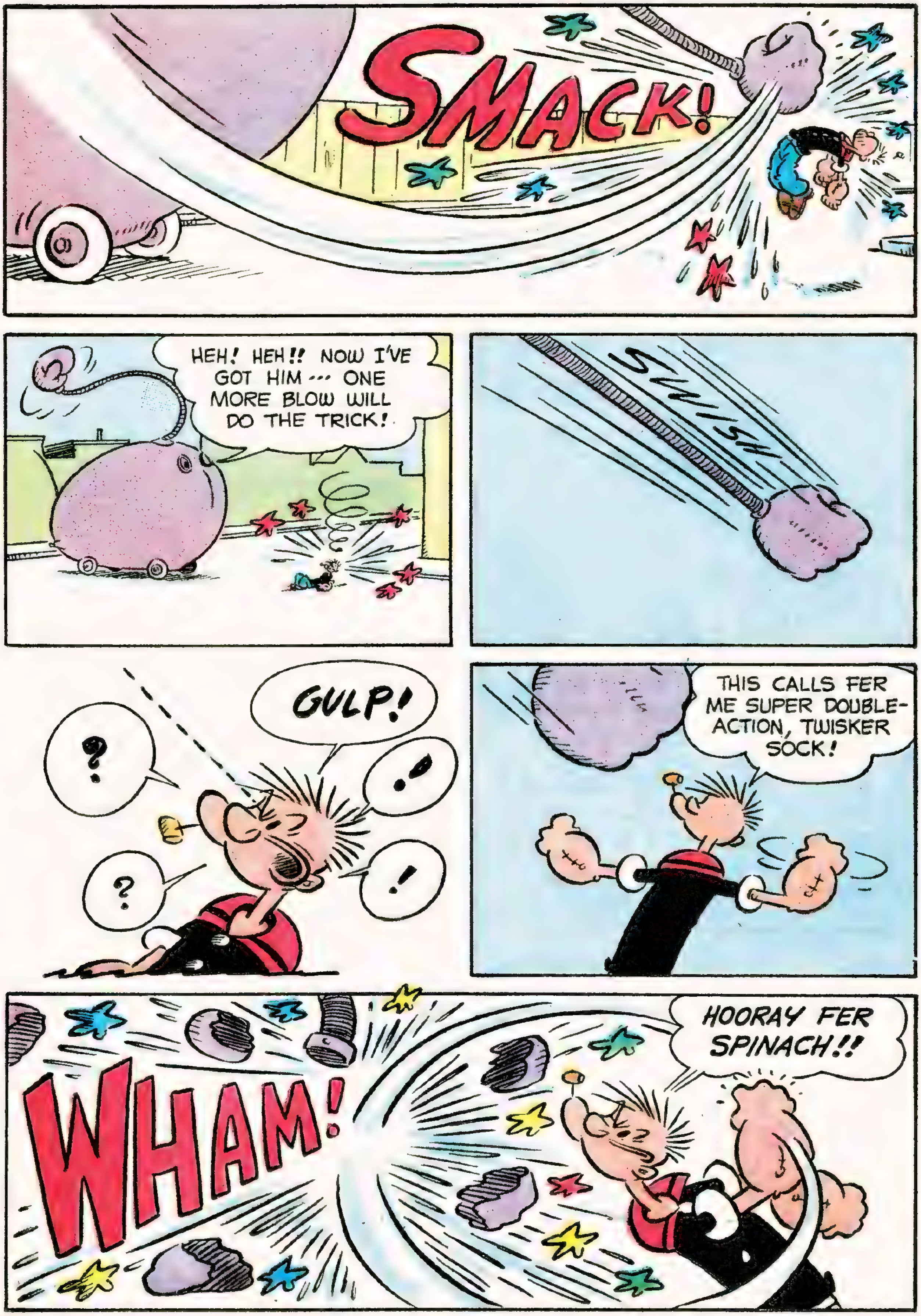

I GOTTA GIT OUTA THIS THING!
CREEK
UGH!... HE'S OPENING UP THE CLAW!
AWK!
CURSES!!! HE'S GETTING AWAY!
SO IT WAS THE SEA HAG WHO "HAGNAPPED" ALL OF THE PEOPLE WITH THAT CAST-IRON PIG!!
SHE MUSTA BEEN TRYIN' T' CAPTURE ME!
I GUESS IT IS UP TO ME TO WRECK THAT PIG AND GET BACK THE POPULATION!
FIRSK I'D BETTER CHARGE UP ME MUSKLES
GROCERIES
MEATS
GULP!
YUM!
SPINACH
BOP!

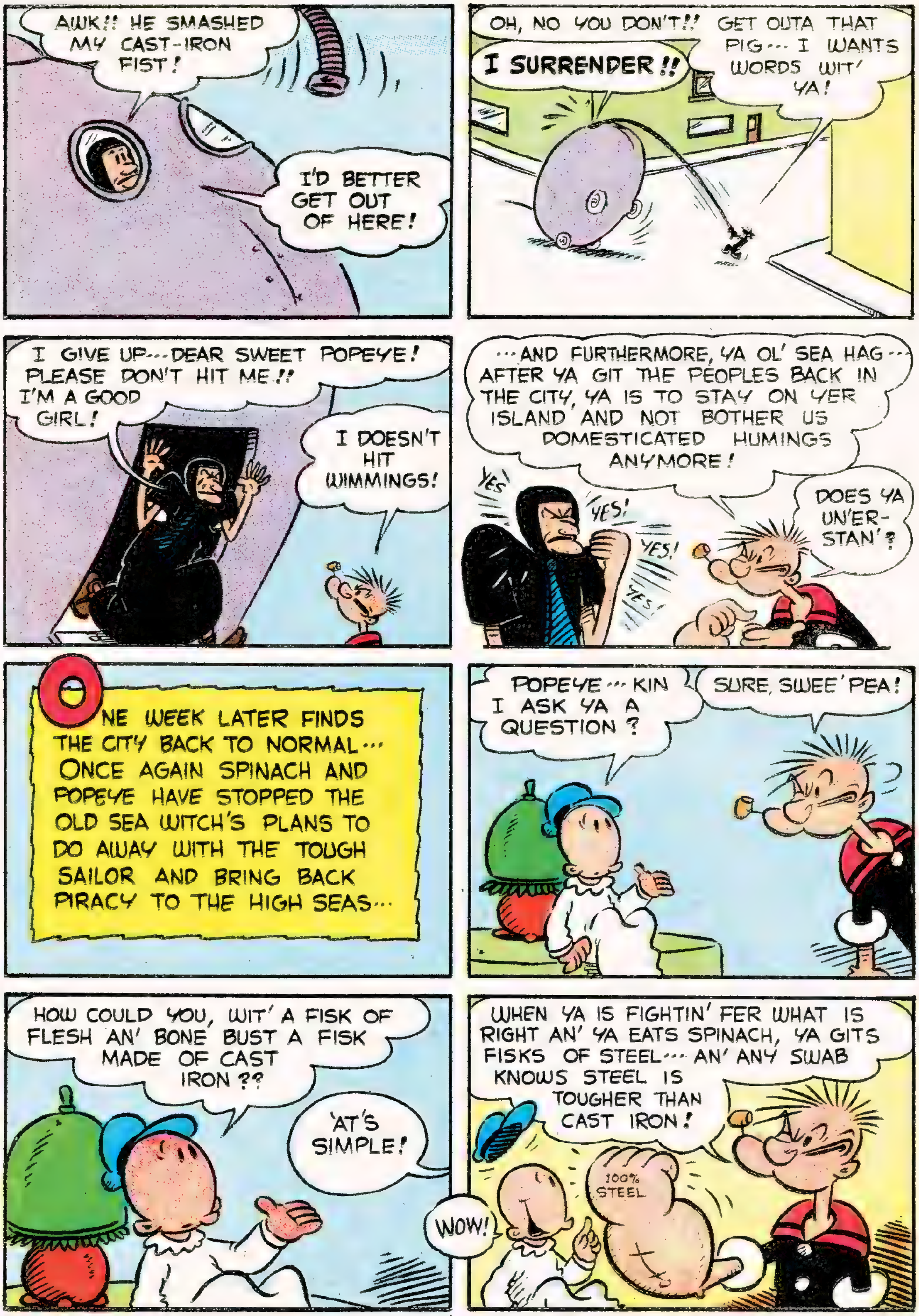

BAH! HE BUSTED THE CLAW!!
IT'S LUCKY I EXPECTED SOMETHING LIKE THIS!...
...AND CAME PREPARED!
HEH! HEH! WE'LL SEE HOW THAT SAILOR LIKES MY CAST-IRON BOXING GLOVE!!
HEH!
I YAM FULL OF SPINACH AND ME MUSKLES IS REARIN' TO GO!
HMM? I WON'ER WHERE THAT OL' HAG AN' HER MECHANICAL "PEOPLE SNATCHER" WENT...?
?
?
WHA...TH'!..?? THERE'S A NOTE FER ME TACKED ON THAT FENCE!!
?
POPEYE
DEAR POPEYE... BECAUSE IT IS TIME FOR US TO SETTLE THIS ONCE AND FOR ALL, I, THE NASTY SEA HAG, CHALLENGE YOU TO A BOXING CONTEST... MEET ME AT THE CORNER OF MAIN AND FIRST STREET!

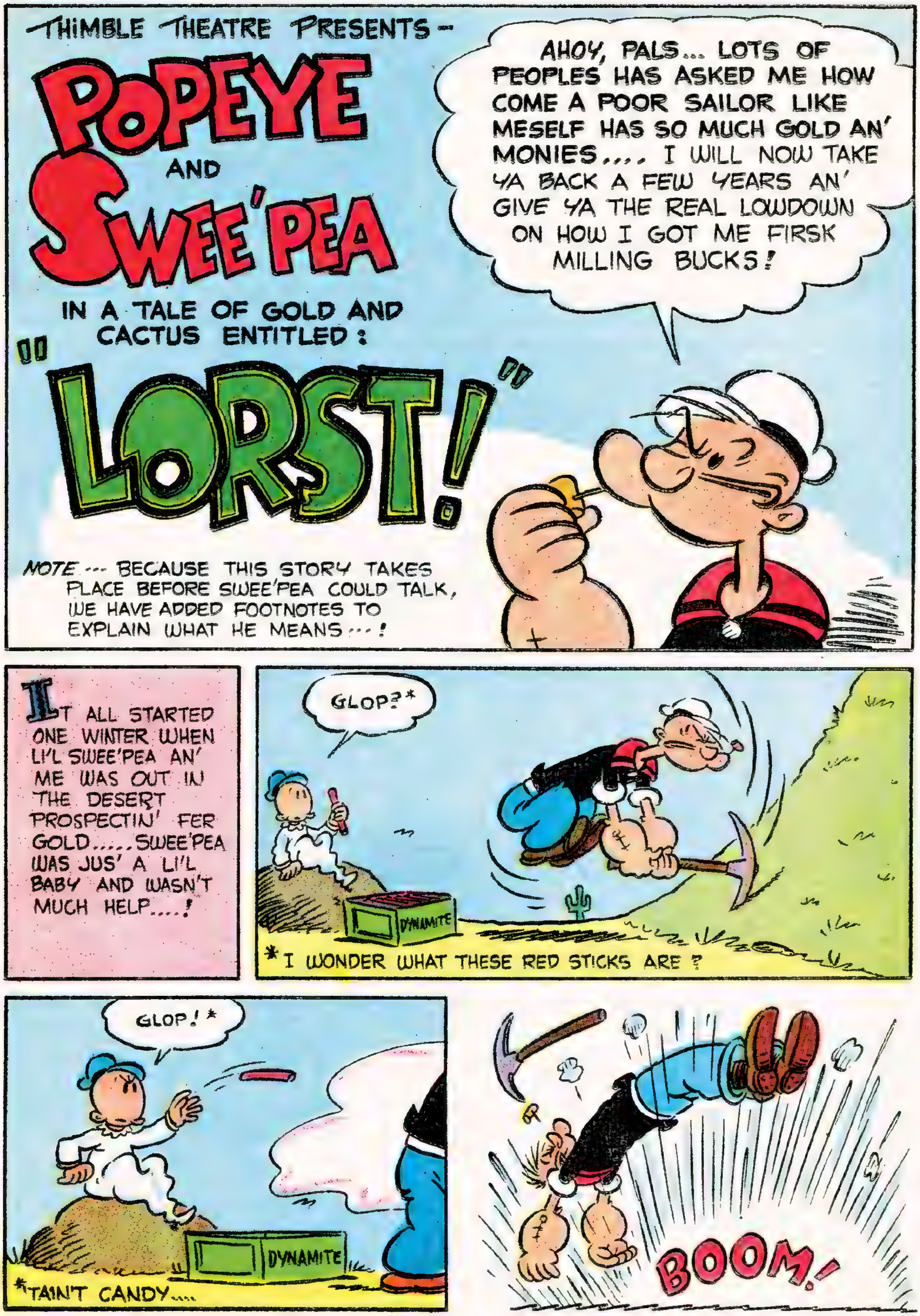

BLOW ME DOWN!?! I KIN NOT FIGHT NO WOMING, EVEN IF SHE IS A WITCH!
HAGGY USUALLY LETS OTHER SWABS DO HER FIGHTIN'!
EVEN IF SHE IS A WITCH, SHE IS A COWARD!
SHE MUS' HAVE A TRICK UP HER SLEEVE···I KNOW SHE WOULDN'T TRY TO FIGHT ME IN PERSON!
I HASTA GIT THE PEOPLE BACK TO THE CITY,···SO I'LL HAVE TO MEET HER AN' SEE WHAT SHE HAS IN MIND !!
WELL, HERE I YAM!
MAIN
FIRST ST
BUT NO HAGGY!
MAIN
?
I KNOWED SHE WOULDN'T FIGHT!

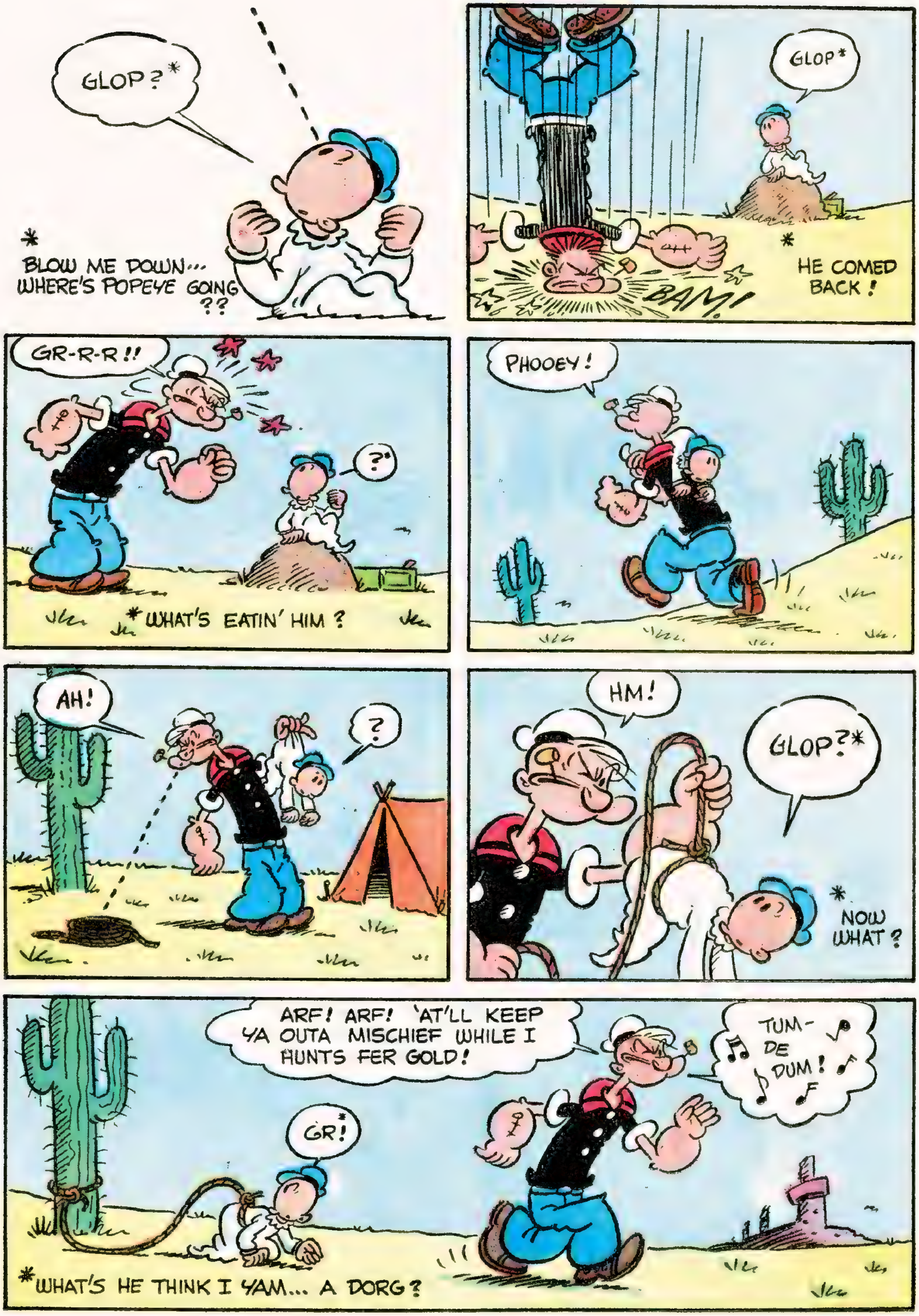

BAM
WOW!
?
?
I DIDN'T KNOW HAGGY HAD SUCH A GOOD SOCK!
THAT WAS THE BEST SMACK I HAS EVER HAD!
YIPE
BAM!

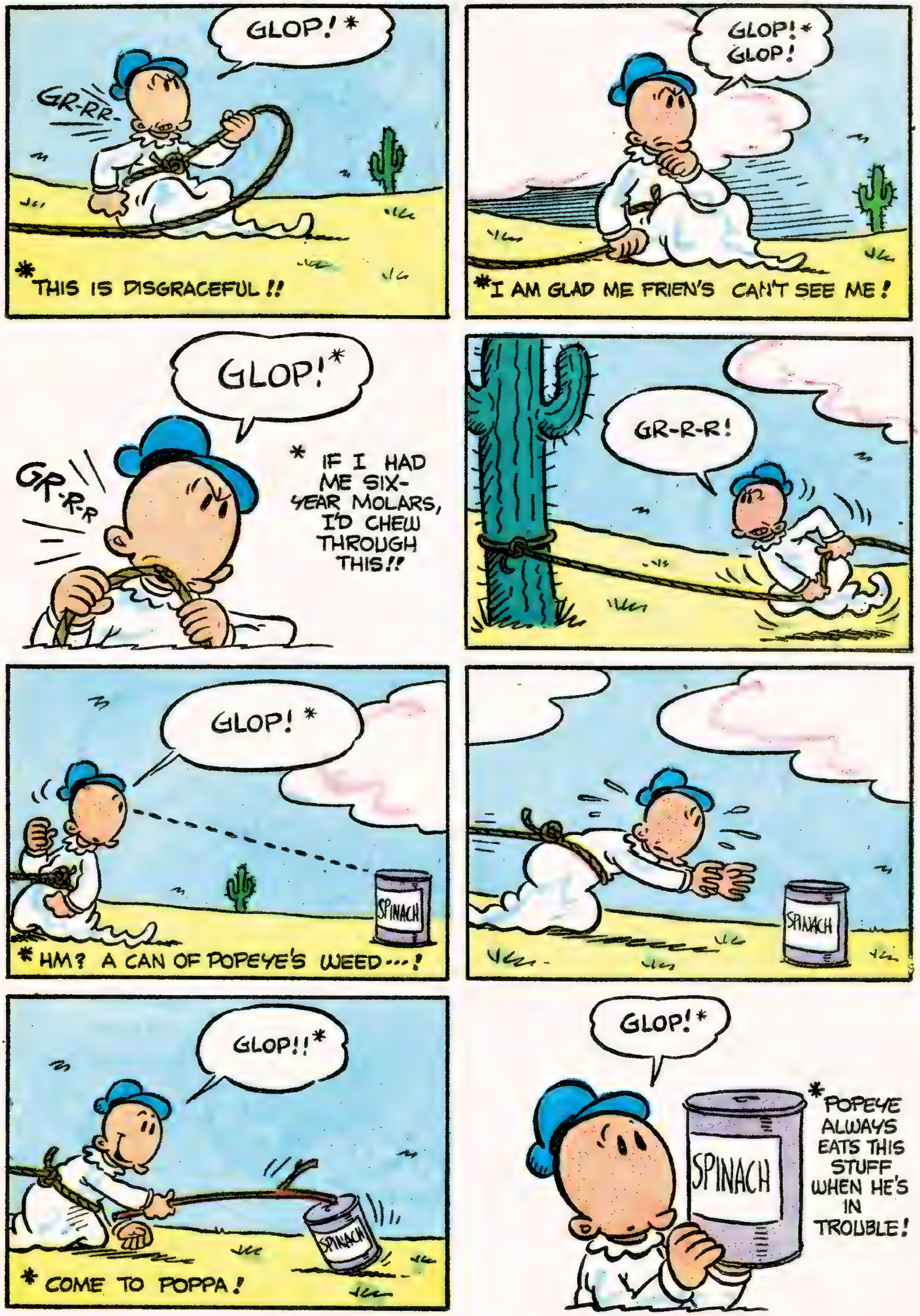

BLOW ME DOWN...! A FISK!?!
PUT UP YOUR DUKES AND FIGHT, BIG BOY!!
!
HMM ?
CAST IRON!
PARDING ME A MOMENT!
CAST IRON CALLS FER AN EXTRA SHOT OF POWER!
SPINACH
GULP!
OKAY, --- NOW LET'S YOU AN' ME FIGHT!


SMACK!
HEH! HEH!! NOW I'VE GOT HIM --- ONE MORE BLOW WILL DO THE TRICK!
SWISH
GULP!
?
!
?
!
THIS CALLS FER ME SUPER DOUBLE-ACTION, TWISKER SOCK!
WHAM!
HOORAY FER SPINACH!!


AWK!! HE SMASHED MY CAST-IRON FIST!
I'D BETTER GET OUT OF HERE!
OH, NO YOU DON'T!! GET OUTA THAT PIG... I WANTS WORDS WIT' YA!
I SURRENDER!!
I GIVE UP... DEAR SWEET POPEYE! PLEASE DON'T HIT ME!! I'M A GOOD GIRL!
I DOESN'T HIT WIMMINGS!
...AND FURTHERMORE, YA OL' SEA HAG... AFTER YA GIT THE PEOPLES BACK IN THE CITY, YA IS TO STAY ON YER ISLAND AND NOT BOTHER US DOMESTICATED HUMINGS ANYMORE!
DOES YA UN'ER-STAN'?
YES
YES!
YES!
YES!
ONE WEEK LATER FINDS THE CITY BACK TO NORMAL... ONCE AGAIN SPINACH AND POPEYE HAVE STOPPED THE OLD SEA WITCH'S PLANS TO DO AWAY WITH THE TOUGH SAILOR AND BRING BACK PIRACY TO THE HIGH SEAS...
POPEYE... KIN I ASK YA A QUESTION?
SURE, SWEE'PEA!
HOW COULD YOU, WIT' A FISK OF FLESH AN' BONE BUST A FISK MADE OF CAST IRON??
'AT'S SIMPLE!
WHEN YA IS FIGHTIN' FER WHAT IS RIGHT AN' YA EATS SPINACH, YA GITS FISKS OF STEEL... AN' ANY SWAB KNOWS STEEL IS TOUGHER THAN CAST IRON!
100% STEEL
WOW!

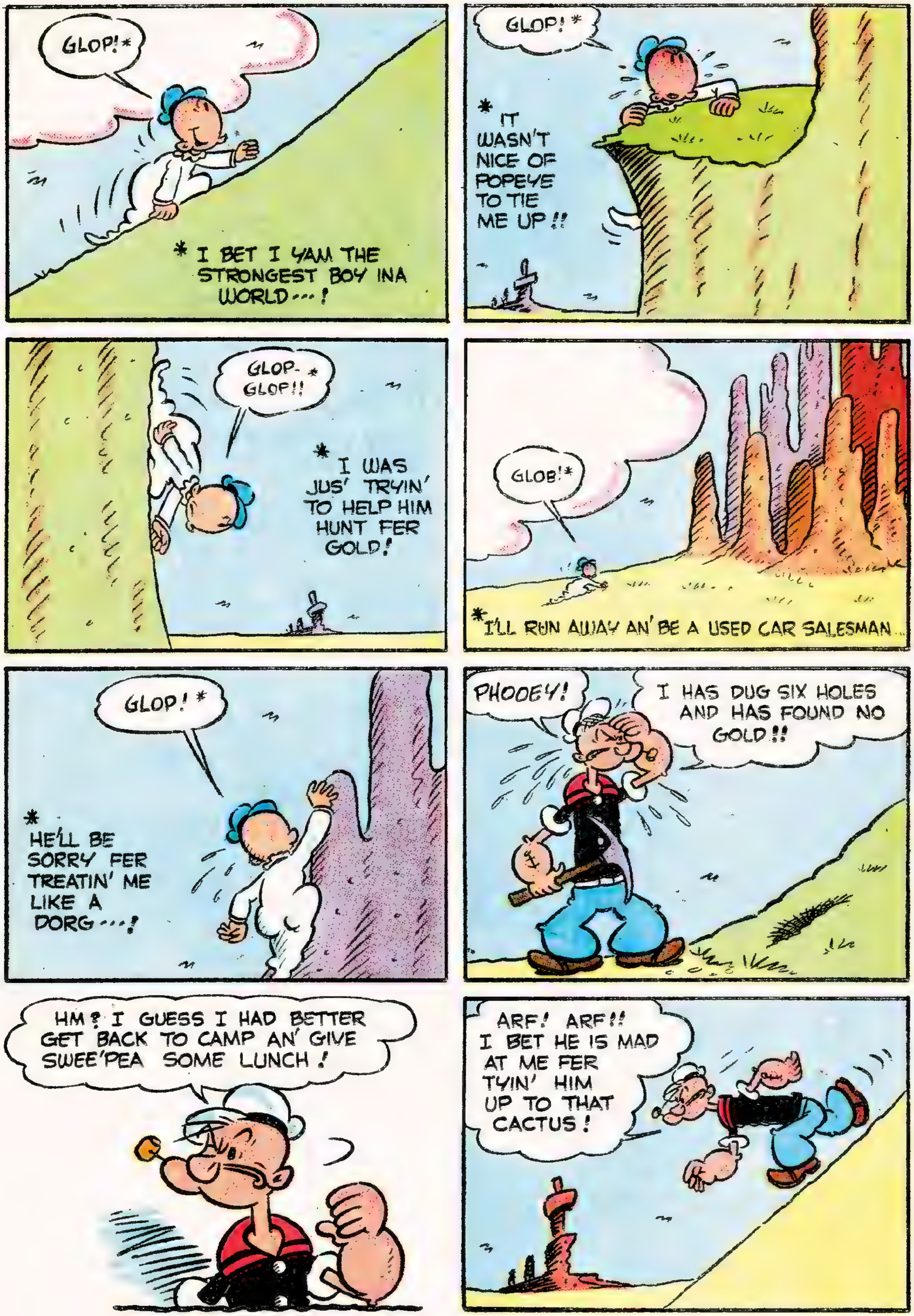

THIMBLE THEATRE PRESENTS –
POPEYE AND SWEE'PEA
IN A TALE OF GOLD AND CACTUS ENTITLED:
"LORST!"
AHOY, PALS... LOTS OF PEOPLES HAS ASKED ME HOW COME A POOR SAILOR LIKE MESELF HAS SO MUCH GOLD AN' MONIES.... I WILL NOW TAKE YA BACK A FEW YEARS AN' GIVE YA THE REAL LOWDOWN ON HOW I GOT ME FIRSK MILLING BUCKS!
NOTE --- BECAUSE THIS STORY TAKES PLACE BEFORE SWEE'PEA COULD TALK, WE HAVE ADDED FOOTNOTES TO EXPLAIN WHAT HE MEANS --- !
IT ALL STARTED ONE WINTER WHEN LI'L SWEE'PEA AN' ME WAS OUT IN THE DESERT PROSPECTIN' FER GOLD..... SWEE'PEA WAS JUS' A LI'L BABY AND WASN'T MUCH HELP....!
GLOP?*
DYNAMITE
* I WONDER WHAT THESE RED STICKS ARE ?
GLOP!*
DYNAMITE
*TAIN'T CANDY....
BOOM!


GLOP?*
* BLOW ME DOWN... WHERE'S POPEYE GOING??
GLOP*
BAM!
* HE COMED BACK!
GR-R-R!!
?*
* WHAT'S EATIN' HIM?
PHOOEY!
AH!
?
HM!
GLOP?*
* NOW WHAT?
ARF! ARF! 'AT'LL KEEP YA OUTA MISCHIEF WHILE I HUNTS FER GOLD!
TUM-DE DUM!
GR!*
* WHAT'S HE THINK I YAM... A DORG?

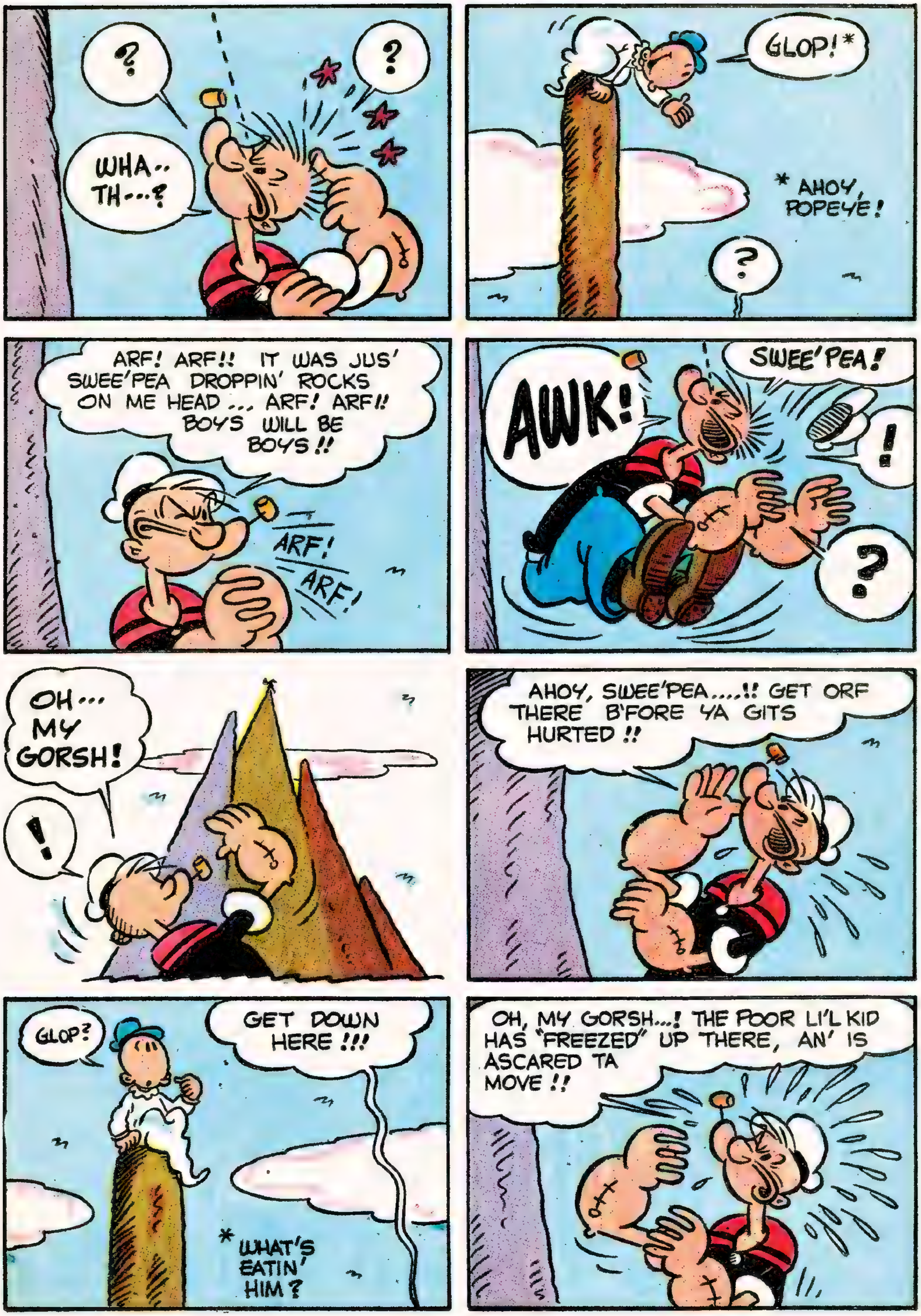


GLOP! *
GR-RR-
* THIS IS DISGRACEFUL !!
GLOP! * GLOP!
* I AM GLAD ME FRIEN'S CAN'T SEE ME!
GLOP! *
GR-R-R
* IF I HAD ME SIX-YEAR MOLARS, I'D CHEW THROUGH THIS!!
GR-R-R!
GLOP! *
SPINACH
* HM? A CAN OF POPEYE'S WEED...!
SPINACH
GLOP!! *
SPINACH
* COME TO POPPA!
GLOP! *
SPINACH
* POPEYE ALWAYS EATS THIS STUFF WHEN HE'S IN TROUBLE!

BAM!
?
GLOP!?*
* I HOPES IT TASTES BETTER THAN IT LOOKS!
PLOP
GLOP!*
* HM? ---TASTES JUS' LIKE ME VITAMINS!!
?
GLOP!*
* ME MUSKLES FEELS LIKE STEEL SPRINGS!
GLOP!*
*WOW!
SNAP
GLOP!*
* PHOOEY TO THIS STRING 'AT'S TIED TO ME---!

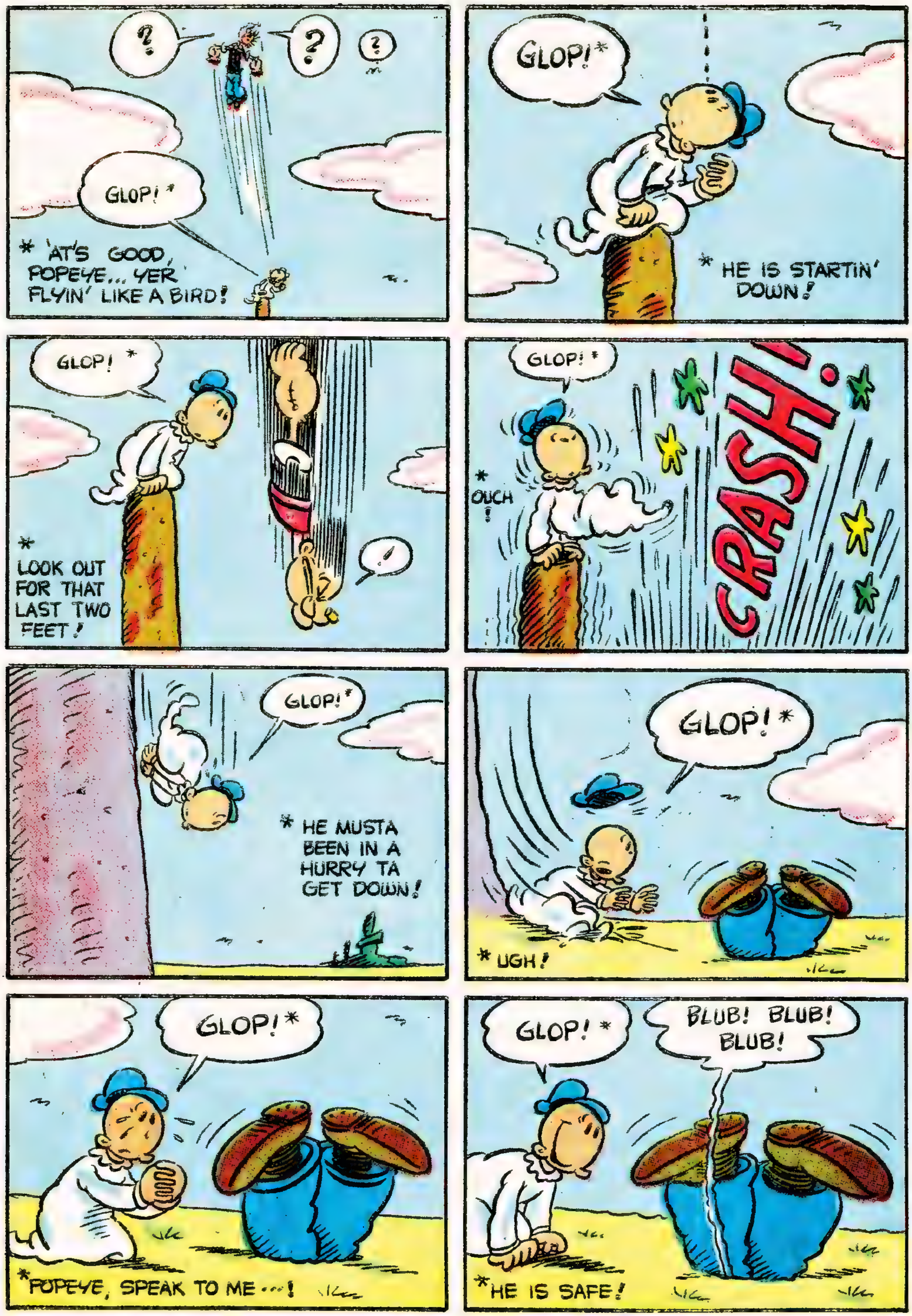

GLOP!*
* I BET I YAM THE STRONGEST BOY INA WORLD...!
GLOP!*
* IT WASN'T NICE OF POPEYE TO TIE ME UP!!
GLOP-GLOP!!*
* I WAS JUS' TRYIN' TO HELP HIM HUNT FER GOLD!
GLOB!*
*I'LL RUN AWAY AN' BE A USED CAR SALESMAN...
GLOP!*
* HE'LL BE SORRY FER TREATIN' ME LIKE A DORG...!
PHOOEY!
I HAS DUG SIX HOLES AND HAS FOUND NO GOLD!!
HM? I GUESS I HAD BETTER GET BACK TO CAMP AN' GIVE SWEE'PEA SOME LUNCH!
ARF! ARF!! I BET HE IS MAD AT ME FER TYIN' HIM UP TO THAT CACTUS!

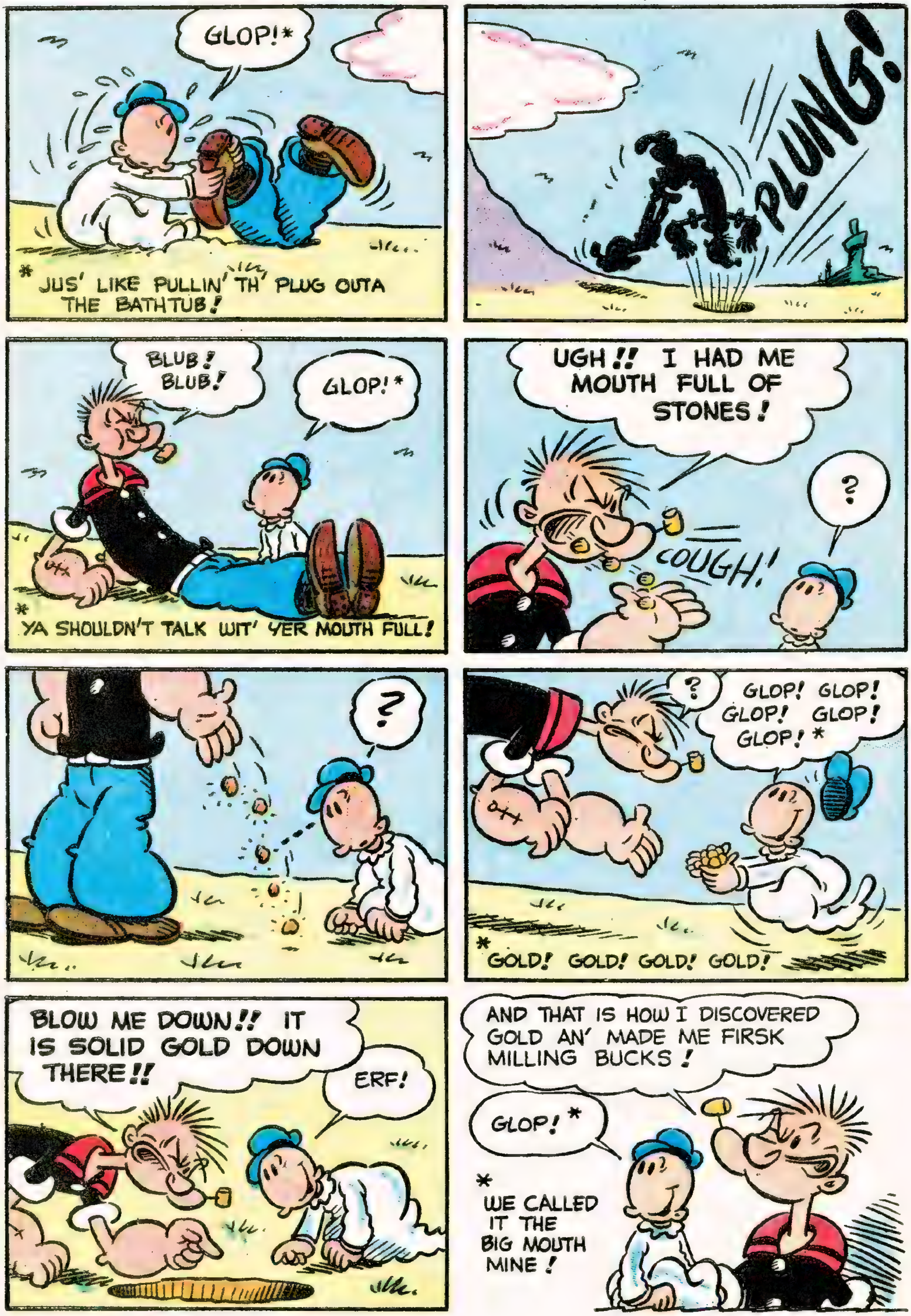
AHOY, SWEE'PEA... I YAM BACK!
?
?
?
?
?
?
YIPE!! HE HAS BUSTID THE ROPE!!
YOO HOO!! SWEE'PEA!
YOO HOO!! SWEE'PEA!
GLOP!*
* ERF! ERF!
!
YOO HOO!
HE IS SUCH A LI'L KID HE COULDN'T GIT VERY FAR!
GLOP!*
* HE IS RIGHT BELOW ME, NOW!
PLOP!

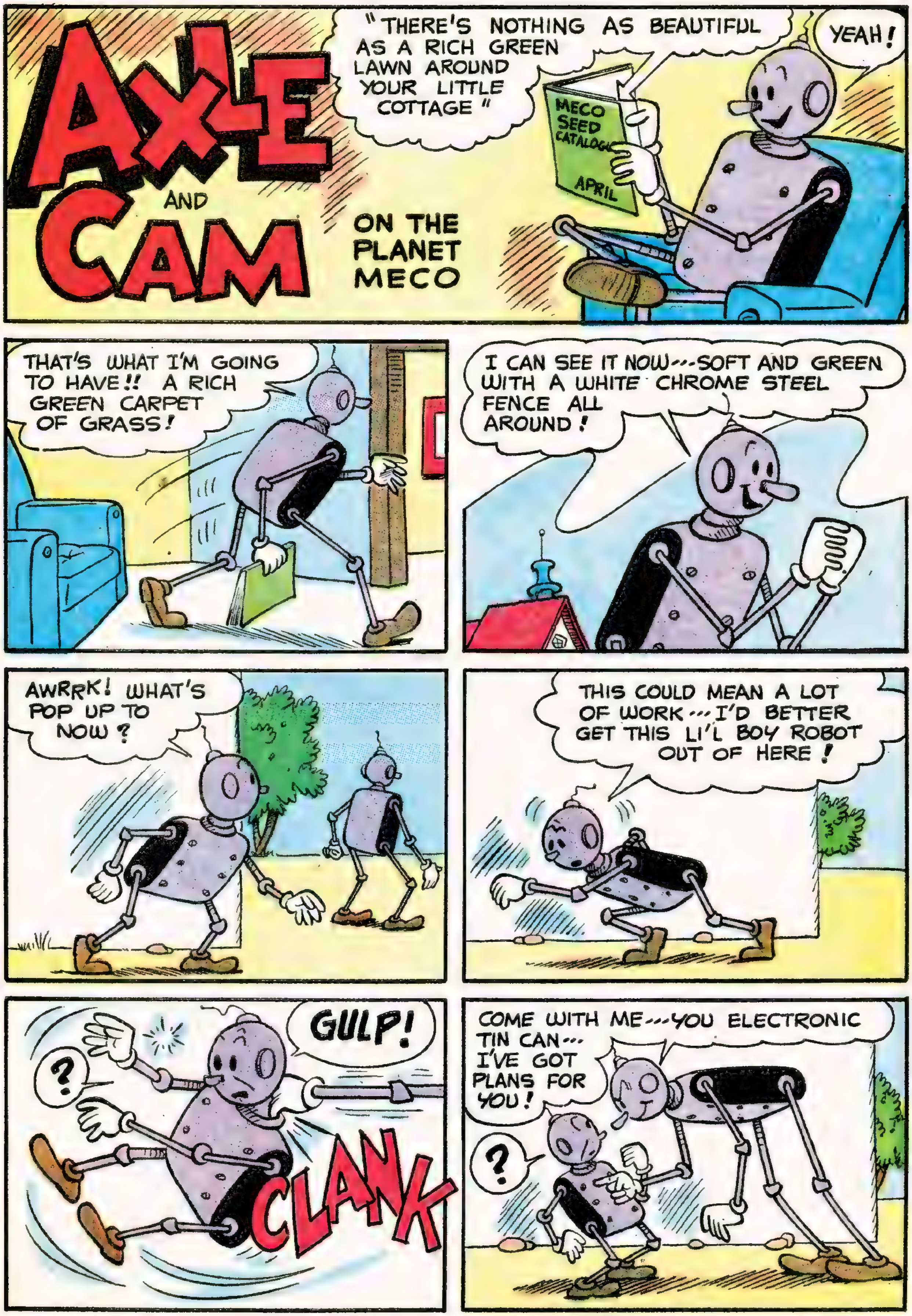


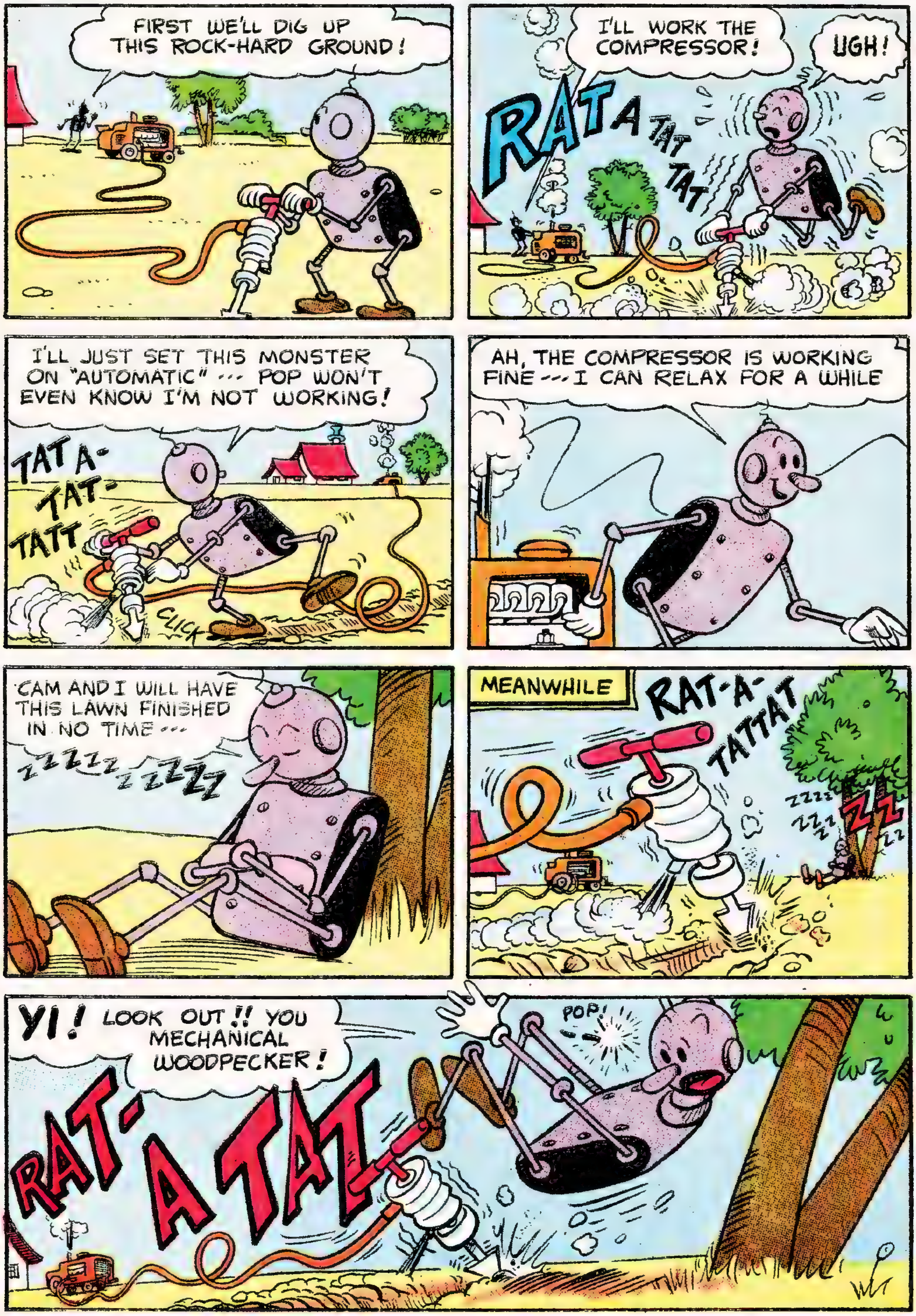
?
WHA.. TH...?
?
GLOP!*
* AHOY, POPEYE!
?
ARF! ARF!! IT WAS JUS' SWEE'PEA DROPPIN' ROCKS ON ME HEAD ... ARF! ARF!! BOYS WILL BE BOYS!!
ARF! ARF!
AWK!
SWEE'PEA!
!
?
OH... MY GORSH!
!
AHOY, SWEE'PEA....!! GET ORF THERE B'FORE YA GITS HURTED!!
GLOP?
GET DOWN HERE!!!
* WHAT'S EATIN' HIM?
OH, MY GORSH...! THE POOR LI'L KID HAS "FREEZED" UP THERE, AN' IS ASCARED TA MOVE!!

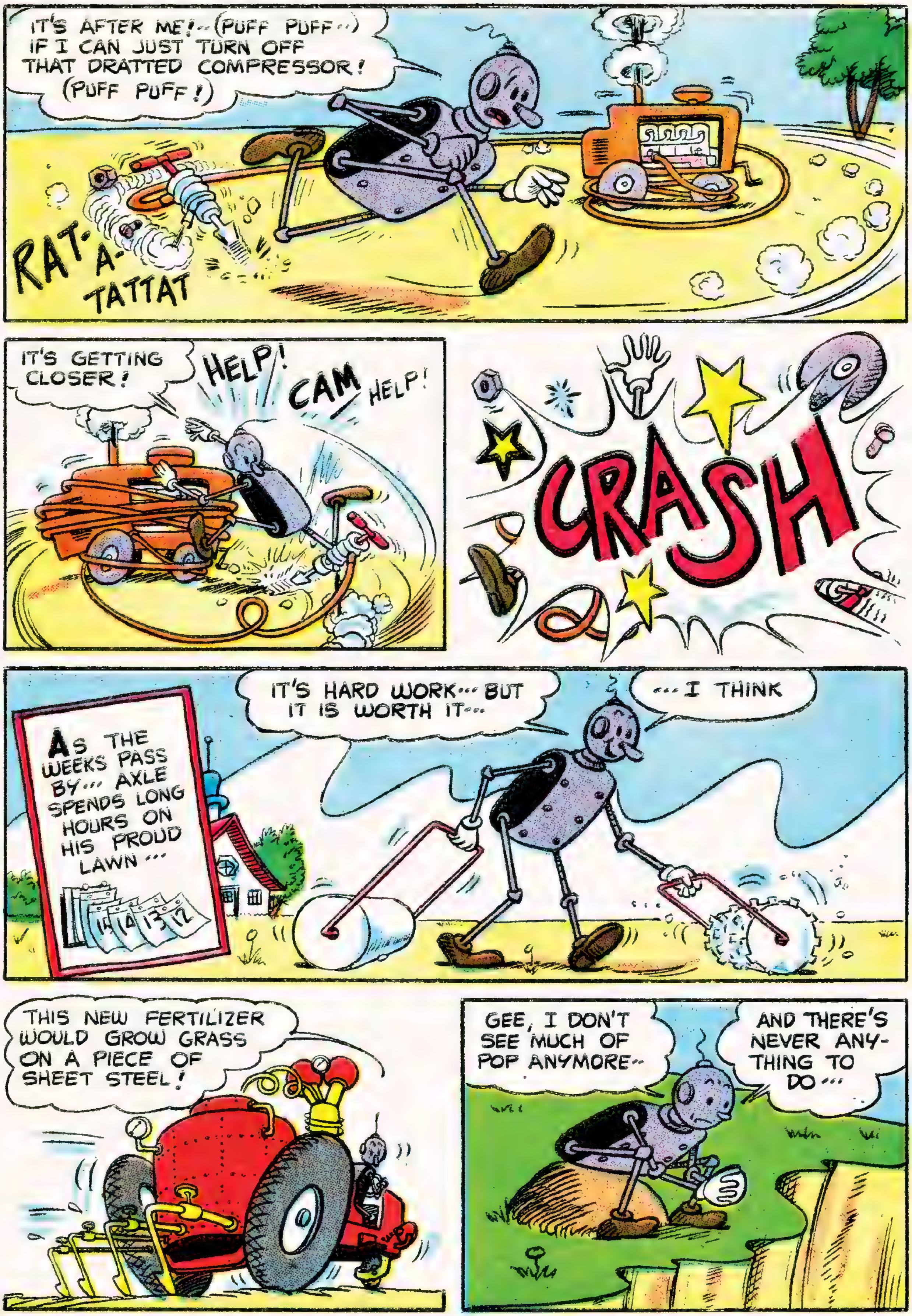
POOR KID··· HE MUS' BE SCARED STIFF!
PUFF! PUFF!
GLOP!*
*WHEEEEE! POPEYE'S COMIN' UP TO SEE ME!
GLOP!*
HOLD TIGHT, SWEE'PEA... I WILL SAVE YA!!
PUFF!
*IMAGIN' MEETIN' YOU HERE!
GLOP!*
GIMME YER HAND... I WILL HELP YA DOWN!
*GIMME YER HAND! I WILL HELP YA UP!
HEY!
GLOP!*
*UP YA COMES!!
GLOP!*
*I FERGOT I ATE SOME OF POPEYE'S WEEDS!

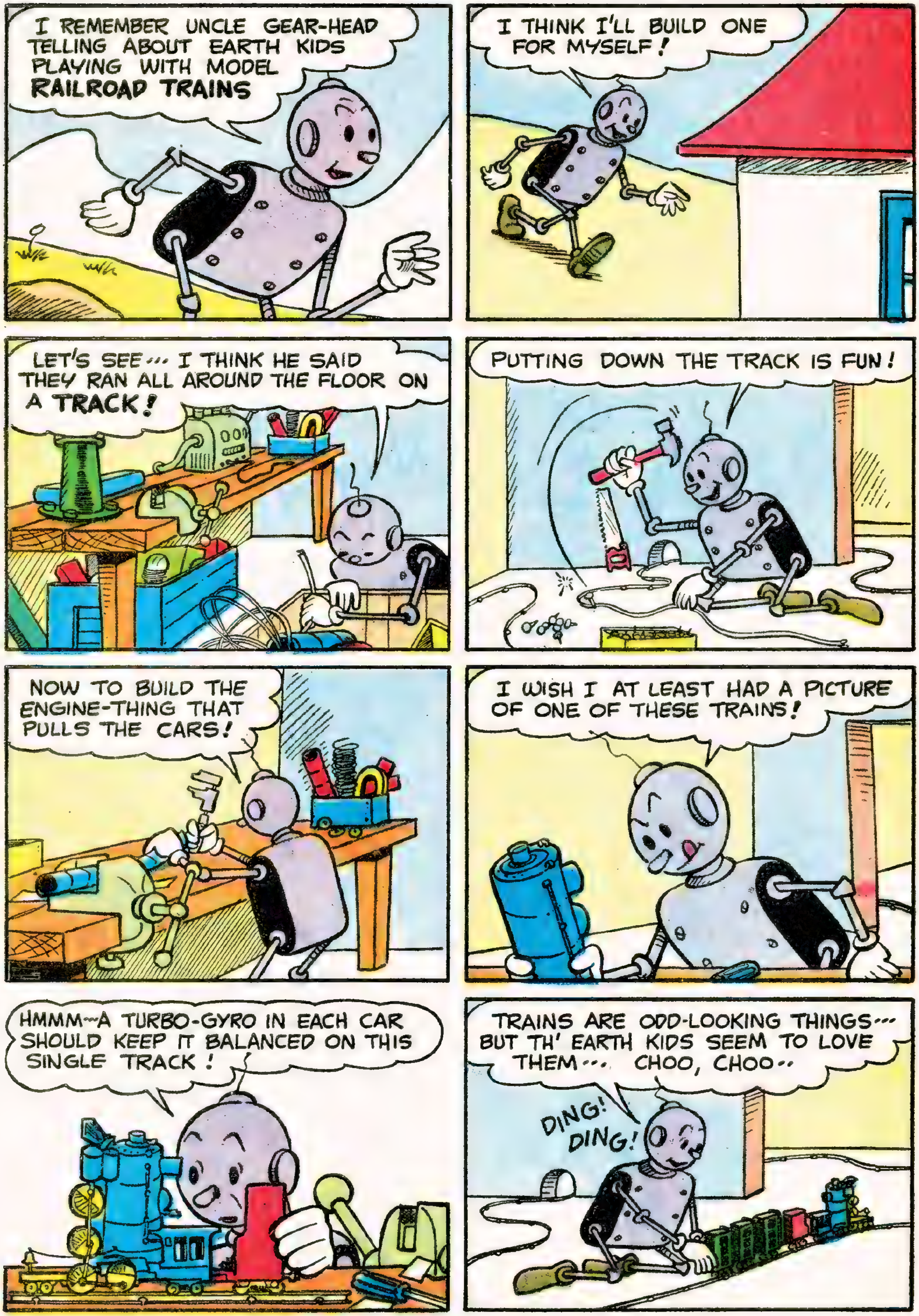

?
?
?
GLOP! *
* 'AT'S GOOD, POPEYE... YER FLYIN' LIKE A BIRD!
GLOP! *
* HE IS STARTIN' DOWN!
GLOP! *
* LOOK OUT FOR THAT LAST TWO FEET!
GLOP! *
CRASH!
* OUCH!
GLOP! *
* HE MUSTA BEEN IN A HURRY TA GET DOWN!
GLOP! *
* UGH!
GLOP! *
* POPEYE, SPEAK TO ME ...!
GLOP! *
BLUB! BLUB! BLUB!
* HE IS SAFE!


GLOP!*
* JUS' LIKE PULLIN' TH' PLUG OUTA THE BATHTUB!
PLUNG!
BLUB! BLUB!
GLOP!*
* YA SHOULDN'T TALK WIT' YER MOUTH FULL!
UGH!! I HAD ME MOUTH FULL OF STONES!
?
COUGH!
?
?
GLOP! GLOP! GLOP! GLOP! GLOP!*
* GOLD! GOLD! GOLD! GOLD!
BLOW ME DOWN!! IT IS SOLID GOLD DOWN THERE!!
ERF!
AND THAT IS HOW I DISCOVERED GOLD AN' MADE ME FIRSK MILLING BUCKS!
GLOP!*
* WE CALLED IT THE BIG MOUTH MINE!


AXLE AND CAM
ON THE PLANET MECO
"THERE'S NOTHING AS BEAUTIFUL AS A RICH GREEN LAWN AROUND YOUR LITTLE COTTAGE"
YEAH!
MECO SEED CATALOGUE APRIL
THAT'S WHAT I'M GOING TO HAVE!! A RICH GREEN CARPET OF GRASS!
I CAN SEE IT NOW---SOFT AND GREEN WITH A WHITE CHROME STEEL FENCE ALL AROUND!
AWRRK! WHAT'S POP UP TO NOW?
THIS COULD MEAN A LOT OF WORK---I'D BETTER GET THIS LI'L BOY ROBOT OUT OF HERE!
?
GULP!
CLANK
COME WITH ME---YOU ELECTRONIC TIN CAN--- I'VE GOT PLANS FOR YOU!
?


FIRST WE'LL DIG UP THIS ROCK-HARD GROUND!
I'LL WORK THE COMPRESSOR!
RAT A TAT TAT
UGH!
I'LL JUST SET THIS MONSTER ON "AUTOMATIC" ··· POP WON'T EVEN KNOW I'M NOT WORKING!
TAT A-TAT-TATT
CLICK
AH, THE COMPRESSOR IS WORKING FINE --- I CAN RELAX FOR A WHILE
CAM AND I WILL HAVE THIS LAWN FINISHED IN NO TIME ···
ZZZZZ ZZZZZ
MEANWHILE
RAT-A-TATTAT
ZZZZ ZZZZ ZZ
YI! LOOK OUT!! YOU MECHANICAL WOODPECKER!
POP!
RAT-A TAT


IT'S AFTER ME!--(PUFF PUFF--)
IF I CAN JUST TURN OFF THAT DRATTED COMPRESSOR! (PUFF PUFF!)
RAT-A-TATTAT
IT'S GETTING CLOSER!
HELP!
CAM
HELP!
CRASH
AS THE WEEKS PASS BY... AXLE SPENDS LONG HOURS ON HIS PROUD LAWN...
IT'S HARD WORK... BUT IT IS WORTH IT...
...I THINK
THIS NEW FERTILIZER WOULD GROW GRASS ON A PIECE OF SHEET STEEL!
GEE, I DON'T SEE MUCH OF POP ANYMORE--
AND THERE'S NEVER ANY-THING TO DO...


I REMEMBER UNCLE GEAR-HEAD TELLING ABOUT EARTH KIDS PLAYING WITH MODEL **RAILROAD TRAINS**
I THINK I'LL BUILD ONE FOR MYSELF!
LET'S SEE... I THINK HE SAID THEY RAN ALL AROUND THE FLOOR ON A **TRACK!**
PUTTING DOWN THE TRACK IS FUN!
NOW TO BUILD THE ENGINE-THING THAT PULLS THE CARS!
I WISH I AT LEAST HAD A PICTURE OF ONE OF THESE TRAINS!
HMMM—A TURBO-GYRO IN EACH CAR SHOULD KEEP IT BALANCED ON THIS SINGLE TRACK!
TRAINS ARE ODD-LOOKING THINGS... BUT TH' EARTH KIDS SEEM TO LOVE THEM... CHOO, CHOO..
DING! DING!

GETTING THAT GRASS TO GROW WAS A BACK-BREAKING JOB!
AHH... BUT IT IS BEAUTIFUL...
GRASS
SCRAM
KEEP OFF THE GRASS
NO
USE THE WALKS
THIS MEANS YOU
NO
GO AWAY
BEAT IT
SEEDED AREA
HELLO, CAM... I SEE YOU'RE PLAYING WITH THAT... THAT... WHAT DO YOU CALL IT?
?
A TRAIN!
IT'S A QUEER-LOOKING THING... I ALWAYS SAID EARTH PEOPLE WERE ODD!
WELL, IT'S LATE... UP TO BED YOU GO, CAM... I'LL PUT YOUR TRAIN AWAY...!
OKAY, POP... NITE!
I MUST ADMIT... THIS IS FUN!
CHOO! CHOO! CHOO!
POP IS OKAY...! I WILL REALLY HELP HIM WITH HIS LAWN TOMORROW!
EARLY THE NEXT DAY
NOW, THERE'S JUST THE THING! I'LL CHANGE THE MEASUREMENTS AND MAKE IT A SUPER ONE!!
HOW TO BUILD IT

CAM! WHAT'S THIS?!
?
IT'S A SUPER LAWNMOWER FOR YOUR GRASS, POP! THIS BUTTON STARTS IT!
?
?
CLICK!
RRRRRRR
YIKES! THERE GOES MY LAWN!
GULP!
RRRR
RUN FOR YOUR LIFE, POP!!
DON'T STOP TO THINK ABOUT MY LIFE... START TO WORRY ABOUT YOURS!
RRRRRR
WAP
THE END

"I'll never eat another fish—even if I live all nine of my lives!" moaned a very upset pussy cat on the curb of a city street.

"Hey, Sam, what's eating you?" asked the dog who had been watching the cat's act for some time from across the street. "You look as if you were mad at the whole town. What happened, did you eat a not so good fish and get a tummy ache?"

"NO, I DIDN'T EAT A FISH!" spit out the cat as he stuck his nose right up into the face of the startled dog.

"Er—gee—I just asked. You don't have to be nasty about it." The dog looked at the cat and then, turning his head at an angle, went on. "Why don't you tell me about your troubles? Telling your troubles to someone often makes them easier to bear."

"BAH!" snarled the cat, "what happened to me shouldn't happen to a dog!"

"Hey! Let's not get personal!" snapped the dog.

"I woke up this morning, feeling fit and hungry, and decided that today was a good day to go fishing," the cat started his story, ignoring the hurt feelings of the dog beside him. "I always go fishing once a week. People think fishing is a man's sport but we cats were fishing before people knew that water had anything but wet in it."

"Is that why you're mad?" asked the dog.

"NO, IT ISN'T!" snapped the cat, "and if you'll clam up I'll go on with my very sad story.

"So feeling like a fish . . . er, I mean a cat who would like to eat a fish, I headed for the river. I have a special fishing spot where I am always sure to catch a nice fat sunfish, or a trout. Upon arriving at the river, I found that three small people boys had beaten me to the spot and were fishing, so I decided o go up stream aways. After a half-hour walk, I came upon a beautiful little pool that looked as fishy as any pool I've ever seen. It was as full of fish as it looked and my big trouble was picking out the right one to catch."

"I'd have grabbed the biggest one if I'd have been there!" the dog spoke, forgetting to be silent.

"That's what's wrong with you dogs!" snarled the cat. "You think that just because it's the biggest, it will be the best—well, we cats know better. The biggest fish isn't always the best.

"I studied the fish and at last I spotted a nice fat fellow who wasn't too big and wasn't too small. With a deft cat-like motion, I flipped him out of the water onto the bank."

"HOORAY! WONDERFUL! MARVELOUS! THREE CHEERS FOR THE CAT!" screamed the dog, feeling that now was the time to applaud.

"SHUT UP!" yelled the cat. "As you will see, there is nothing to cheer about."

"TSK! TSK! So sorry," murmured the dog.

"I was about to leap onto the fish when the nasty little fellow raised his head and spoke to me.

" 'I'm a CATFISH. You, a fine upstanding cat, wouldn't eat a relation, would you?'

"I looked at that fish and sure enough he did look like a cat and I knew I couldn't eat him so I flipped him back into the water."

"That was very smart of you," the dog said.

"SMART! THAT'S WHAT YOU THINK!" yelled the cat. "I just looked in the library and found out that catfish are just fish, not any relation to real cats at all."

"So what?" asked the dog, "there were lots more fish for you to catch."

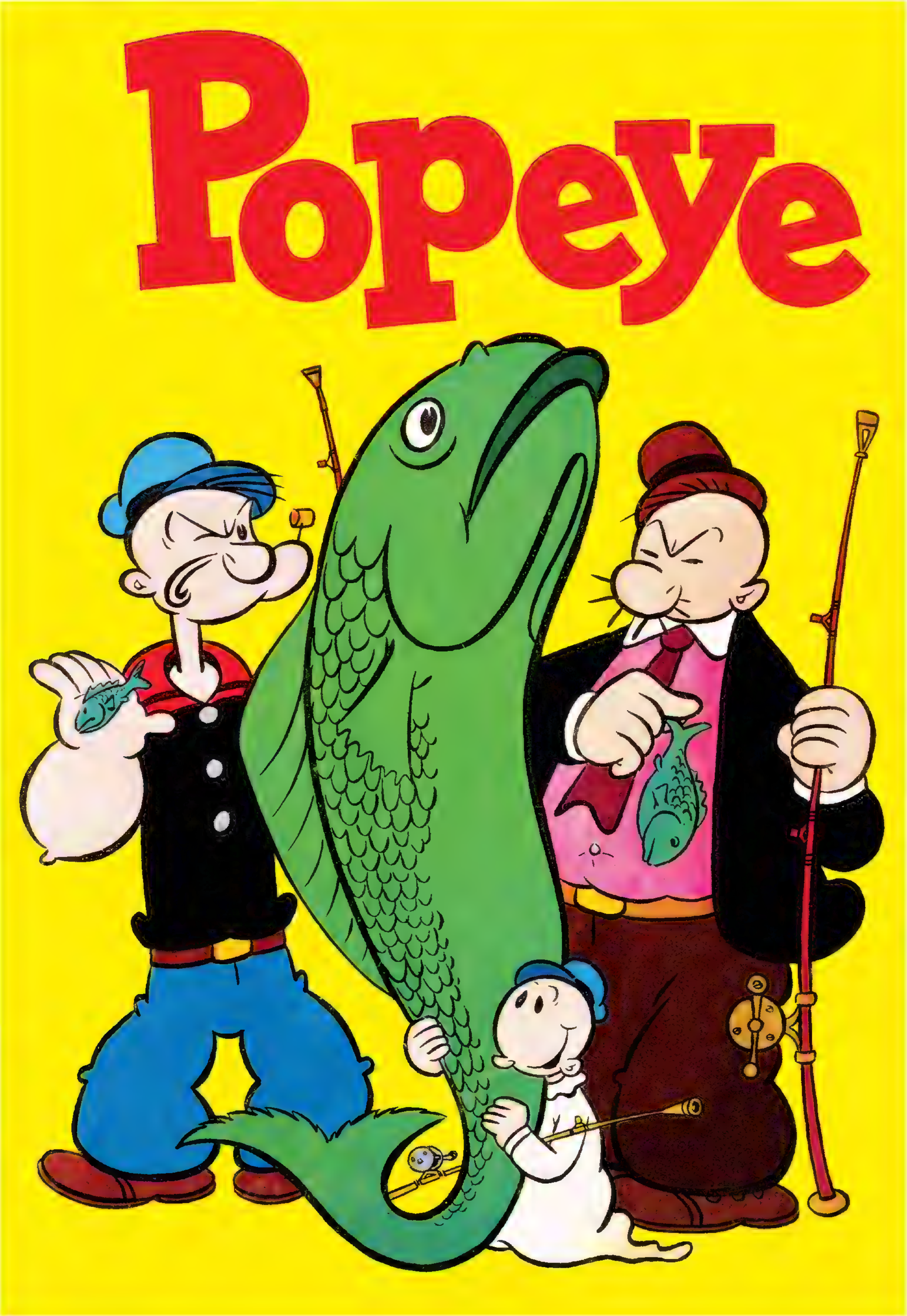
"That's why I'm mad, you dope! I didn't mind so much the fish fooling me but the underhanded, unprincipled, oversized piece of bait went back into the water and told every fish for a mile that there was a cat on the bank and they all swam into the deep water where I couldn't catch them!

"NOW, do you see why I'LL NEVER EAT ANOTHER FISH AS LONG AS I LIVE?"

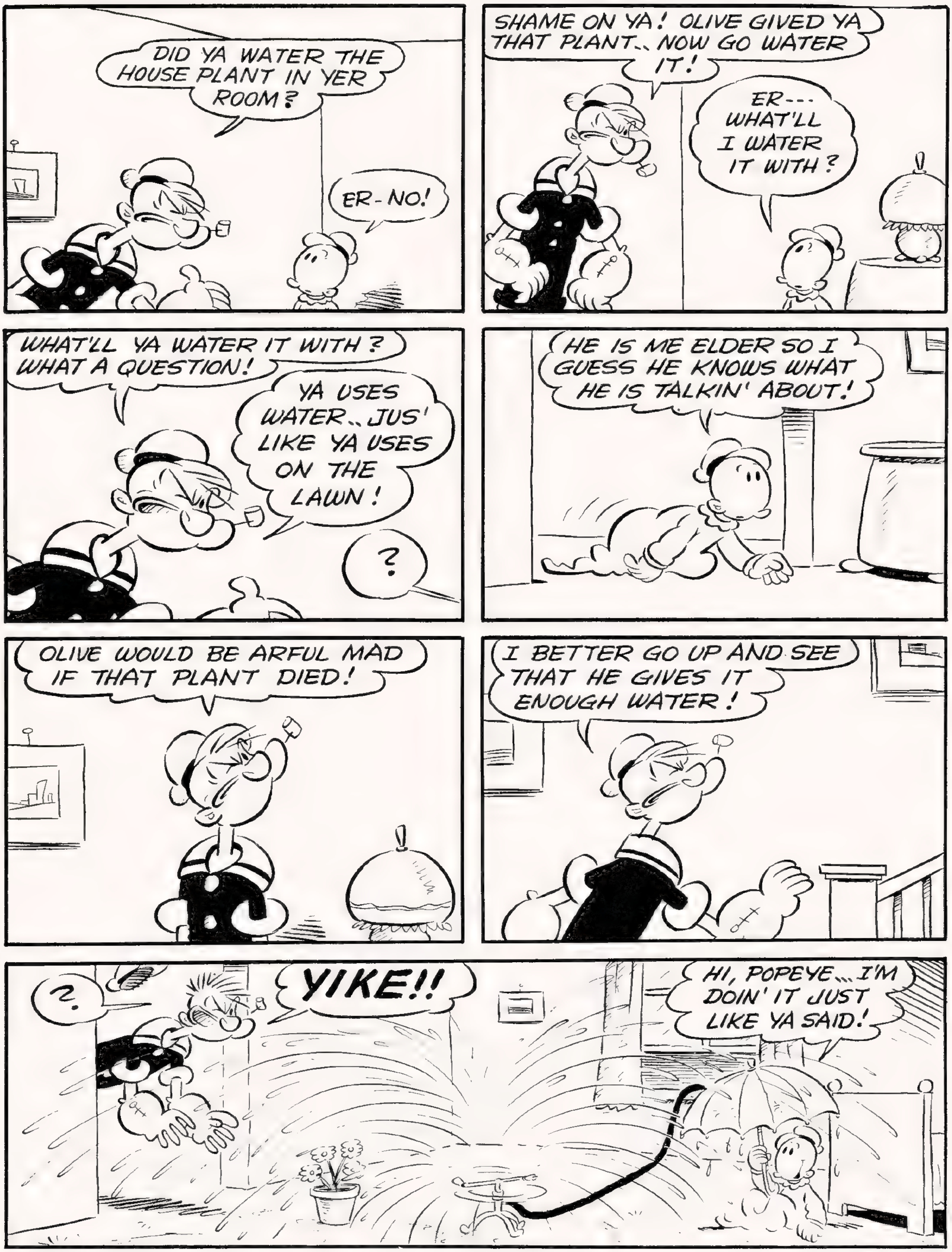
"I don't like fish," the dog answered, "the bones get caught in my throat."

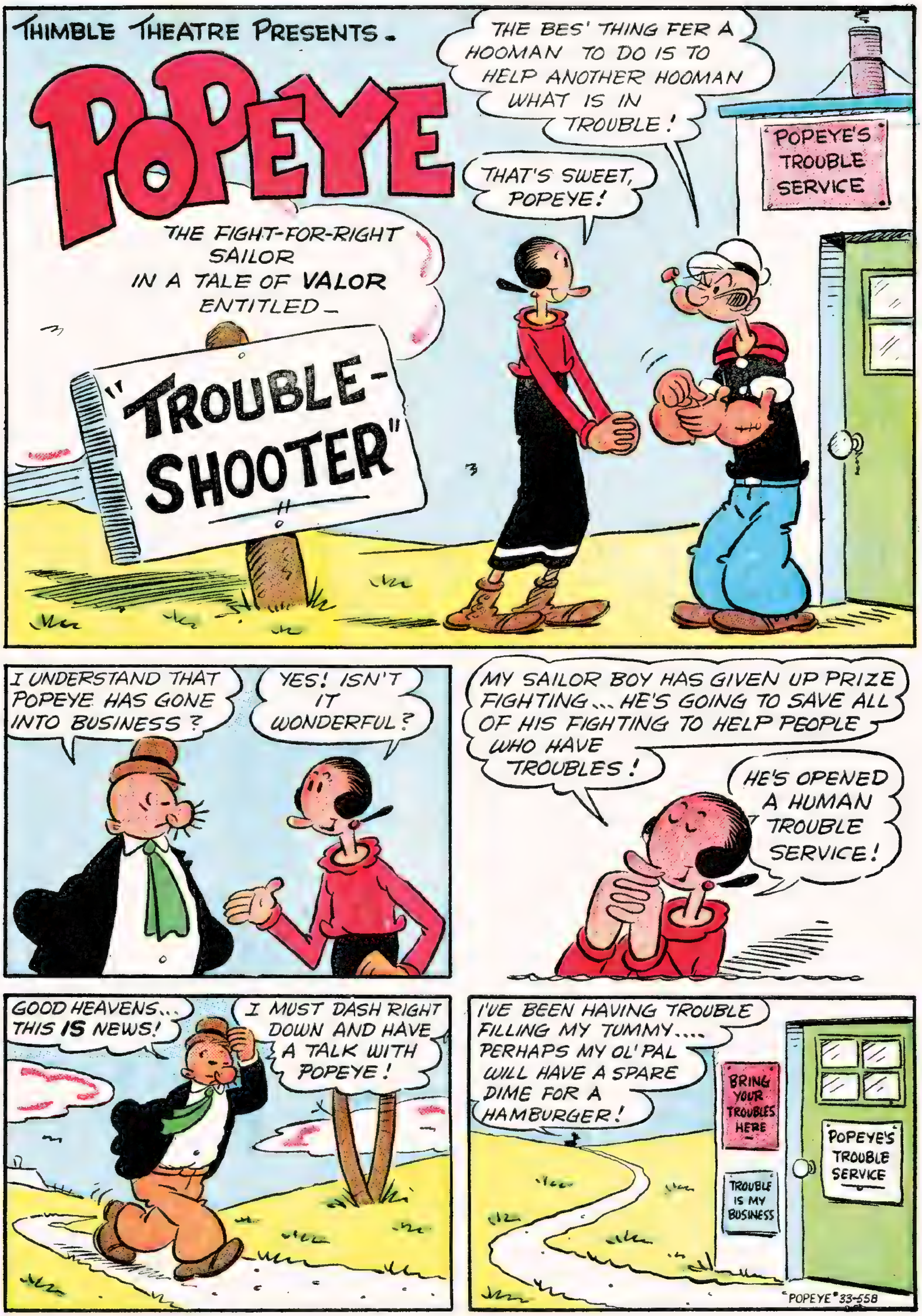
The cat looked at the dog and then put back his head and at the top of his voice yelled—"AND I'LL NEVER TRY TO EXPLAIN ANYTHING AGAIN TO A DOG."

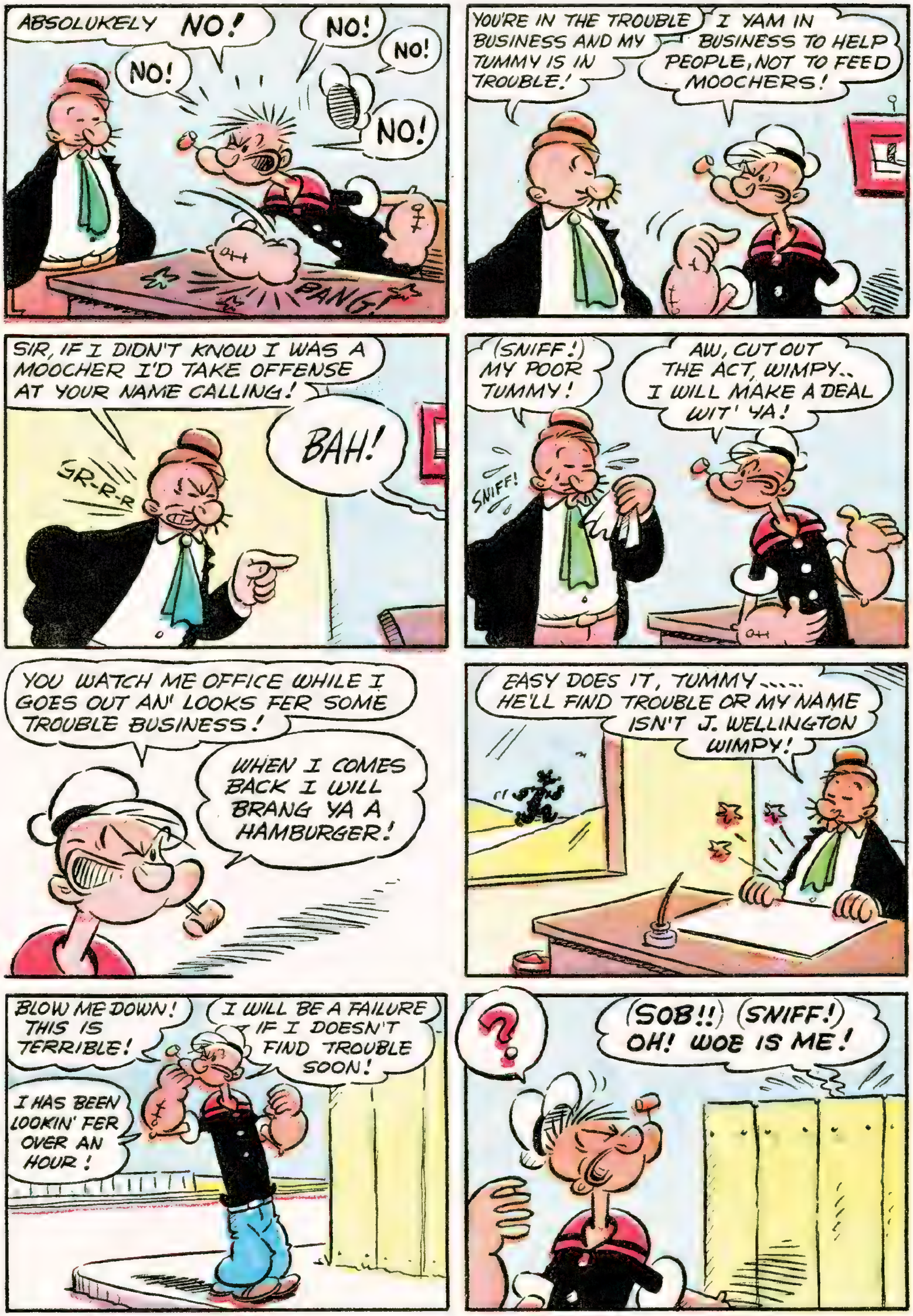
POPEYE
and Sweepea
1
2
3
4
PLOP
5
?
6
7
BZZZZZ
8

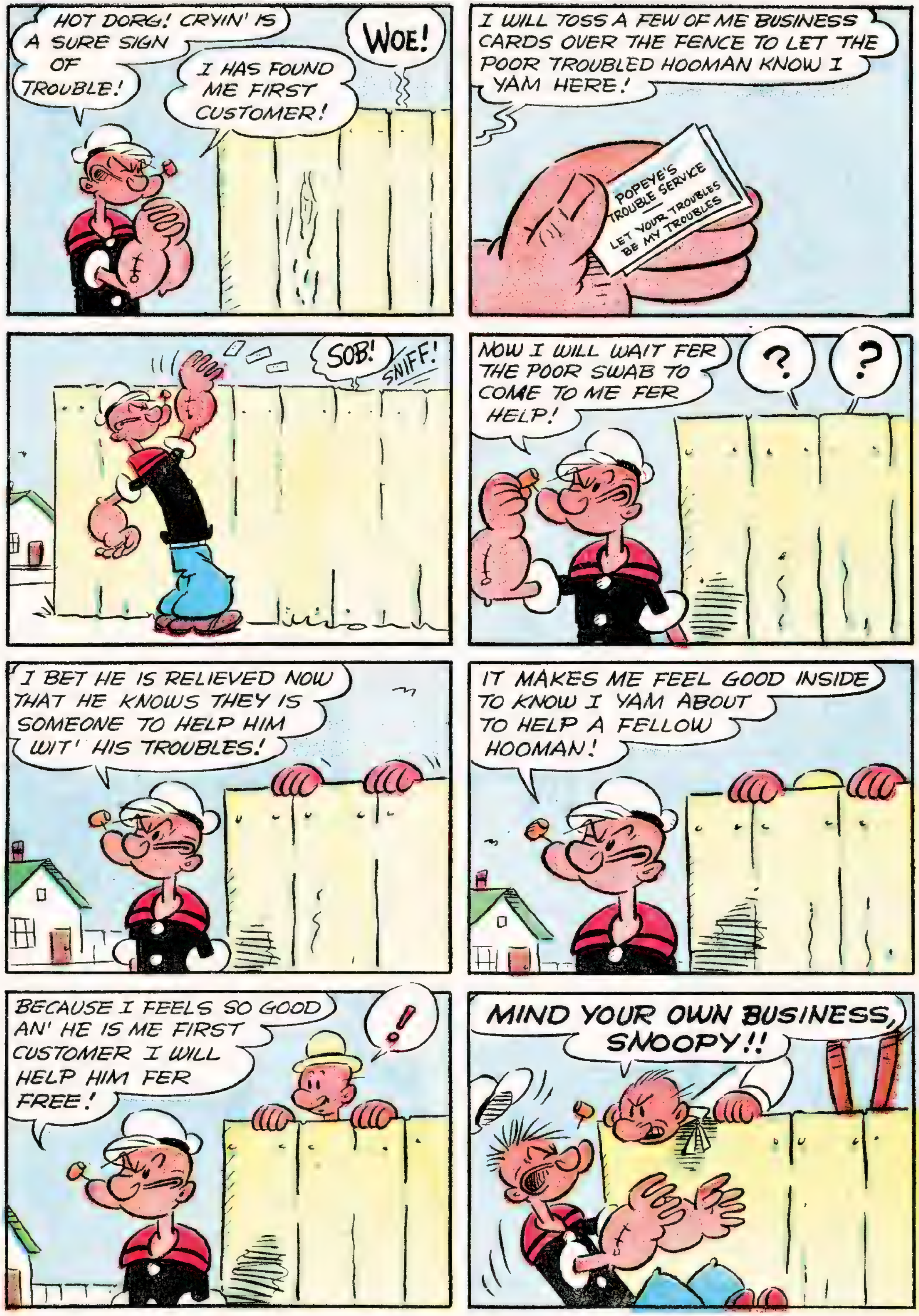


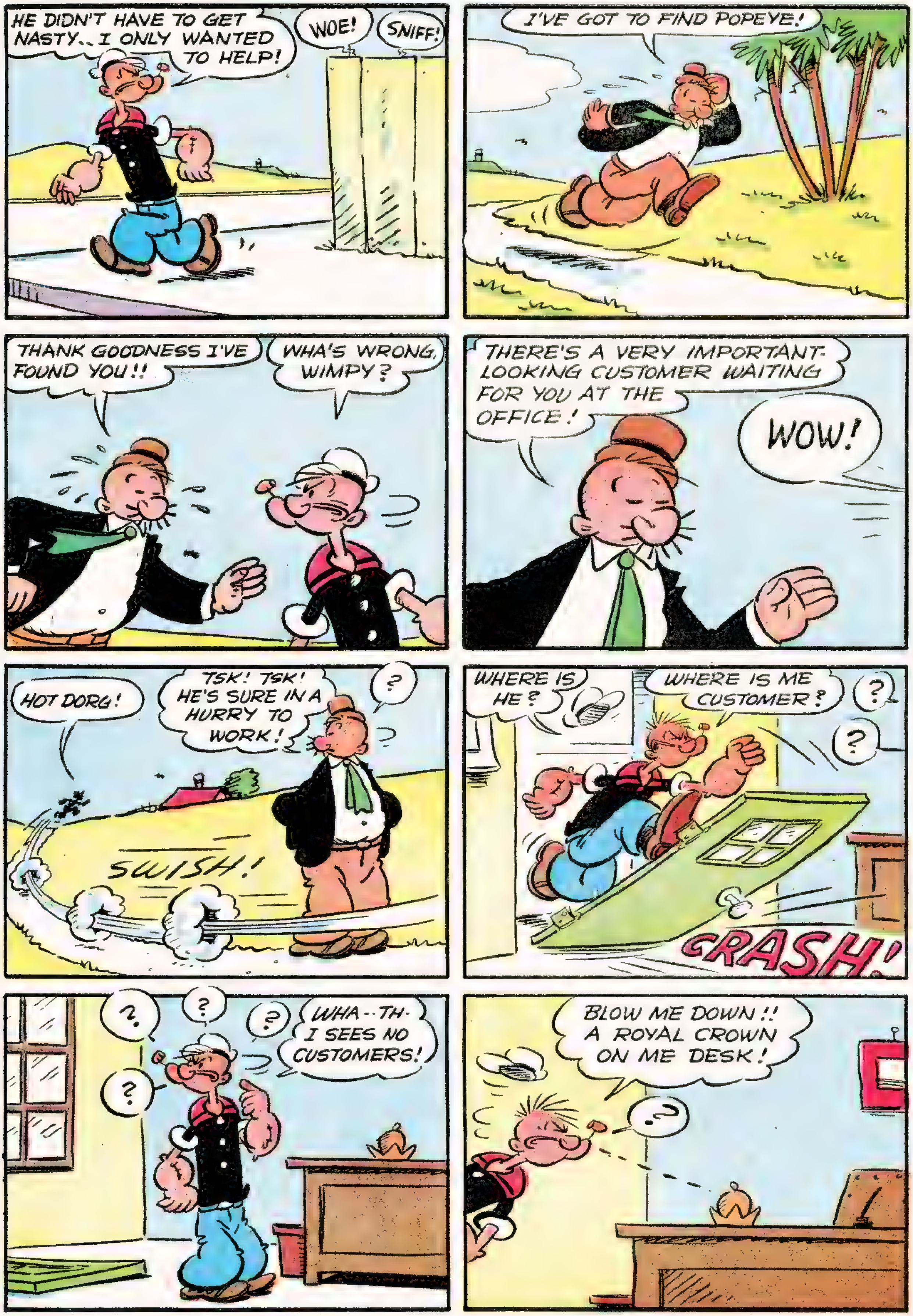
Popeye #33, July-September 1955

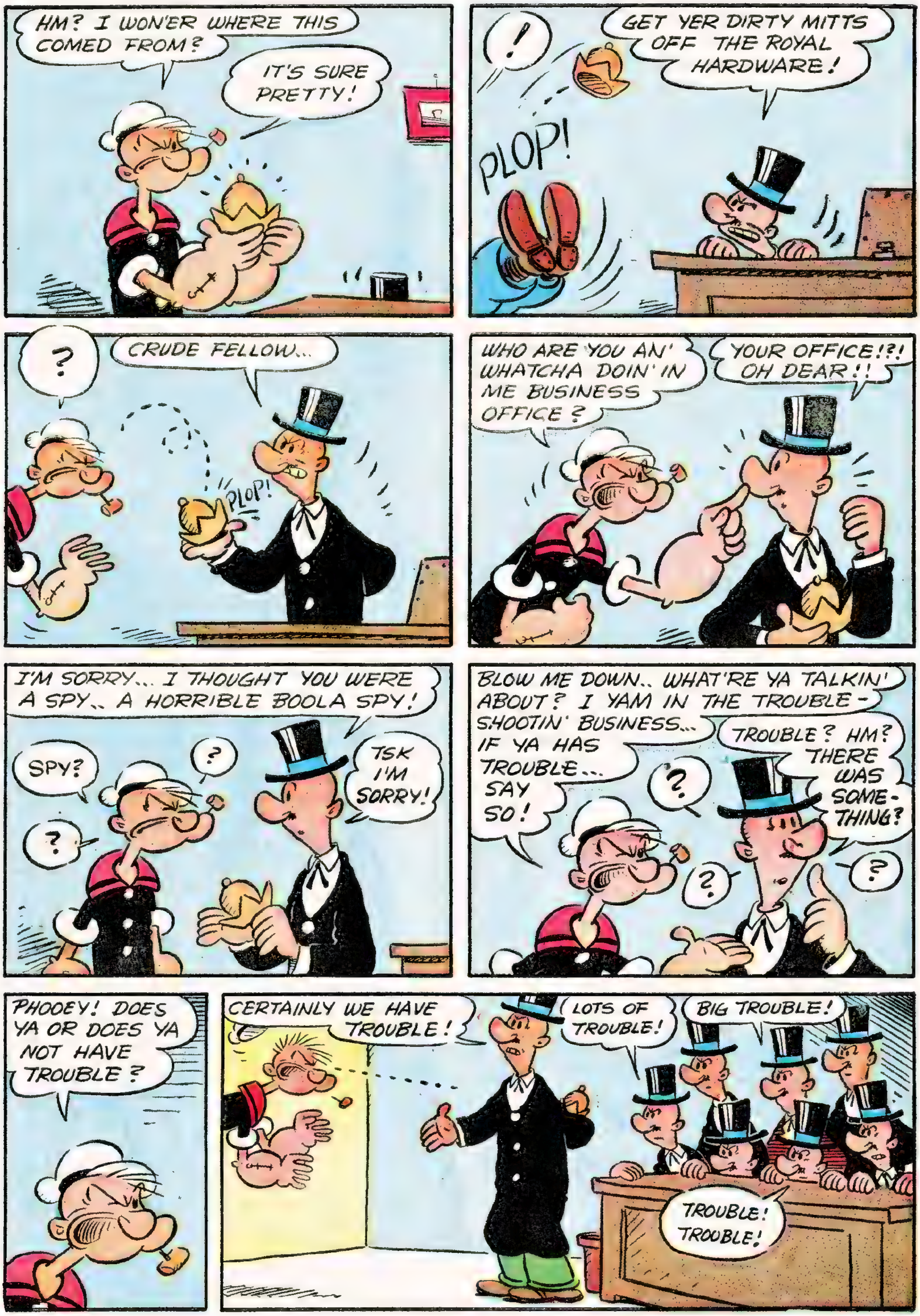

DID YA WATER THE HOUSE PLANT IN YER ROOM?
ER-NO!
SHAME ON YA! OLIVE GIVED YA THAT PLANT.. NOW GO WATER IT!
ER--- WHAT'LL I WATER IT WITH?
WHAT'LL YA WATER IT WITH? WHAT A QUESTION!
YA USES WATER.. JUS' LIKE YA USES ON THE LAWN!
?
HE IS ME ELDER SO I GUESS HE KNOWS WHAT HE IS TALKIN' ABOUT!
OLIVE WOULD BE ARFUL MAD IF THAT PLANT DIED!
I BETTER GO UP AND SEE THAT HE GIVES IT ENOUGH WATER!
?
YIKE!!
HI, POPEYE... I'M DOIN' IT JUST LIKE YA SAID!

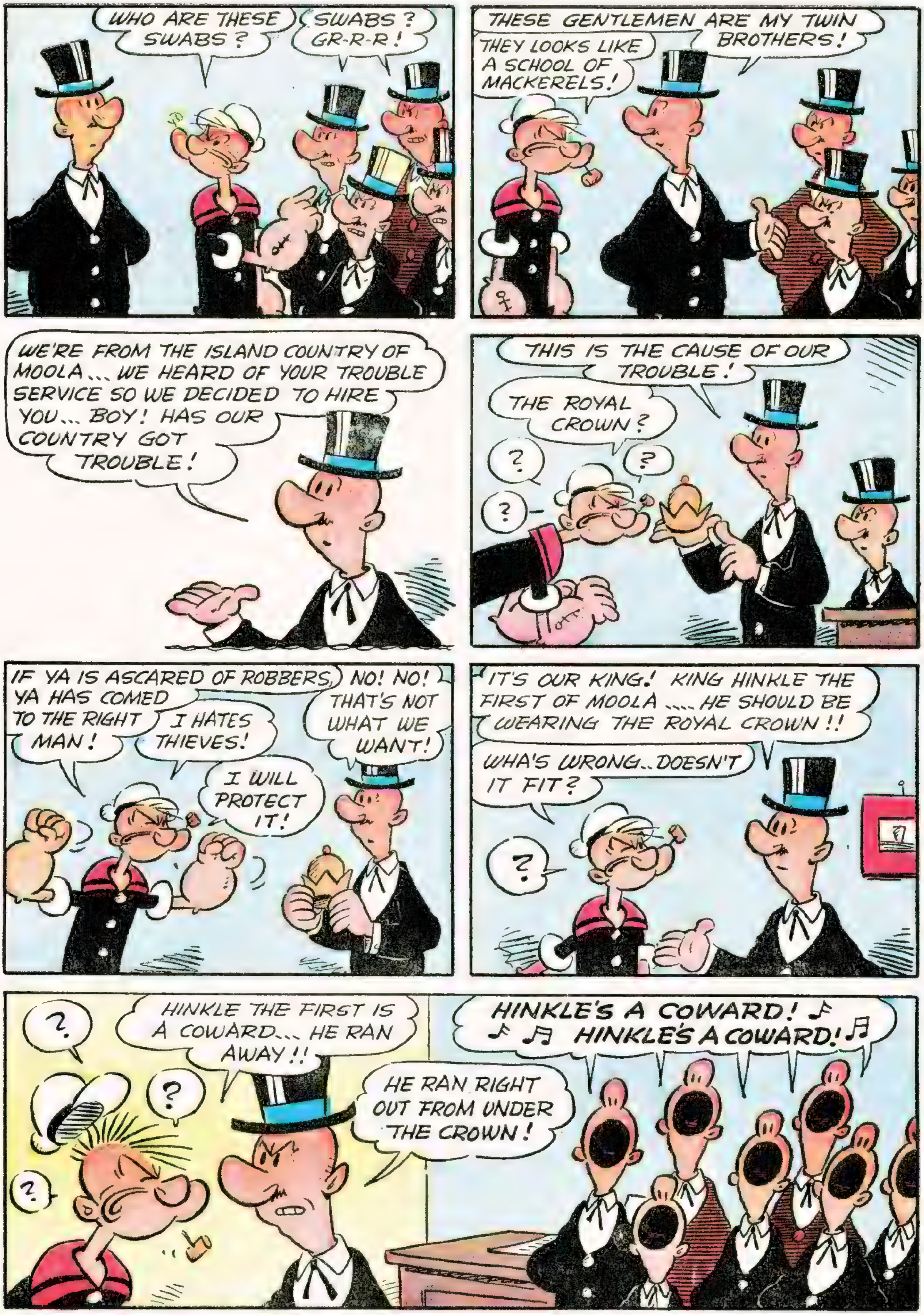

THIMBLE THEATRE PRESENTS -
POPEYE
THE FIGHT-FOR-RIGHT SAILOR IN A TALE OF VALOR ENTITLED -
"TROUBLE-SHOOTER"
THE BES' THING FER A HOOMAN TO DO IS TO HELP ANOTHER HOOMAN WHAT IS IN TROUBLE!
THAT'S SWEET, POPEYE!
POPEYE'S TROUBLE SERVICE
I UNDERSTAND THAT POPEYE HAS GONE INTO BUSINESS?
YES! ISN'T IT WONDERFUL?
MY SAILOR BOY HAS GIVEN UP PRIZE FIGHTING... HE'S GOING TO SAVE ALL OF HIS FIGHTING TO HELP PEOPLE WHO HAVE TROUBLES!
HE'S OPENED A HUMAN TROUBLE SERVICE!
GOOD HEAVENS... THIS IS NEWS!
I MUST DASH RIGHT DOWN AND HAVE A TALK WITH POPEYE!
I'VE BEEN HAVING TROUBLE FILLING MY TUMMY.... PERHAPS MY OL' PAL WILL HAVE A SPARE DIME FOR A HAMBURGER!
BRING YOUR TROUBLES HERE
TROUBLE IS MY BUSINESS
POPEYE'S TROUBLE SERVICE
"POPEYE" 33-558

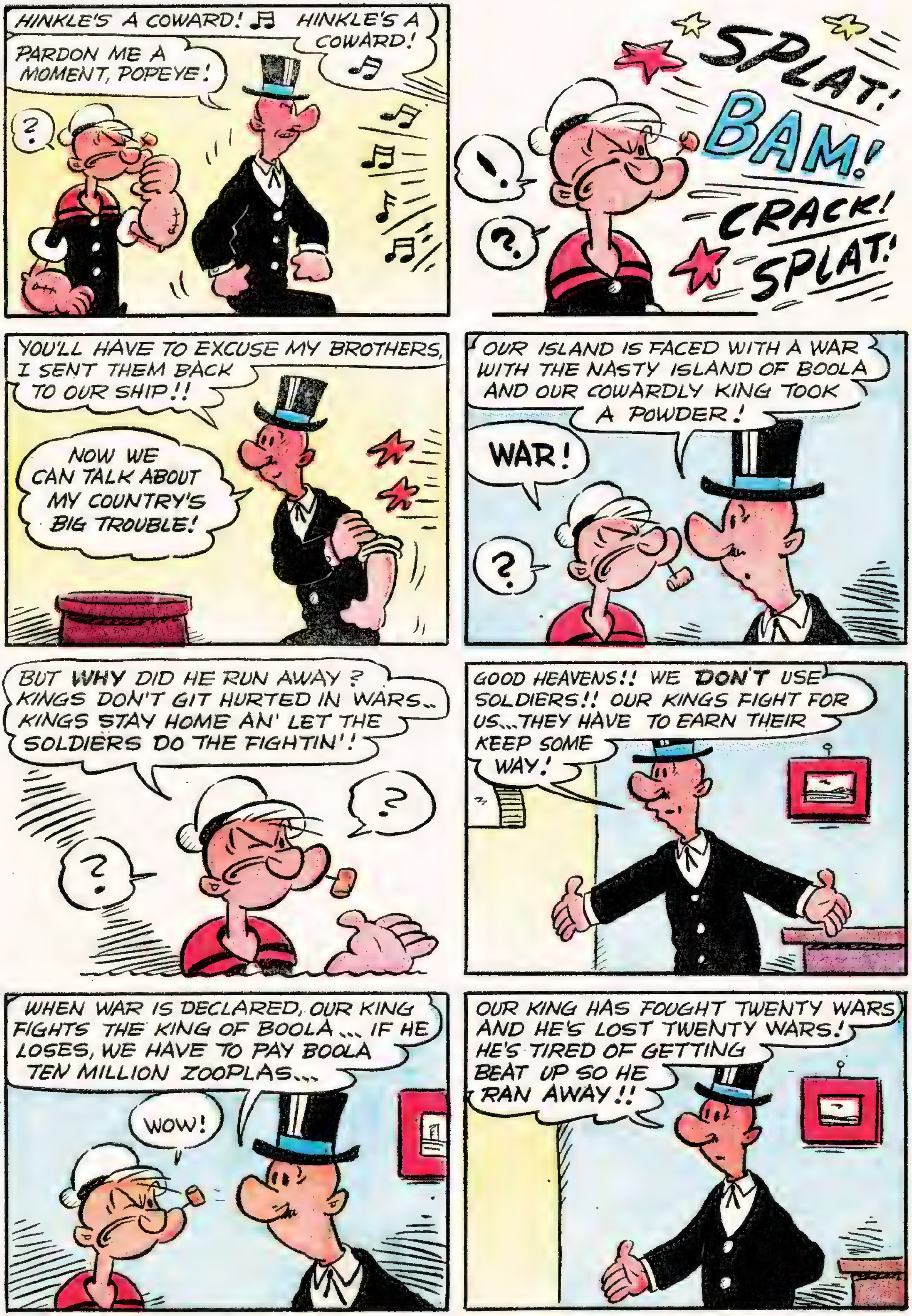

ABSOLUKELY NO!
NO!
NO!
NO!
NO!
BANG!
YOU'RE IN THE TROUBLE BUSINESS AND MY TUMMY IS IN TROUBLE!
I YAM IN BUSINESS TO HELP PEOPLE, NOT TO FEED MOOCHERS!
SIR, IF I DIDN'T KNOW I WAS A MOOCHER I'D TAKE OFFENSE AT YOUR NAME CALLING!
GR-R-R
BAH!
(SNIFF!) MY POOR TUMMY!
SNIFF!
AW, CUT OUT THE ACT, WIMPY.. I WILL MAKE A DEAL WIT' YA!
YOU WATCH ME OFFICE WHILE I GOES OUT AN' LOOKS FER SOME TROUBLE BUSINESS!
WHEN I COMES BACK I WILL BRANG YA A HAMBURGER!
EASY DOES IT, TUMMY..... HE'LL FIND TROUBLE OR MY NAME ISN'T J. WELLINGTON WIMPY!
BLOW ME DOWN! THIS IS TERRIBLE!
I WILL BE A FAILURE IF I DOESN'T FIND TROUBLE SOON!
I HAS BEEN LOOKIN' FER OVER AN HOUR!
?
(SOB!!) (SNIFF!) OH! WOE IS ME!

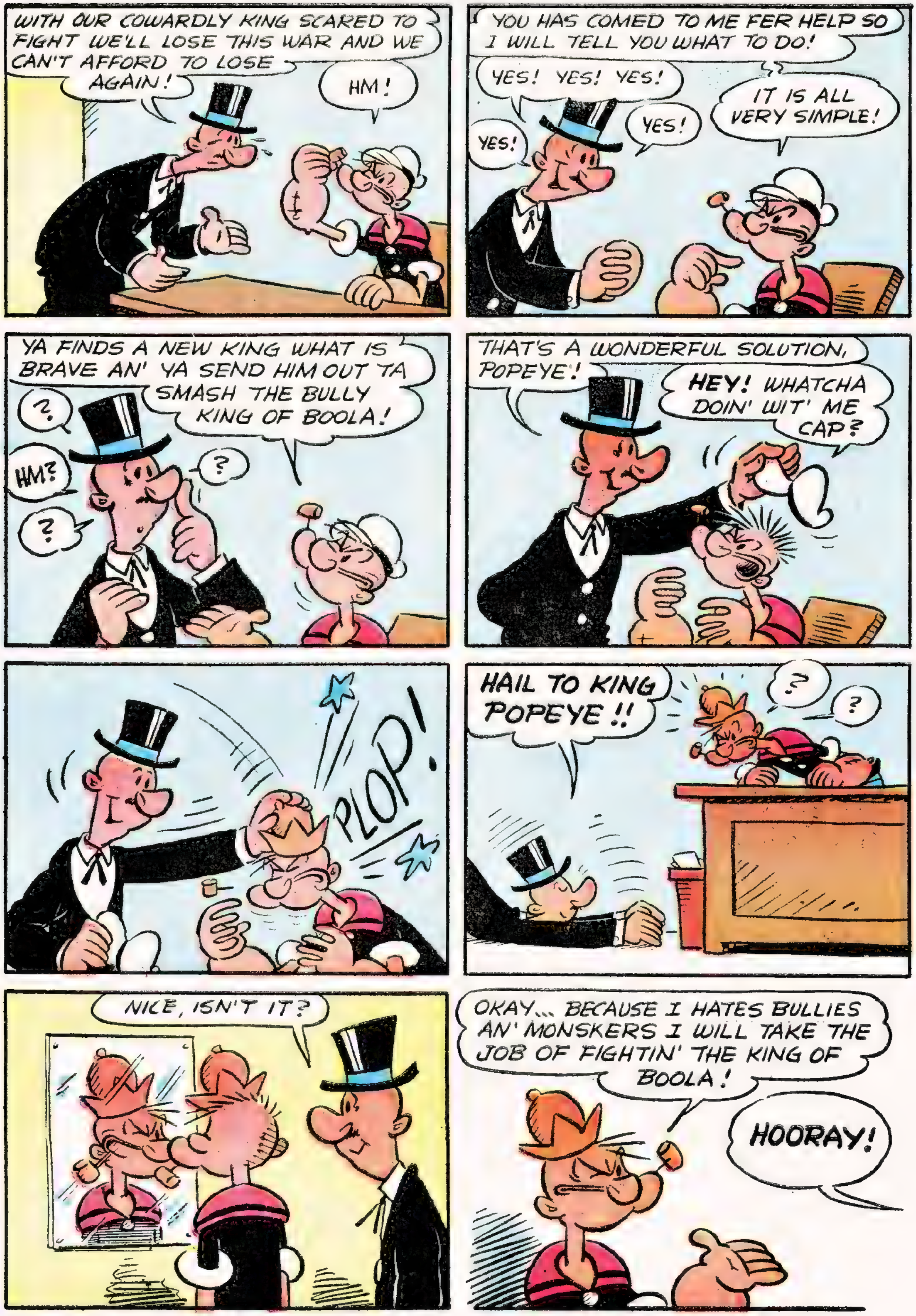

HOT DORG! CRYIN' IS A SURE SIGN OF TROUBLE!
I HAS FOUND ME FIRST CUSTOMER!
WOE!
I WILL TOSS A FEW OF ME BUSINESS CARDS OVER THE FENCE TO LET THE POOR TROUBLED HOOMAN KNOW I YAM HERE!
POPEYE'S TROUBLE SERVICE
LET YOUR TROUBLES BE MY TROUBLES
SOB!
SNIFF!
NOW I WILL WAIT FER THE POOR SWAB TO COME TO ME FER HELP!
?
?
I BET HE IS RELIEVED NOW THAT HE KNOWS THEY IS SOMEONE TO HELP HIM WIT' HIS TROUBLES!
IT MAKES ME FEEL GOOD INSIDE TO KNOW I YAM ABOUT TO HELP A FELLOW HOOMAN!
BECAUSE I FEELS SO GOOD AN' HE IS ME FIRST CUSTOMER I WILL HELP HIM FER FREE!
!
MIND YOUR OWN BUSINESS, SNOOPY!!

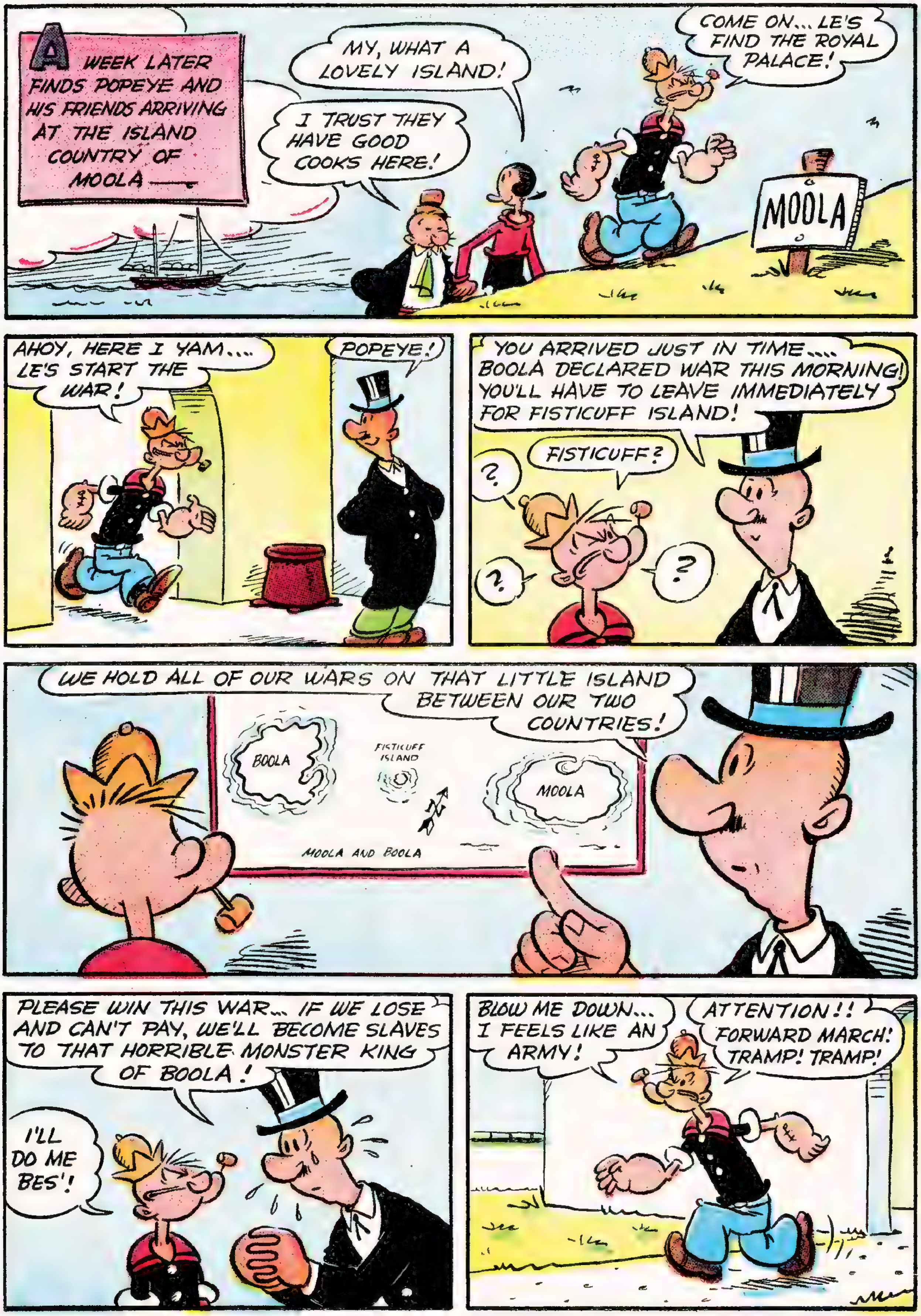

HE DIDN'T HAVE TO GET NASTY.. I ONLY WANTED TO HELP!
WOE!
SNIFF!
I'VE GOT TO FIND POPEYE!
THANK GOODNESS I'VE FOUND YOU!!
WHA'S WRONG, WIMPY?
THERE'S A VERY IMPORTANT-LOOKING CUSTOMER WAITING FOR YOU AT THE OFFICE!
WOW!
HOT DORG!
TSK! TSK! HE'S SURE IN A HURRY TO WORK!
?
SWISH!
WHERE IS HE?
WHERE IS ME CUSTOMER?
?
?
CRASH!
?
?
?
?
WHA--TH- I SEES NO CUSTOMERS!
BLOW ME DOWN!! A ROYAL CROWN ON ME DESK!
?

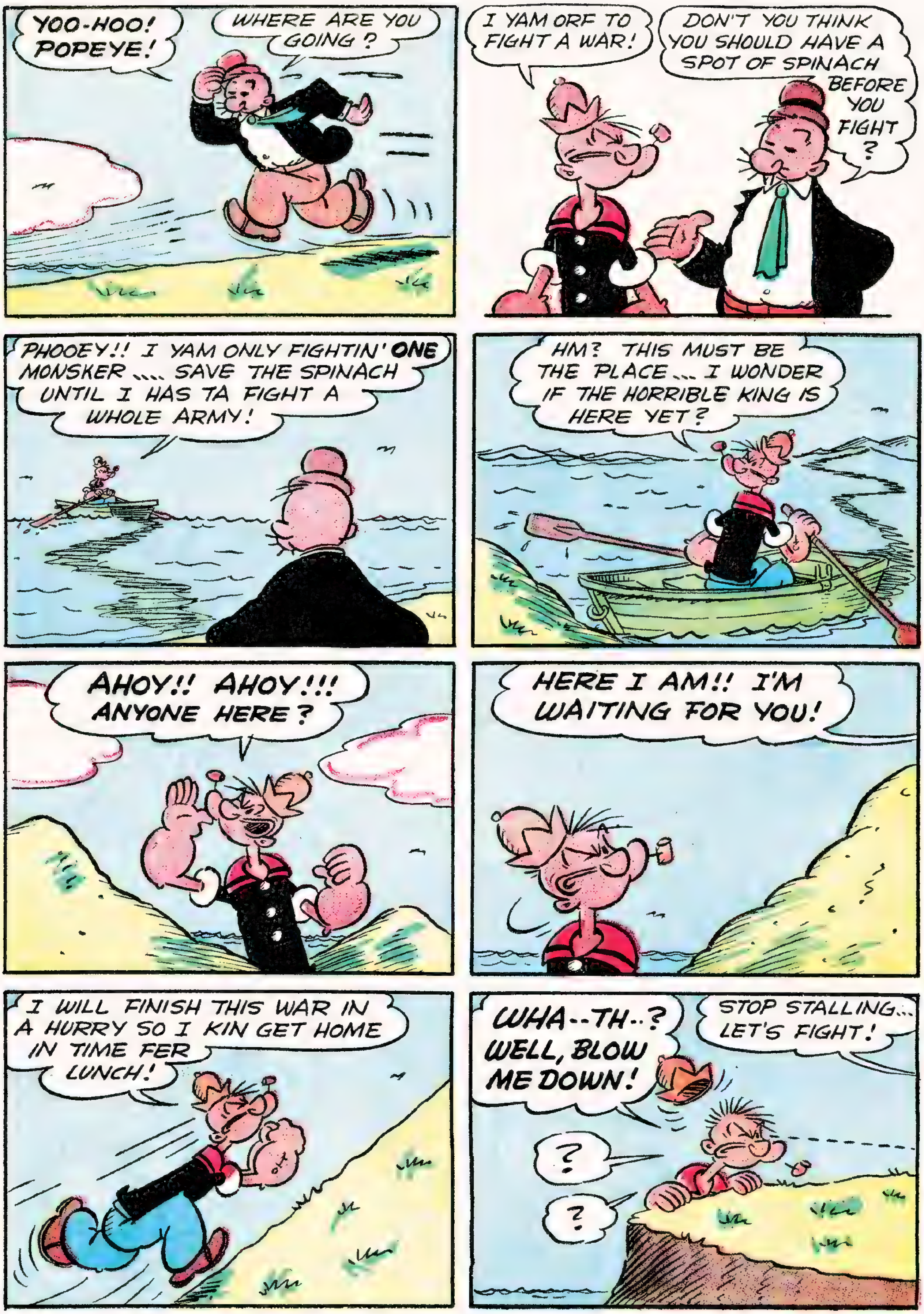

HM? I WON'ER WHERE THIS COMED FROM?
IT'S SURE PRETTY!
!
GET YER DIRTY MITTS OFF THE ROYAL HARDWARE!
PLOP!
?
CRUDE FELLOW...
PLOP!
WHO ARE YOU AN' WHATCHA DOIN' IN ME BUSINESS OFFICE?
YOUR OFFICE!?! OH DEAR!!
I'M SORRY... I THOUGHT YOU WERE A SPY.. A HORRIBLE BOOLA SPY!
SPY?
?
?
TSK I'M SORRY!
BLOW ME DOWN.. WHAT'RE YA TALKIN' ABOUT? I YAM IN THE TROUBLE-SHOOTIN' BUSINESS... IF YA HAS TROUBLE... SAY SO!
?
TROUBLE? HM? THERE WAS SOME-THING?
?
?
PHOOEY! DOES YA OR DOES YA NOT HAVE TROUBLE?
CERTAINLY WE HAVE TROUBLE!
LOTS OF TROUBLE!
BIG TROUBLE!
TROUBLE! TROUBLE!

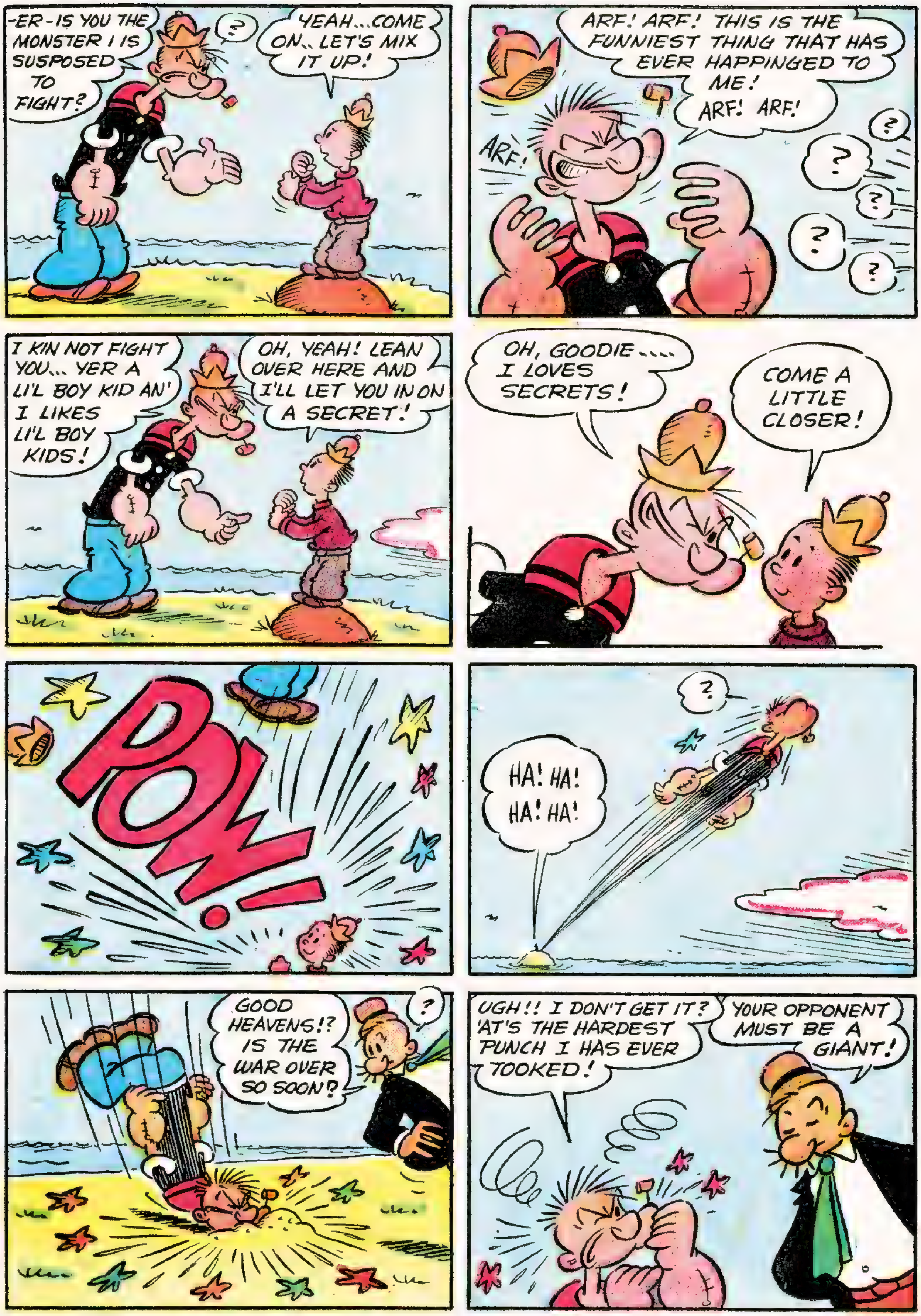

WHO ARE THESE SWABS?
SWABS? GR-R-R!
THESE GENTLEMEN ARE MY TWIN BROTHERS!
THEY LOOKS LIKE A SCHOOL OF MACKERELS!
WE'RE FROM THE ISLAND COUNTRY OF MOOLA... WE HEARD OF YOUR TROUBLE SERVICE SO WE DECIDED TO HIRE YOU... BOY! HAS OUR COUNTRY GOT TROUBLE!
THIS IS THE CAUSE OF OUR TROUBLE!
THE ROYAL CROWN?
?
?
?
IF YA IS ASCARED OF ROBBERS, YA HAS COMED TO THE RIGHT MAN!
I HATES THIEVES!
I WILL PROTECT IT!
NO! NO! THAT'S NOT WHAT WE WANT!
IT'S OUR KING! KING HINKLE THE FIRST OF MOOLA ..... HE SHOULD BE WEARING THE ROYAL CROWN!!
WHA'S WRONG..DOESN'T IT FIT?
?
?
HINKLE THE FIRST IS A COWARD... HE RAN AWAY!!
?
?
HE RAN RIGHT OUT FROM UNDER THE CROWN!
HINKLE'S A COWARD! ♪ ♪ ♬ HINKLE'S A COWARD! ♬

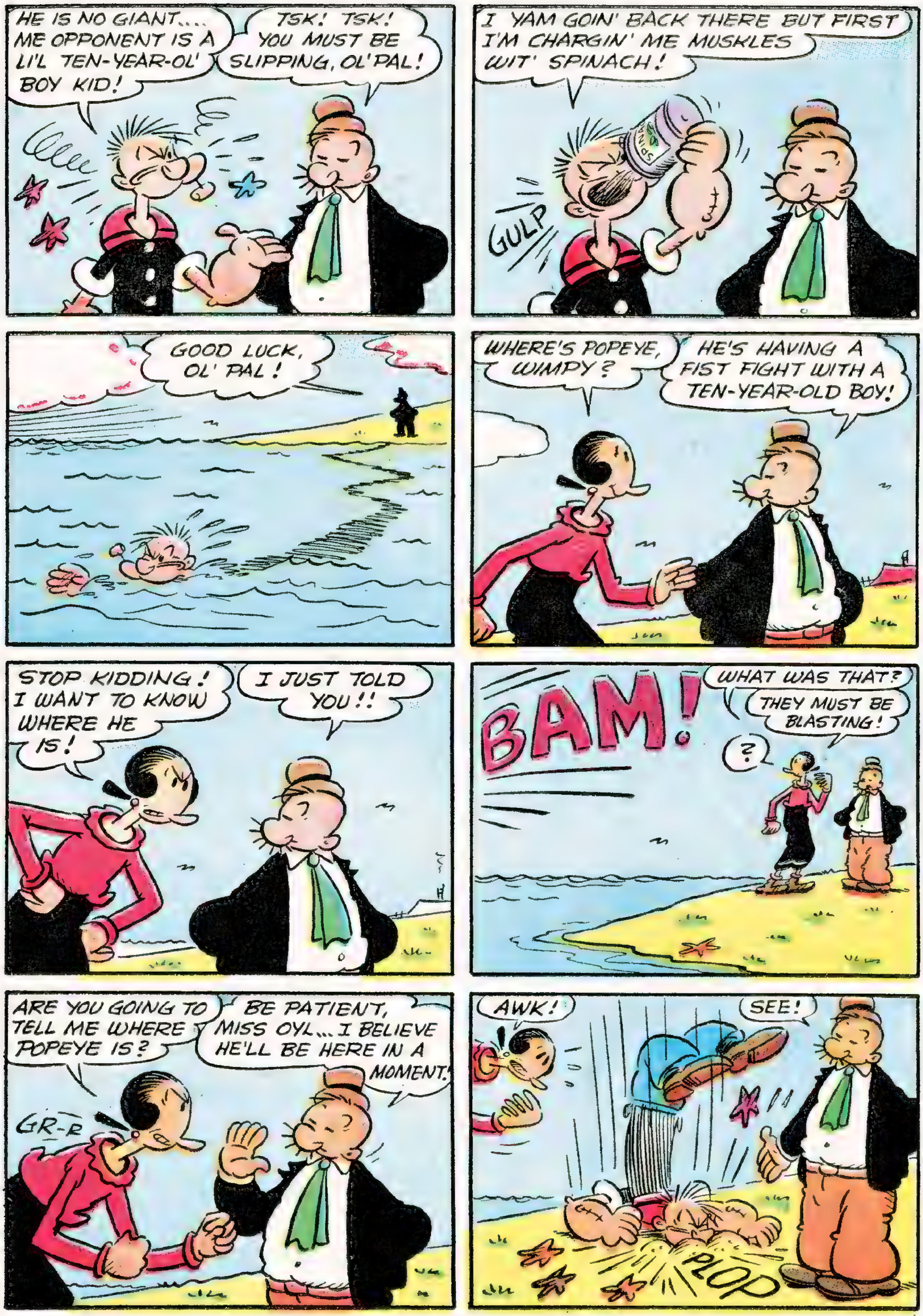

HINKLE'S A COWARD! HINKLE'S A COWARD!
PARDON ME A MOMENT, POPEYE!
?
SPLAT! BAM!
!
?
CRACK! SPLAT!
YOU'LL HAVE TO EXCUSE MY BROTHERS, I SENT THEM BACK TO OUR SHIP!!
NOW WE CAN TALK ABOUT MY COUNTRY'S BIG TROUBLE!
OUR ISLAND IS FACED WITH A WAR WITH THE NASTY ISLAND OF BOOLA AND OUR COWARDLY KING TOOK A POWDER!
WAR!
?
BUT WHY DID HE RUN AWAY? KINGS DON'T GIT HURTED IN WARS.. KINGS STAY HOME AN' LET THE SOLDIERS DO THE FIGHTIN'!
?
?
GOOD HEAVENS!! WE DON'T USE SOLDIERS!! OUR KINGS FIGHT FOR US...THEY HAVE TO EARN THEIR KEEP SOME WAY!
WHEN WAR IS DECLARED, OUR KING FIGHTS THE KING OF BOOLA ... IF HE LOSES, WE HAVE TO PAY BOOLA TEN MILLION ZOOPLAS...
WOW!
OUR KING HAS FOUGHT TWENTY WARS AND HE'S LOST TWENTY WARS! HE'S TIRED OF GETTING BEAT UP SO HE RAN AWAY!!


WITH OUR COWARDLY KING SCARED TO FIGHT WE'LL LOSE THIS WAR AND WE CAN'T AFFORD TO LOSE AGAIN!
HM!
YOU HAS COMED TO ME FER HELP SO I WILL TELL YOU WHAT TO DO!
YES! YES! YES!
YES!
YES!
IT IS ALL VERY SIMPLE!
YA FINDS A NEW KING WHAT IS BRAVE AN' YA SEND HIM OUT TA SMASH THE BULLY KING OF BOOLA!
?
HM?
?
?
THAT'S A WONDERFUL SOLUTION, POPEYE!
HEY! WHATCHA DOIN' WIT' ME CAP?
PLOP!
HAIL TO KING POPEYE!!
?
?
NICE, ISN'T IT?
OKAY... BECAUSE I HATES BULLIES AN' MONSKERS I WILL TAKE THE JOB OF FIGHTIN' THE KING OF BOOLA!
HOORAY!

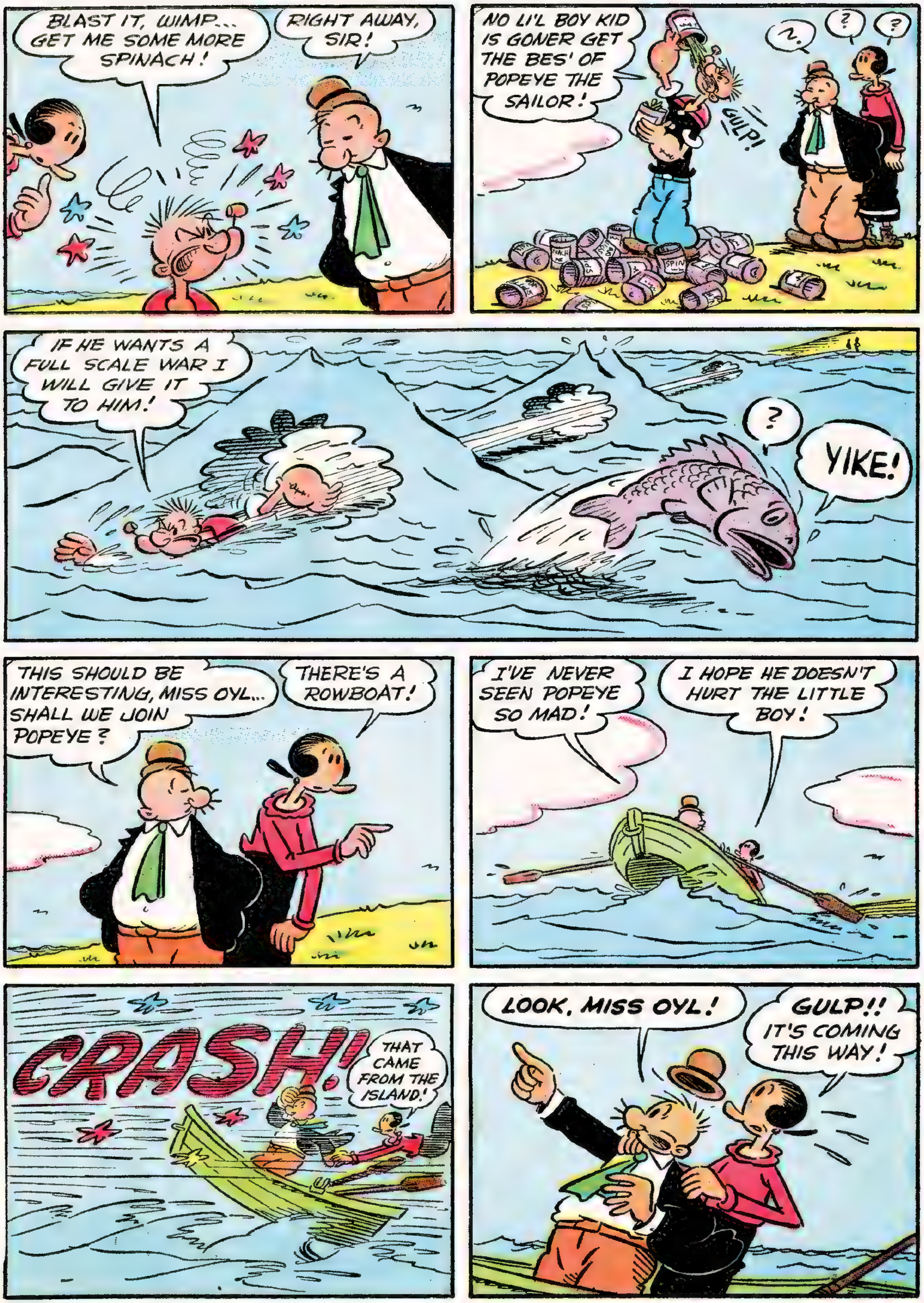

A WEEK LATER FINDS POPEYE AND HIS FRIENDS ARRIVING AT THE ISLAND COUNTRY OF MOOLA
MY, WHAT A LOVELY ISLAND!
I TRUST THEY HAVE GOOD COOKS HERE!
COME ON... LE'S FIND THE ROYAL PALACE!
MOOLA
AHOY, HERE I YAM.... LE'S START THE WAR!
POPEYE!
YOU ARRIVED JUST IN TIME.... BOOLA DECLARED WAR THIS MORNING! YOU'LL HAVE TO LEAVE IMMEDIATELY FOR FISTICUFF ISLAND!
FISTICUFF?
?
?
?
WE HOLD ALL OF OUR WARS ON THAT LITTLE ISLAND BETWEEN OUR TWO COUNTRIES!
BOOLA
FISTICUFF ISLAND
MOOLA
MOOLA AND BOOLA
PLEASE WIN THIS WAR... IF WE LOSE AND CAN'T PAY, WE'LL BECOME SLAVES TO THAT HORRIBLE MONSTER KING OF BOOLA!
I'LL DO ME BES'!
BLOW ME DOWN... I FEELS LIKE AN ARMY!
ATTENTION!! FORWARD MARCH! TRAMP! TRAMP!

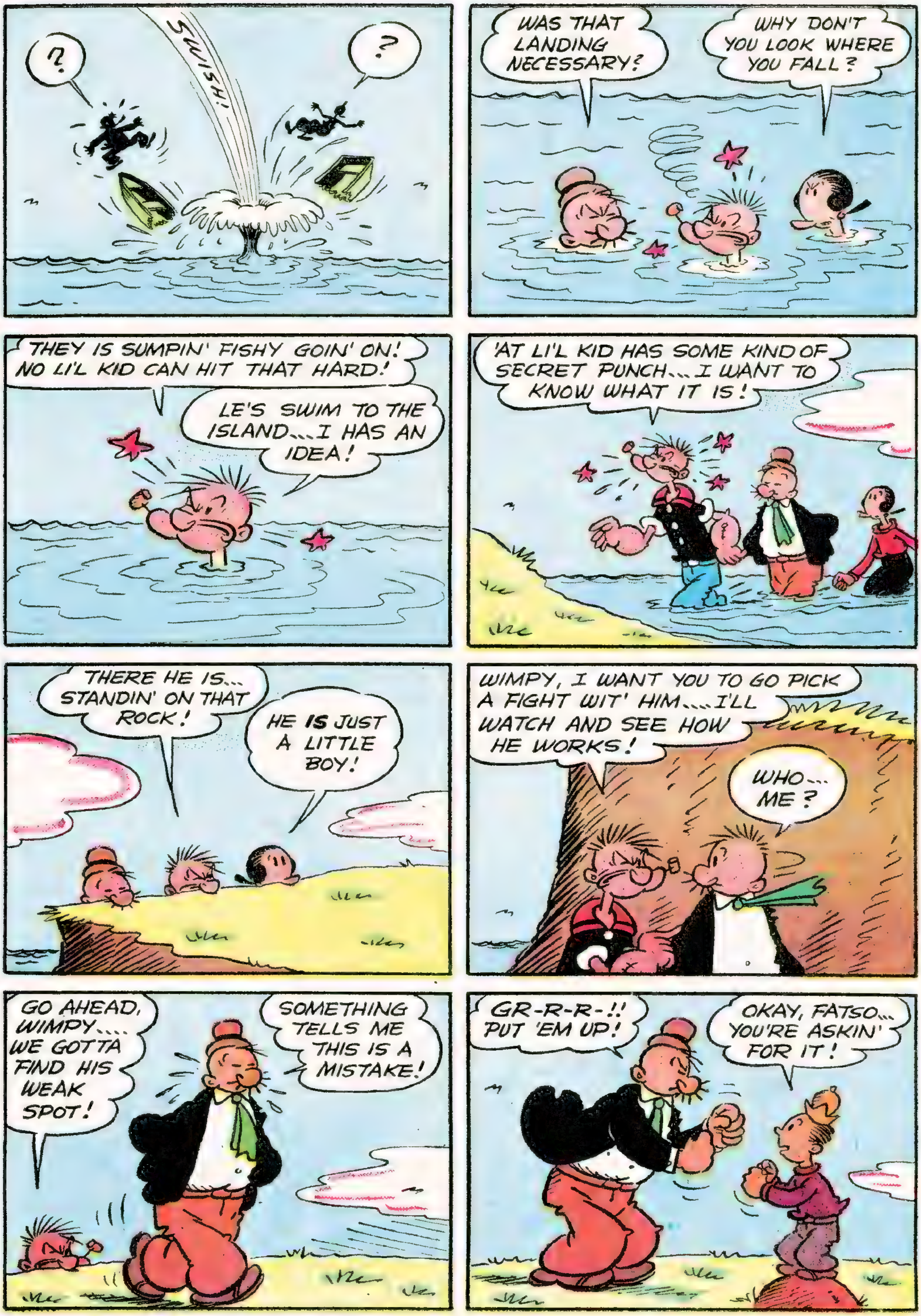

YOO-HOO! POPEYE!
WHERE ARE YOU GOING?
I YAM ORF TO FIGHT A WAR!
DON'T YOU THINK YOU SHOULD HAVE A SPOT OF SPINACH BEFORE YOU FIGHT?
PHOOEY!! I YAM ONLY FIGHTIN' ONE MONSKER ..... SAVE THE SPINACH UNTIL I HAS TA FIGHT A WHOLE ARMY!
HM? THIS MUST BE THE PLACE ... I WONDER IF THE HORRIBLE KING IS HERE YET?
AHOY!! AHOY!!! ANYONE HERE?
HERE I AM!! I'M WAITING FOR YOU!
I WILL FINISH THIS WAR IN A HURRY SO I KIN GET HOME IN TIME FER LUNCH!
WHA--TH--? WELL, BLOW ME DOWN!
STOP STALLING... LET'S FIGHT!
?
?

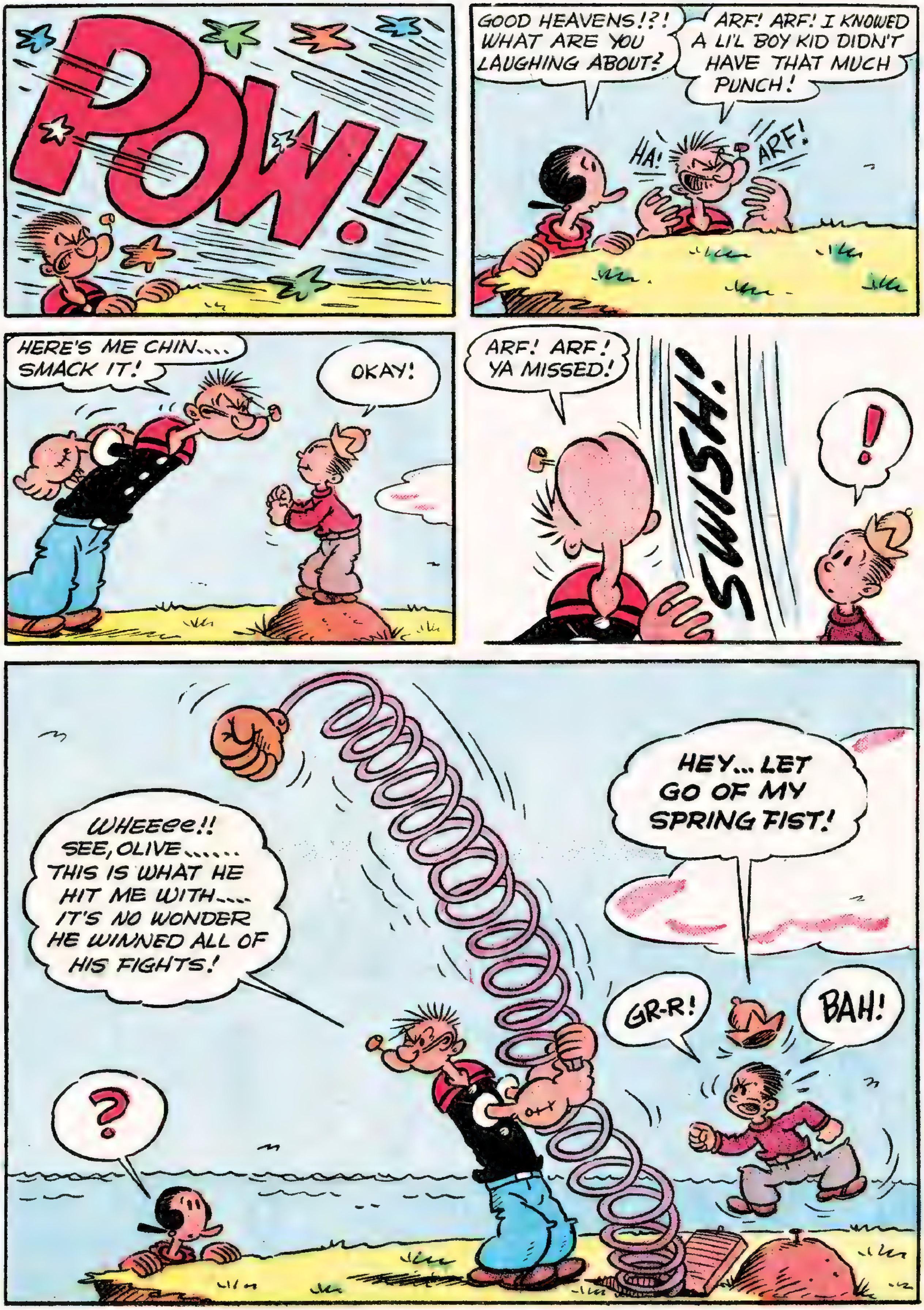

-ER-IS YOU THE MONSTER I IS SUSPOSED TO FIGHT?
?
YEAH...COME ON.. LET'S MIX IT UP!
ARF! ARF! THIS IS THE FUNNIEST THING THAT HAS EVER HAPPINGED TO ME! ARF! ARF!
ARF!
?
?
?
?
?
I KIN NOT FIGHT YOU... YER A LI'L BOY KID AN' I LIKES LI'L BOY KIDS!
OH, YEAH! LEAN OVER HERE AND I'LL LET YOU IN ON A SECRET!
OH, GOODIE.... I LOVES SECRETS!
COME A LITTLE CLOSER!
POW!
?
HA! HA! HA! HA!
GOOD HEAVENS!? IS THE WAR OVER SO SOON!?
?
UGH!! I DON'T GET IT? 'AT'S THE HARDEST PUNCH I HAS EVER TOOKED!
YOUR OPPONENT MUST BE A GIANT!

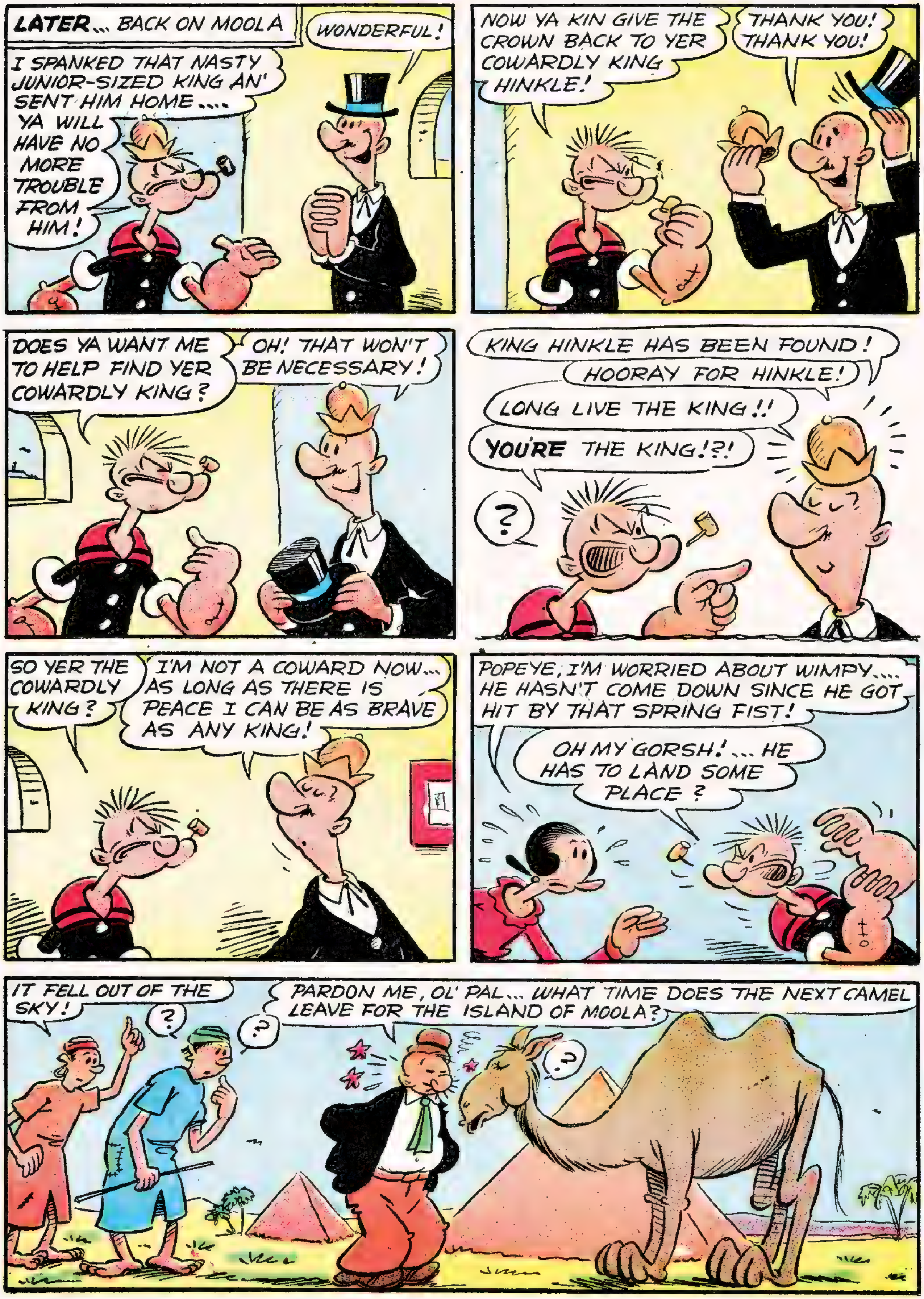


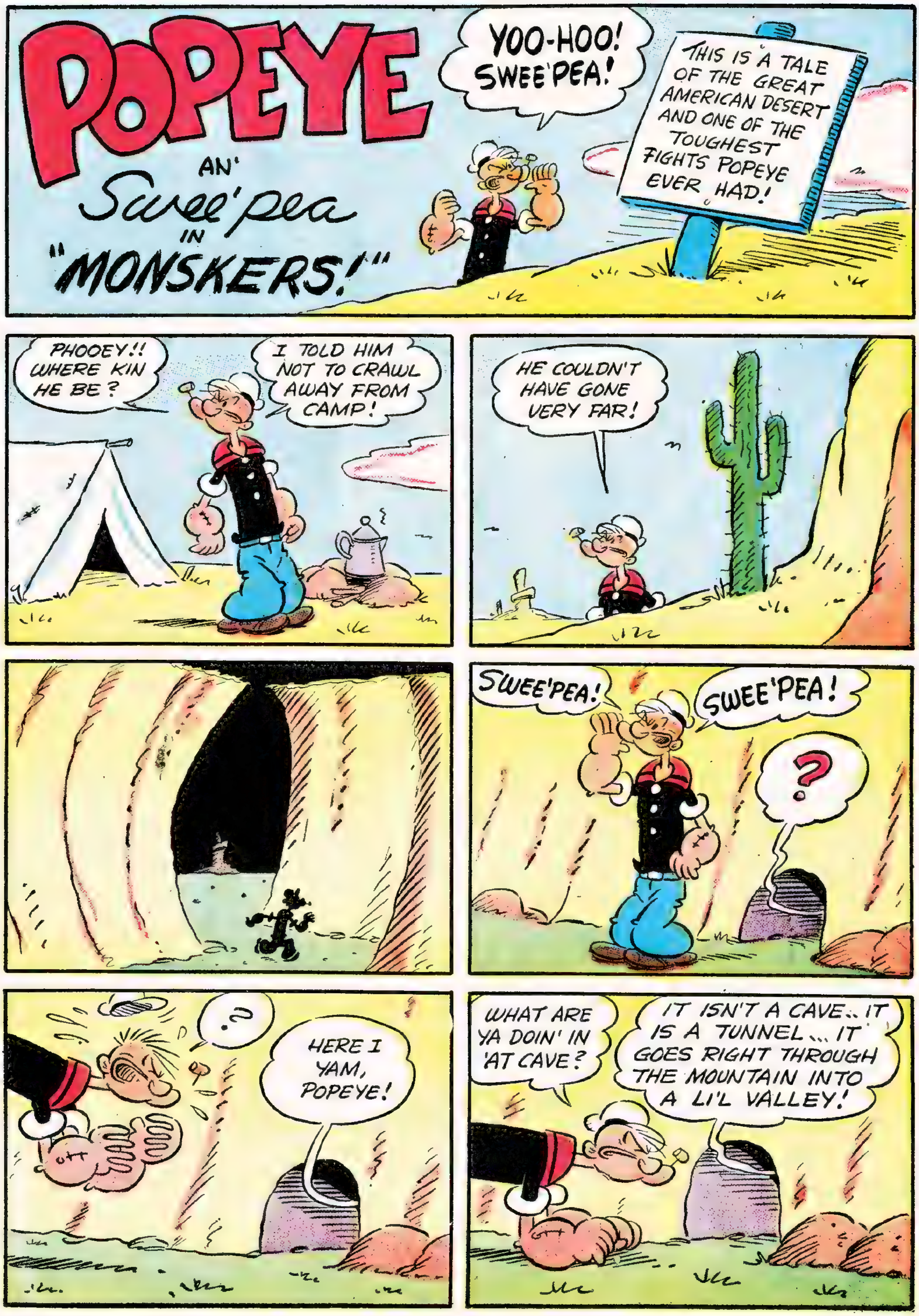
HE IS NO GIANT.... ME OPPONENT IS A LI'L TEN-YEAR-OL' BOY KID!
TSK! TSK! YOU MUST BE SLIPPING, OL' PAL!
I YAM GOIN' BACK THERE BUT FIRST I'M CHARGIN' ME MUSKLES WIT' SPINACH!
GULP
GOOD LUCK, OL' PAL!
WHERE'S POPEYE, WIMPY?
HE'S HAVING A FIST FIGHT WITH A TEN-YEAR-OLD BOY!
STOP KIDDING! I WANT TO KNOW WHERE HE IS!
I JUST TOLD YOU!!
BAM!
WHAT WAS THAT?
THEY MUST BE BLASTING!
?
ARE YOU GOING TO TELL ME WHERE POPEYE IS?
BE PATIENT, MISS OYL... I BELIEVE HE'LL BE HERE IN A MOMENT.
GR-R
AWK!
SEE!
PLOP

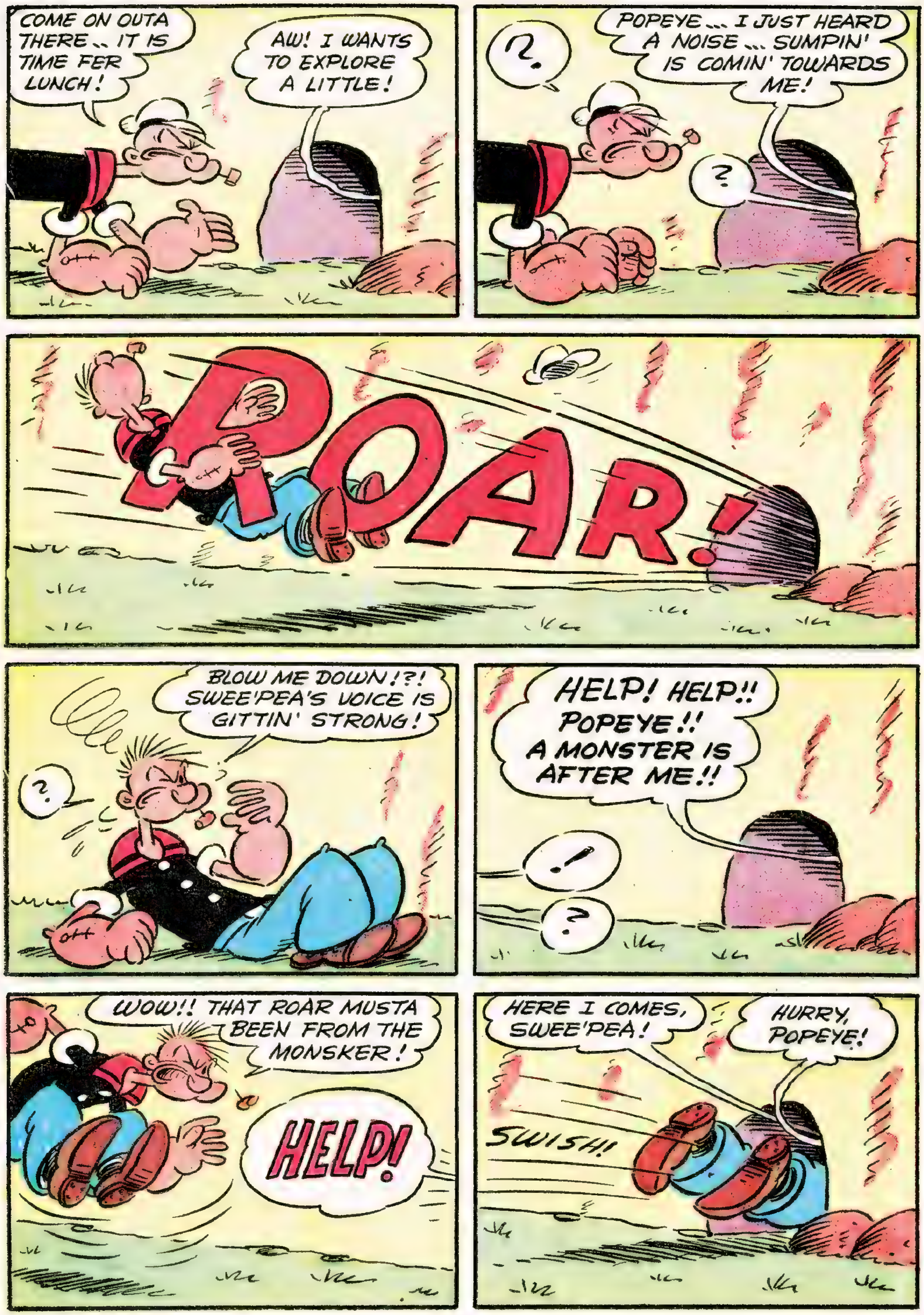

BLAST IT, WIMP... GET ME SOME MORE SPINACH!
RIGHT AWAY, SIR!
NO LI'L BOY KID IS GONER GET THE BES' OF POPEYE THE SAILOR!
GULP!
?
?
?
IF HE WANTS A FULL SCALE WAR I WILL GIVE IT TO HIM!
?
YIKE!
THIS SHOULD BE INTERESTING, MISS OYL... SHALL WE JOIN POPEYE?
THERE'S A ROWBOAT!
I'VE NEVER SEEN POPEYE SO MAD!
I HOPE HE DOESN'T HURT THE LITTLE BOY!
CRASH!
THAT CAME FROM THE ISLAND!
LOOK, MISS OYL!
GULP!! IT'S COMING THIS WAY!


?
?
SWISH!
WAS THAT LANDING NECESSARY?
WHY DON'T YOU LOOK WHERE YOU FALL?
THEY IS SUMPIN' FISHY GOIN' ON! NO LI'L KID CAN HIT THAT HARD!
LE'S SWIM TO THE ISLAND....I HAS AN IDEA!
'AT LI'L KID HAS SOME KIND OF SECRET PUNCH....I WANT TO KNOW WHAT IT IS!
THERE HE IS... STANDIN' ON THAT ROCK!
HE IS JUST A LITTLE BOY!
WIMPY, I WANT YOU TO GO PICK A FIGHT WIT' HIM....I'LL WATCH AND SEE HOW HE WORKS!
WHO... ME?
GO AHEAD, WIMPY.... WE GOTTA FIND HIS WEAK SPOT!
SOMETHING TELLS ME THIS IS A MISTAKE!
GR-R-R-!! PUT 'EM UP!
OKAY, FATSO... YOU'RE ASKIN' FOR IT!

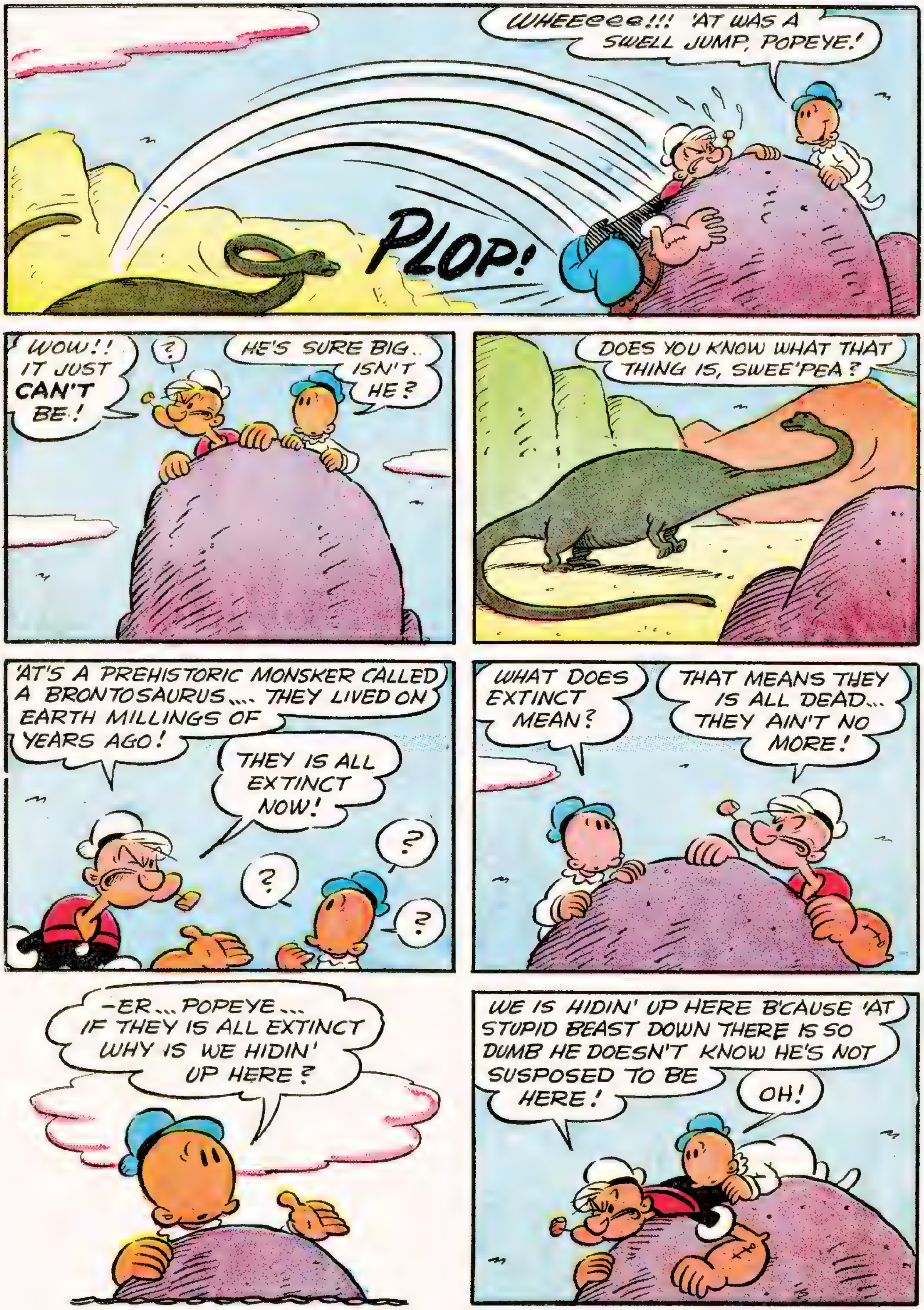

POW!
GOOD HEAVENS!?! WHAT ARE YOU LAUGHING ABOUT?
ARF! ARF! I KNOWED A LI'L BOY KID DIDN'T HAVE THAT MUCH PUNCH!
HA!
ARF!
HERE'S ME CHIN.... SMACK IT!
OKAY!
ARF! ARF! YA MISSED!
SWISH!
!
WHEEEEE!! SEE, OLIVE...... THIS IS WHAT HE HIT ME WITH.... IT'S NO WONDER HE WINNED ALL OF HIS FIGHTS!
HEY... LET GO OF MY SPRING FIST!
?
GR-R!
BAH!

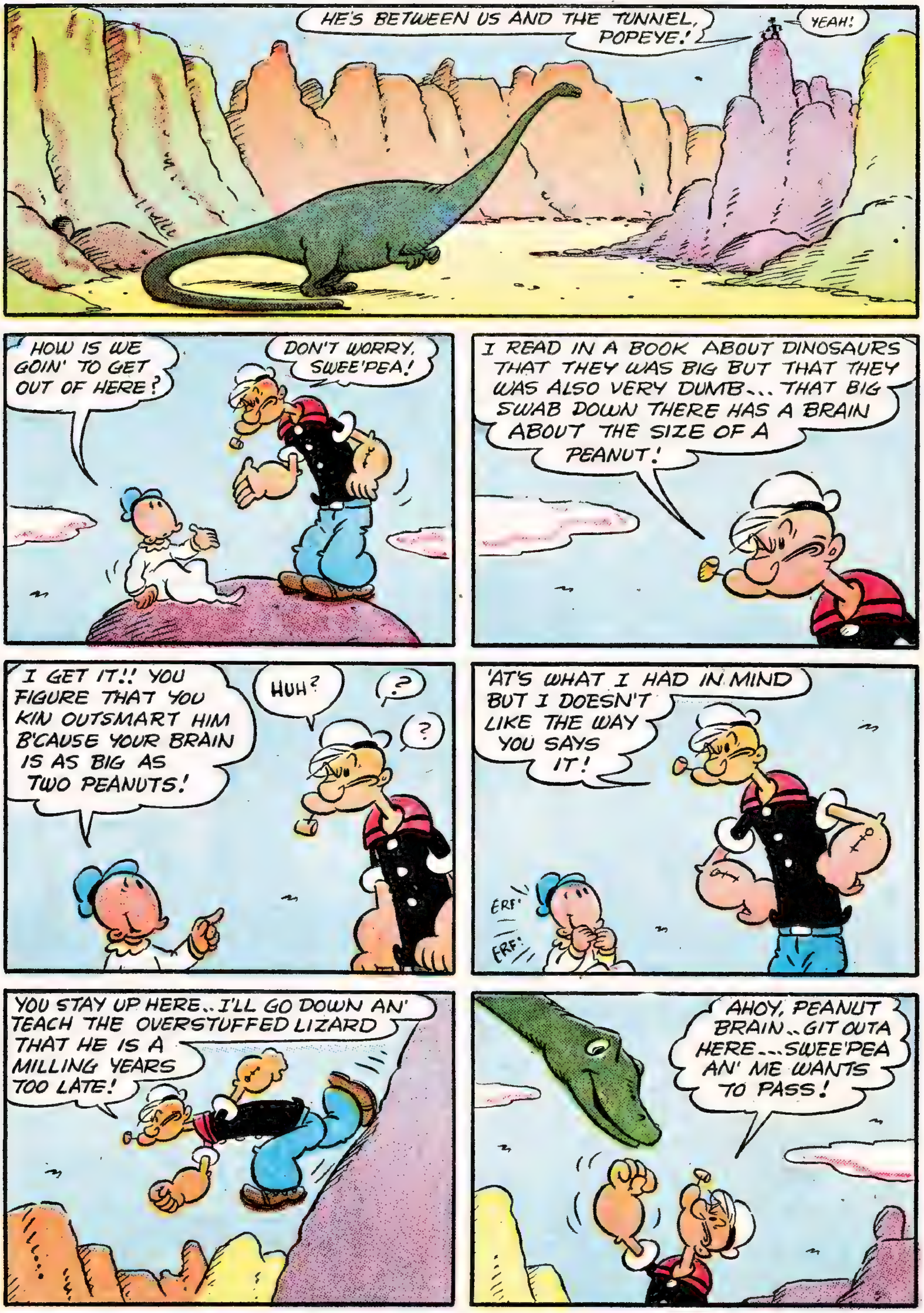

LATER... BACK ON MOOLA
I SPANKED THAT NASTY JUNIOR-SIZED KING AN' SENT HIM HOME.... YA WILL HAVE NO MORE TROUBLE FROM HIM!
WONDERFUL!
NOW YA KIN GIVE THE CROWN BACK TO YER COWARDLY KING HINKLE!
THANK YOU! THANK YOU!
DOES YA WANT ME TO HELP FIND YER COWARDLY KING?
OH! THAT WON'T BE NECESSARY!
KING HINKLE HAS BEEN FOUND!
HOORAY FOR HINKLE!
LONG LIVE THE KING!!
YOU'RE THE KING!?!
?
SO YER THE COWARDLY KING?
I'M NOT A COWARD NOW... AS LONG AS THERE IS PEACE I CAN BE AS BRAVE AS ANY KING!
POPEYE, I'M WORRIED ABOUT WIMPY.... HE HASN'T COME DOWN SINCE HE GOT HIT BY THAT SPRING FIST!
OH MY GORSH!... HE HAS TO LAND SOME PLACE?
IT FELL OUT OF THE SKY!
?
?
PARDON ME, OL' PAL... WHAT TIME DOES THE NEXT CAMEL LEAVE FOR THE ISLAND OF MOOLA?
?

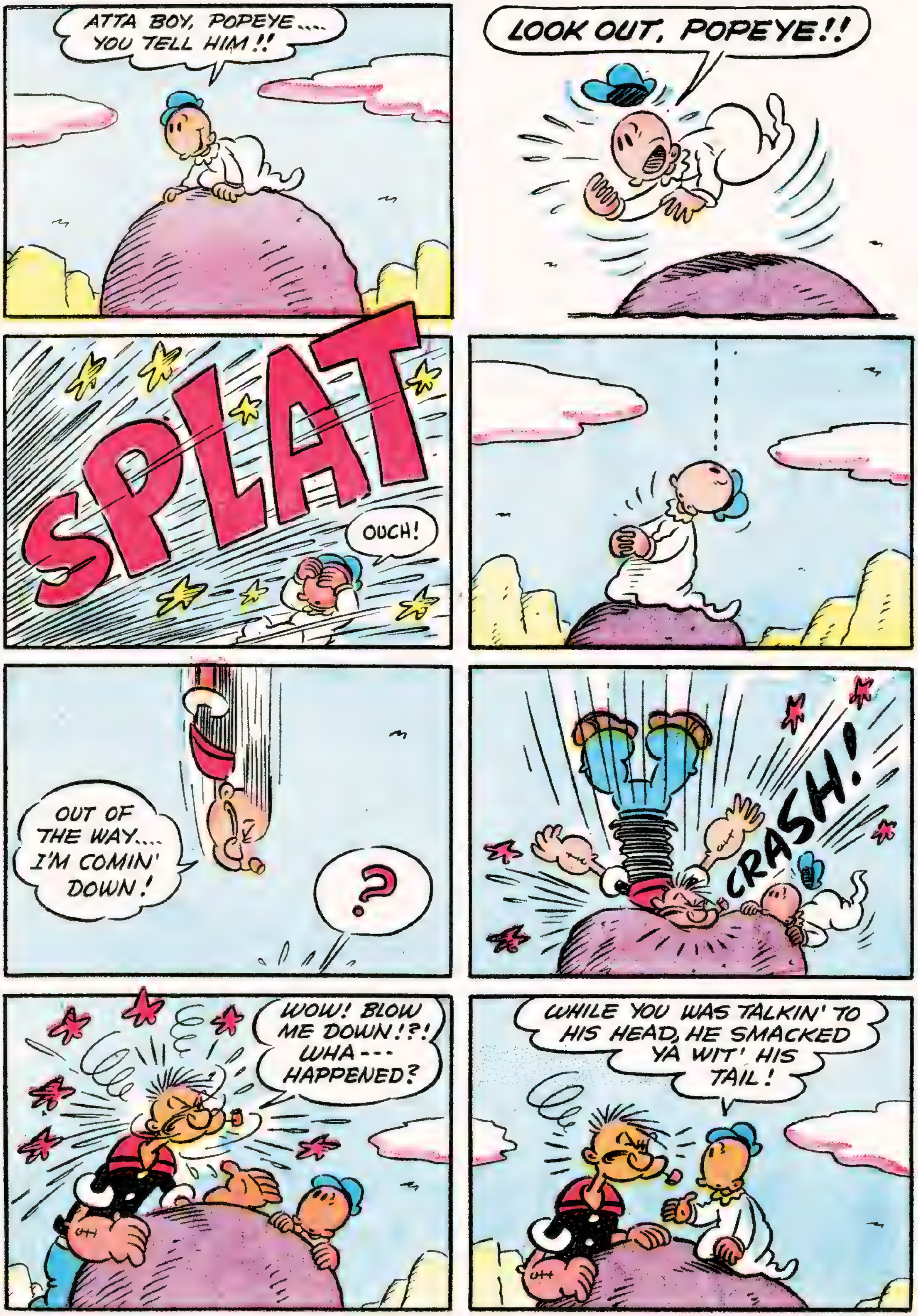

POPEYE
AN' Swee'pea IN "MONSKERS!"
YOO-HOO! SWEE'PEA!
THIS IS A TALE OF THE GREAT AMERICAN DESERT AND ONE OF THE TOUGHEST FIGHTS POPEYE EVER HAD!
PHOOEY!! WHERE KIN HE BE?
I TOLD HIM NOT TO CRAWL AWAY FROM CAMP!
HE COULDN'T HAVE GONE VERY FAR!
SWEE'PEA!
SWEE'PEA!
?
?
HERE I YAM, POPEYE!
WHAT ARE YA DOIN' IN 'AT CAVE?
IT ISN'T A CAVE... IT IS A TUNNEL... IT GOES RIGHT THROUGH THE MOUNTAIN INTO A LI'L VALLEY!


COME ON OUTA THERE... IT IS TIME FER LUNCH!
AW! I WANTS TO EXPLORE A LITTLE!
POPEYE... I JUST HEARD A NOISE... SUMPIN' IS COMIN' TOWARDS ME!
?
ROAR!
BLOW ME DOWN!?! SWEE'PEA'S VOICE IS GITTIN' STRONG!
?
HELP! HELP!! POPEYE!! A MONSTER IS AFTER ME!!
!
?
WOW!! THAT ROAR MUSTA BEEN FROM THE MONSKER!
HELP!
HERE I COMES, SWEE'PEA!
HURRY, POPEYE!
SWISH!

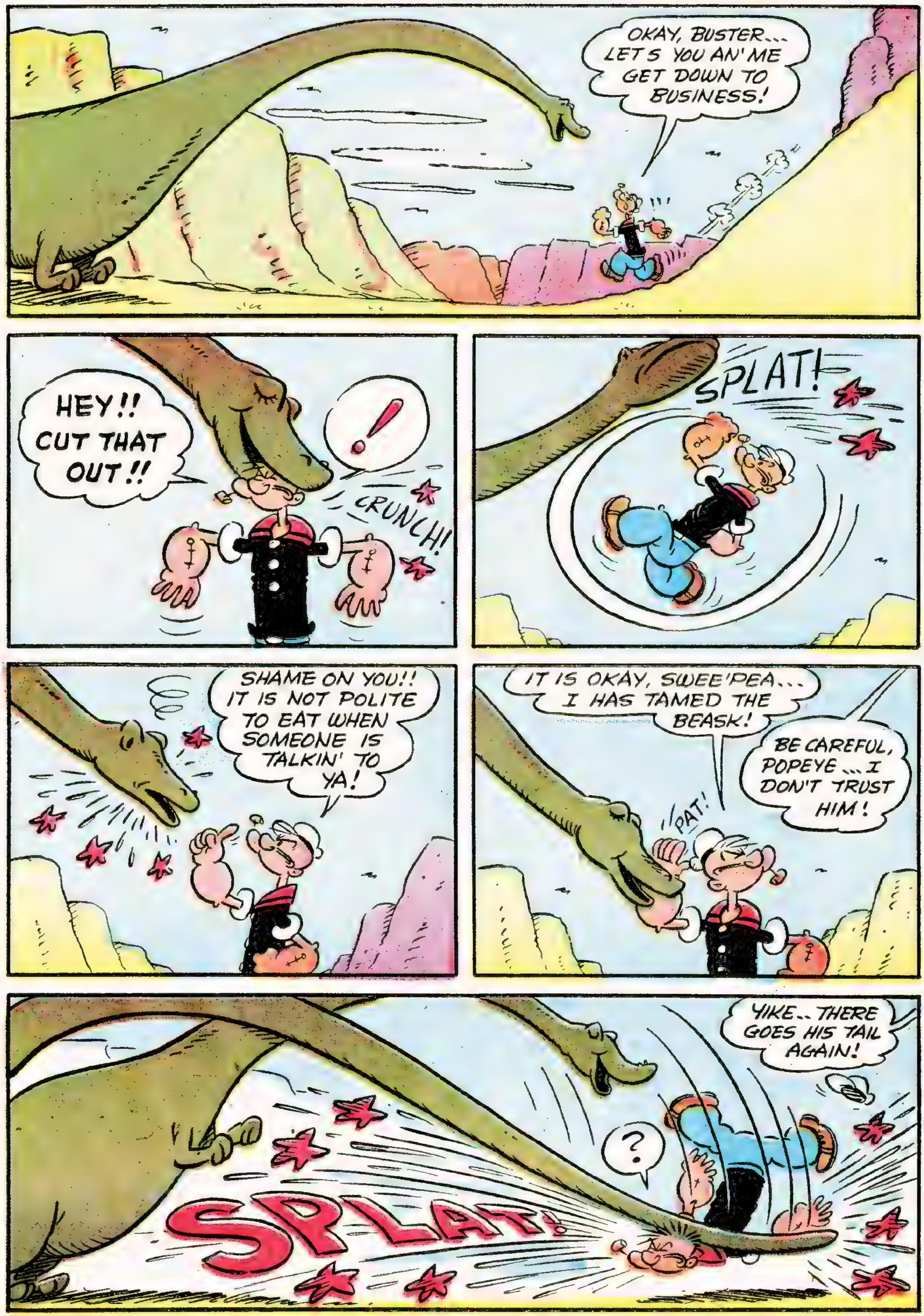
UGH! HOW LONG IS THIS TUNNEL?
HELP! HELP!
AHOY, SWEE'PEA... HERE I YAM!
GULP!?! WHERE IS HE?
HERE I YAM, POPEYE!
?
WHATCHA DOIN' UP THERE?
I'M HIDING FROM THE MONSTER!
OH, YEAH! I THINKS YA IS JUS' KIDDIN' ME!
?
IF THEY IS A MONSKER, WHERE IS IT NOW?
ER...
!
YA IS STANDIN' ON IT, POPEYE!
GULP!
GR-R!


WHEEeeee!!! 'AT WAS A SWELL JUMP, POPEYE!
PLOP!
WOW!! IT JUST CAN'T BE!
?
HE'S SURE BIG.. ISN'T HE?
DOES YOU KNOW WHAT THAT THING IS, SWEE'PEA?
'AT'S A PREHISTORIC MONSKER CALLED A BRONTOSAURUS.... THEY LIVED ON EARTH MILLINGS OF YEARS AGO!
THEY IS ALL EXTINCT NOW!
?
?
?
WHAT DOES EXTINCT MEAN?
THAT MEANS THEY IS ALL DEAD... THEY AIN'T NO MORE!
-ER...POPEYE... IF THEY IS ALL EXTINCT WHY IS WE HIDIN' UP HERE?
WE IS HIDIN' UP HERE B'CAUSE 'AT STUPID BEAST DOWN THERE IS SO DUMB HE DOESN'T KNOW HE'S NOT SUSPOSED TO BE HERE!
OH!

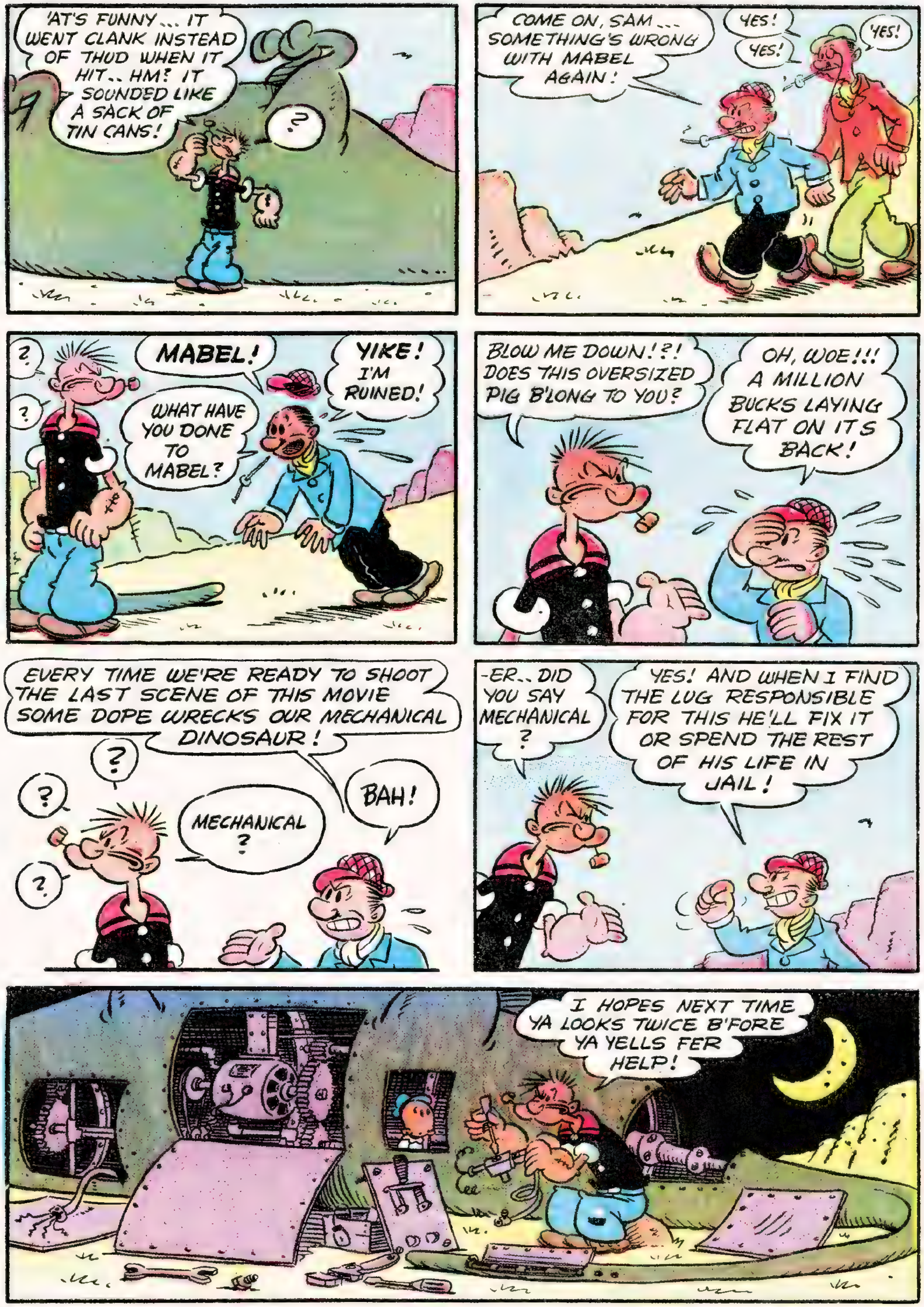

HE'S BETWEEN US AND THE TUNNEL, POPEYE!
YEAH!
HOW IS WE GOIN' TO GET OUT OF HERE?
DON'T WORRY, SWEE'PEA!
I READ IN A BOOK ABOUT DINOSAURS THAT THEY WAS BIG BUT THAT THEY WAS ALSO VERY DUMB... THAT BIG SWAB DOWN THERE HAS A BRAIN ABOUT THE SIZE OF A PEANUT!
I GET IT!! YOU FIGURE THAT YOU KIN OUTSMART HIM B'CAUSE YOUR BRAIN IS AS BIG AS TWO PEANUTS!
HUH?
?
?
'AT'S WHAT I HAD IN MIND BUT I DOESN'T LIKE THE WAY YOU SAYS IT!
ERF!
ERF!
YOU STAY UP HERE.. I'LL GO DOWN AN' TEACH THE OVERSTUFFED LIZARD THAT HE IS A MILLING YEARS TOO LATE!
AHOY, PEANUT BRAIN.. GIT OUTA HERE... SWEE'PEA AN' ME WANTS TO PASS!


ATTA BOY, POPEYE.... YOU TELL HIM!!
LOOK OUT, POPEYE!!
SPLAT
OUCH!
OUT OF THE WAY.... I'M COMIN' DOWN!
?
CRASH!
WOW! BLOW ME DOWN!?! WHA--- HAPPENED?
WHILE YOU WAS TALKIN' TO HIS HEAD, HE SMACKED YA WIT' HIS TAIL!

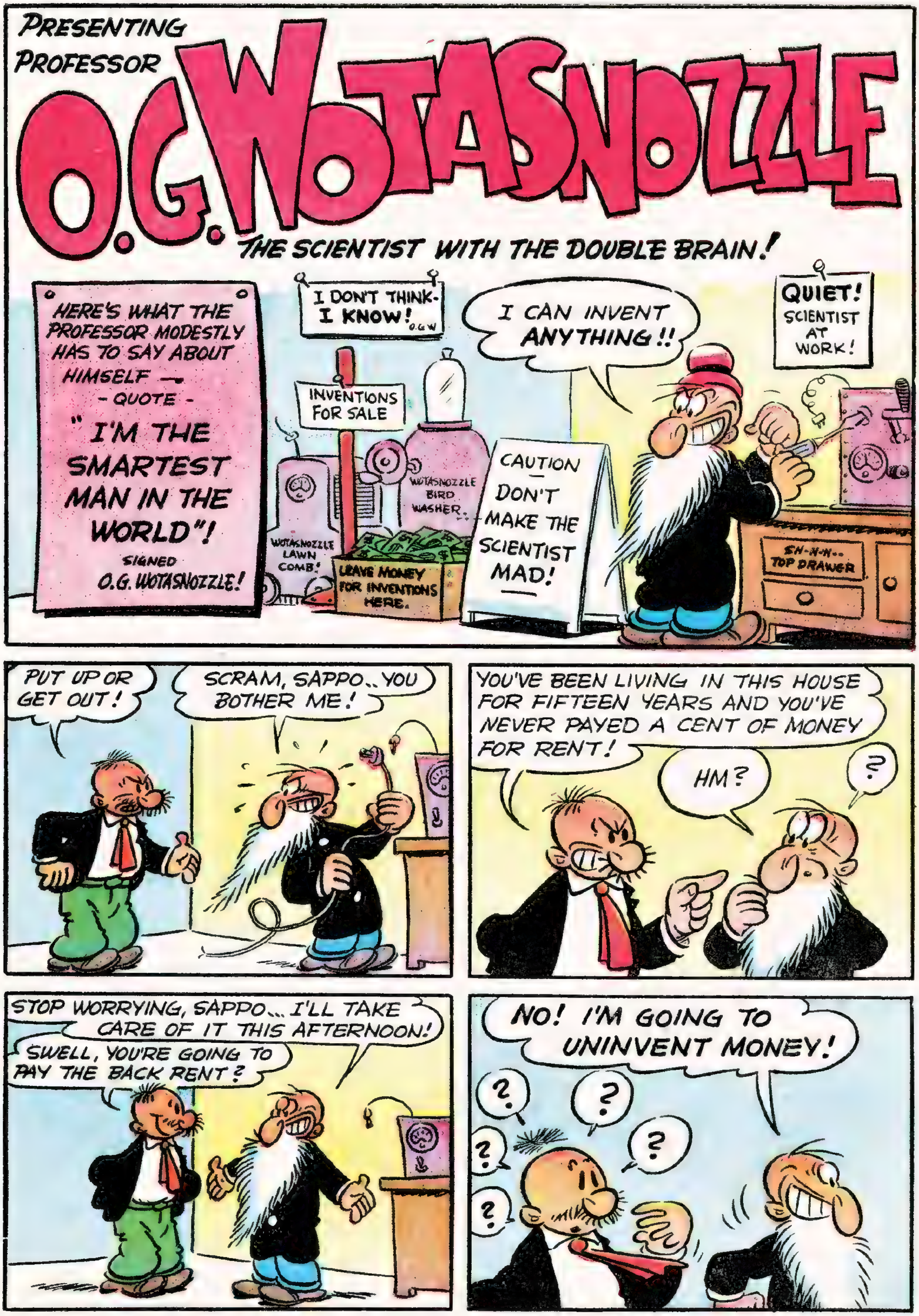
HOW IS WE GOIN' TO GET PAST THAT MONSKER ?
HM?
YEAH! I DOESN'T WANT TO GROW OLD SITTIN' ON THIS ROCK!
FIGHTIN' THAT THING IS A JOB FER SPINACH... BUT WHERE WILL I GET ANY OF THE WEED UP HERE?
!
GEE, POPEYE... I JUST REMEMBERED!
?
I BROUGHT ALONG A SPINACH SANDRICH WHEN I CAME ON ME HIKE!
THEY'S ONLY A COUPLE OF SPRIGS OF SPINACH IN THIS SANDRICH... I HOPE IT'S ENOUGH!
GULP!
HM?
IS IT WORKIN', POPEYE? IS YER MUSKLES GITTIN' SPINACHED UP?
IT ISN'T MUCH BUT IT WILL HAVE TO DO!
GOOD LUCK, POPEYE!

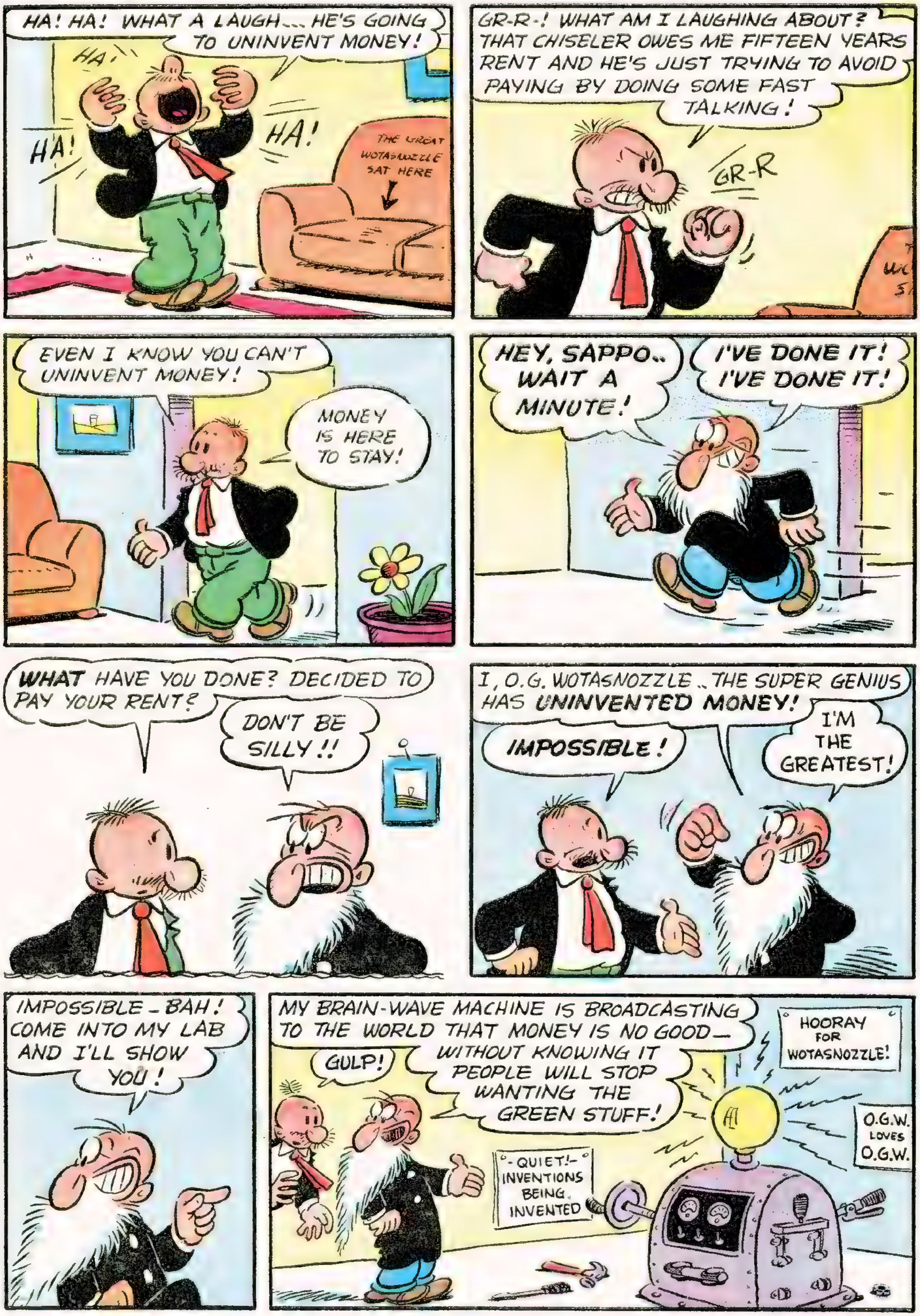

OKAY, BUSTER... LET'S YOU AN' ME GET DOWN TO BUSINESS!
HEY!! CUT THAT OUT!!
!
CRUNCH!
SPLAT!
SHAME ON YOU!! IT IS NOT POLITE TO EAT WHEN SOMEONE IS TALKIN' TO YA!
IT IS OKAY, SWEE'PEA... I HAS TAMED THE BEASK!
PAT!
BE CAREFUL, POPEYE... I DON'T TRUST HIM!
YIKE.. THERE GOES HIS TAIL AGAIN!
?
SPLAT!

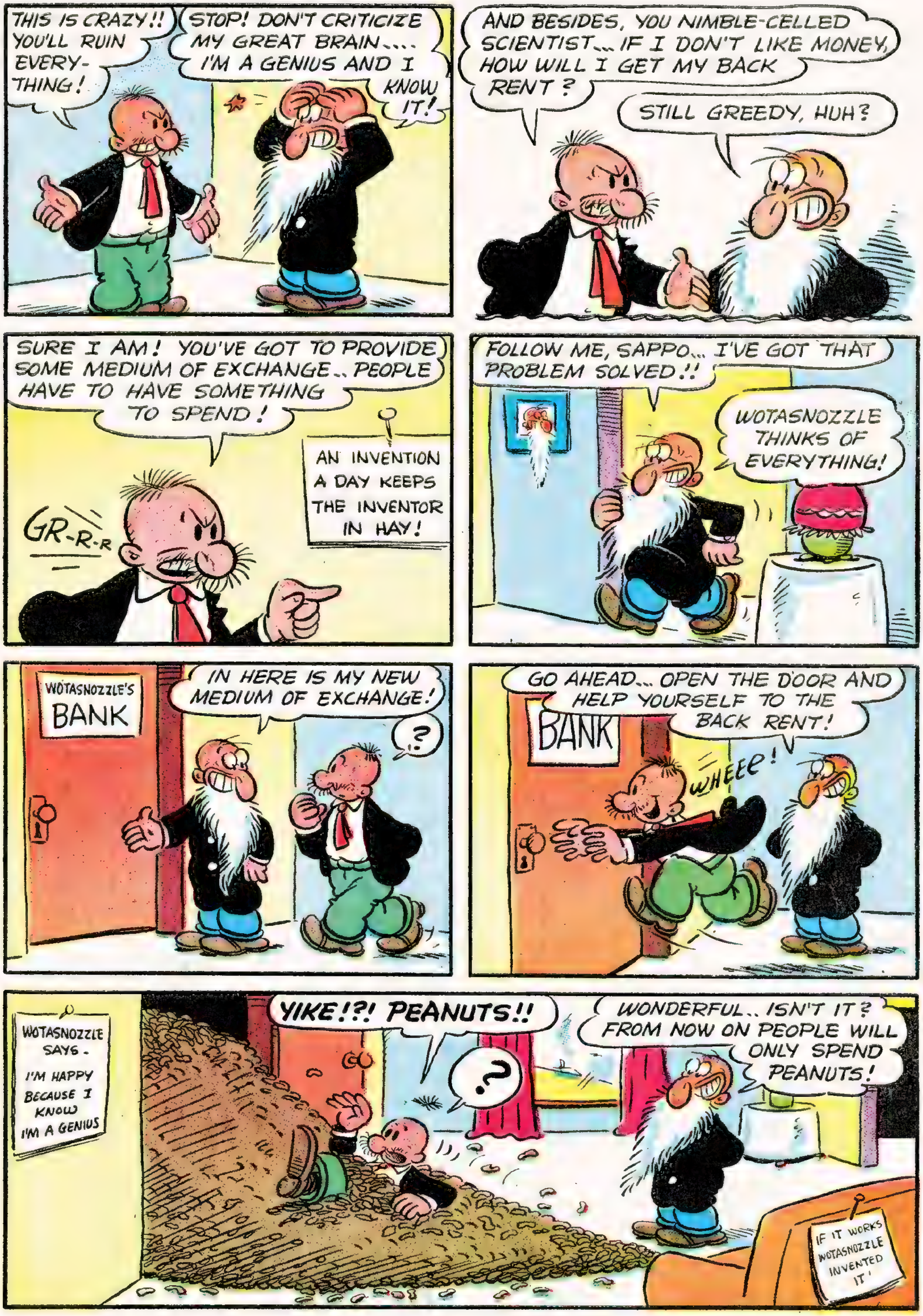
PHOOEY---
'AT DOES IT!
GR-R-R!
CLANK!
?
WHA--TH--?
?



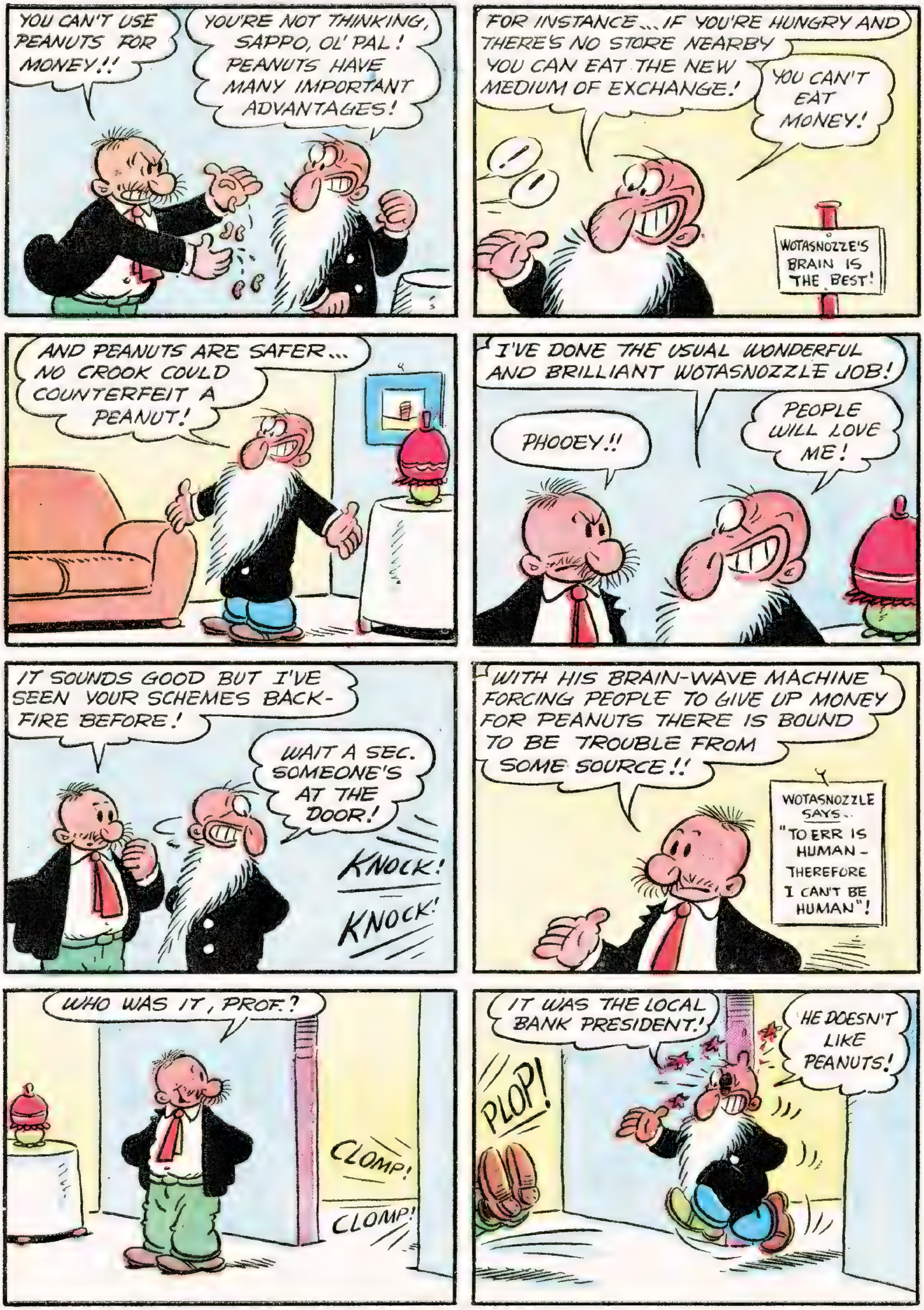
'AT'S FUNNY... IT WENT CLANK INSTEAD OF THUD WHEN IT HIT.. HM? IT SOUNDED LIKE A SACK OF TIN CANS!
?
COME ON, SAM... SOMETHING'S WRONG WITH MABEL AGAIN!
YES!
YES!
YES!
?
?
MABEL!
WHAT HAVE YOU DONE TO MABEL?
YIKE! I'M RUINED!
BLOW ME DOWN!?! DOES THIS OVERSIZED PIG B'LONG TO YOU?
OH, WOE!!! A MILLION BUCKS LAYING FLAT ON ITS BACK!
EVERY TIME WE'RE READY TO SHOOT THE LAST SCENE OF THIS MOVIE SOME DOPE WRECKS OUR MECHANICAL DINOSAUR!
?
?
?
MECHANICAL?
BAH!
-ER.. DID YOU SAY MECHANICAL?
YES! AND WHEN I FIND THE LUG RESPONSIBLE FOR THIS HE'LL FIX IT OR SPEND THE REST OF HIS LIFE IN JAIL!
I HOPES NEXT TIME YA LOOKS TWICE B'FORE YA YELLS FER HELP!

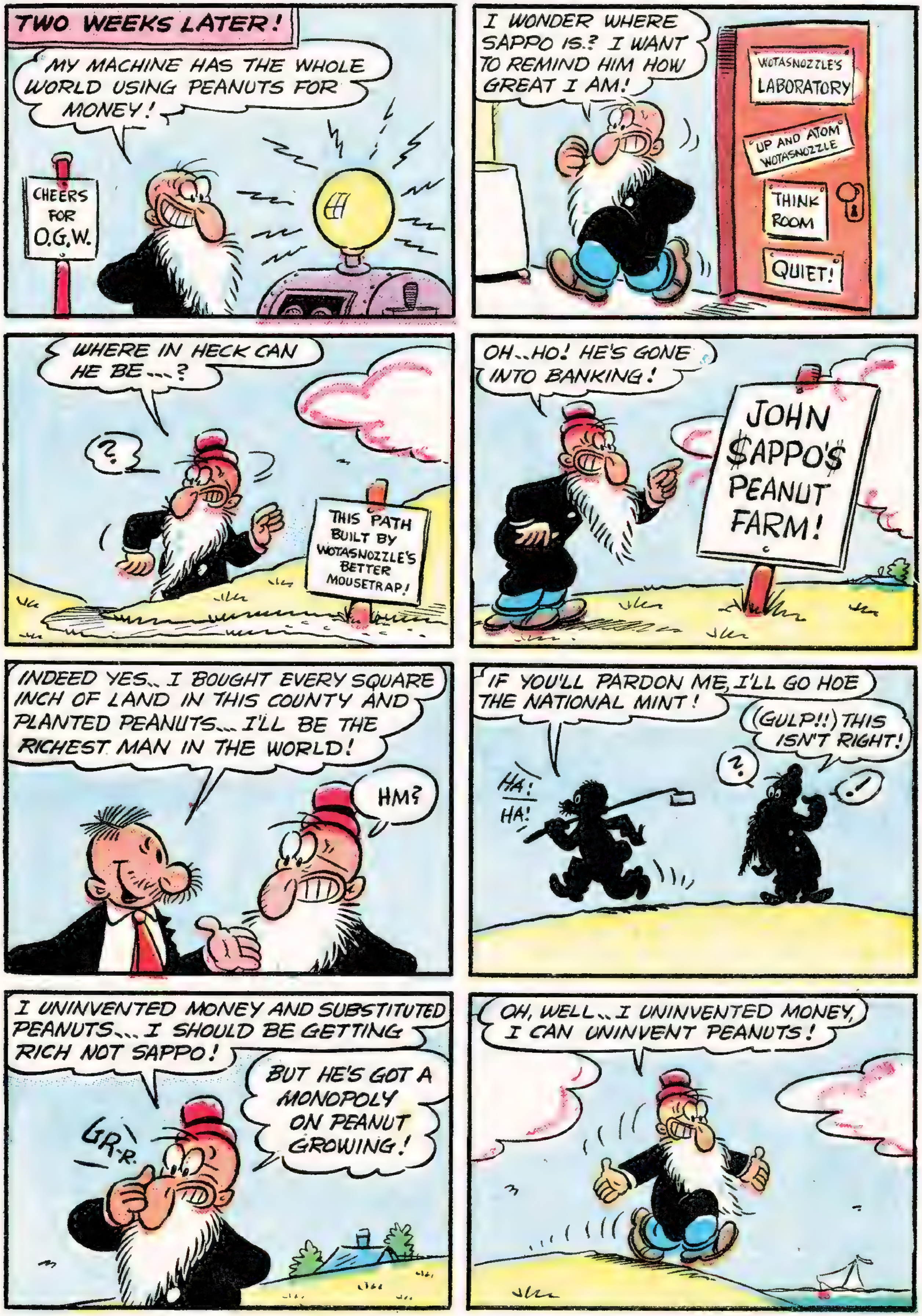

PRESENTING PROFESSOR
O.G. WOTASNOZZLE
THE SCIENTIST WITH THE DOUBLE BRAIN!
HERE'S WHAT THE PROFESSOR MODESTLY HAS TO SAY ABOUT HIMSELF — - QUOTE - "I'M THE SMARTEST MAN IN THE WORLD"! SIGNED O.G. WOTASNOZZLE!
I DON'T THINK. I KNOW! O.G.W.
INVENTIONS FOR SALE
WOTASNOZZLE BIRD WASHER
WOTASNOZZLE LAWN COMB!
LEAVE MONEY FOR INVENTIONS HERE.
CAUTION DON'T MAKE THE SCIENTIST MAD!
I CAN INVENT ANYTHING!!
QUIET! SCIENTIST AT WORK!
SH-H-H.. TOP DRAWER
PUT UP OR GET OUT!
SCRAM, SAPPO.. YOU BOTHER ME!
YOU'VE BEEN LIVING IN THIS HOUSE FOR FIFTEEN YEARS AND YOU'VE NEVER PAYED A CENT OF MONEY FOR RENT!
HM?
?
STOP WORRYING, SAPPO... I'LL TAKE CARE OF IT THIS AFTERNOON!
SWELL, YOU'RE GOING TO PAY THE BACK RENT?
NO! I'M GOING TO UNINVENT MONEY!
?
?
?
?
?


HA! HA! WHAT A LAUGH... HE'S GOING TO UNINVENT MONEY!
HA!
HA!
HA!
THE GREAT WOTASNOZZLE SAT HERE
GR-R-! WHAT AM I LAUGHING ABOUT? THAT CHISELER OWES ME FIFTEEN YEARS RENT AND HE'S JUST TRYING TO AVOID PAYING BY DOING SOME FAST TALKING!
GR-R
EVEN I KNOW YOU CAN'T UNINVENT MONEY!
MONEY IS HERE TO STAY!
HEY, SAPPO.. WAIT A MINUTE!
I'VE DONE IT! I'VE DONE IT!
WHAT HAVE YOU DONE? DECIDED TO PAY YOUR RENT?
DON'T BE SILLY!!
I, O.G. WOTASNOZZLE.. THE SUPER GENIUS HAS UNINVENTED MONEY!
IMPOSSIBLE!
I'M THE GREATEST!
IMPOSSIBLE - BAH! COME INTO MY LAB AND I'LL SHOW YOU!
MY BRAIN-WAVE MACHINE IS BROADCASTING TO THE WORLD THAT MONEY IS NO GOOD—
HOORAY FOR WOTASNOZZLE!
GULP!
WITHOUT KNOWING IT PEOPLE WILL STOP WANTING THE GREEN STUFF!
O.G.W. LOVES O.G.W.
-QUIET!- INVENTIONS BEING INVENTED

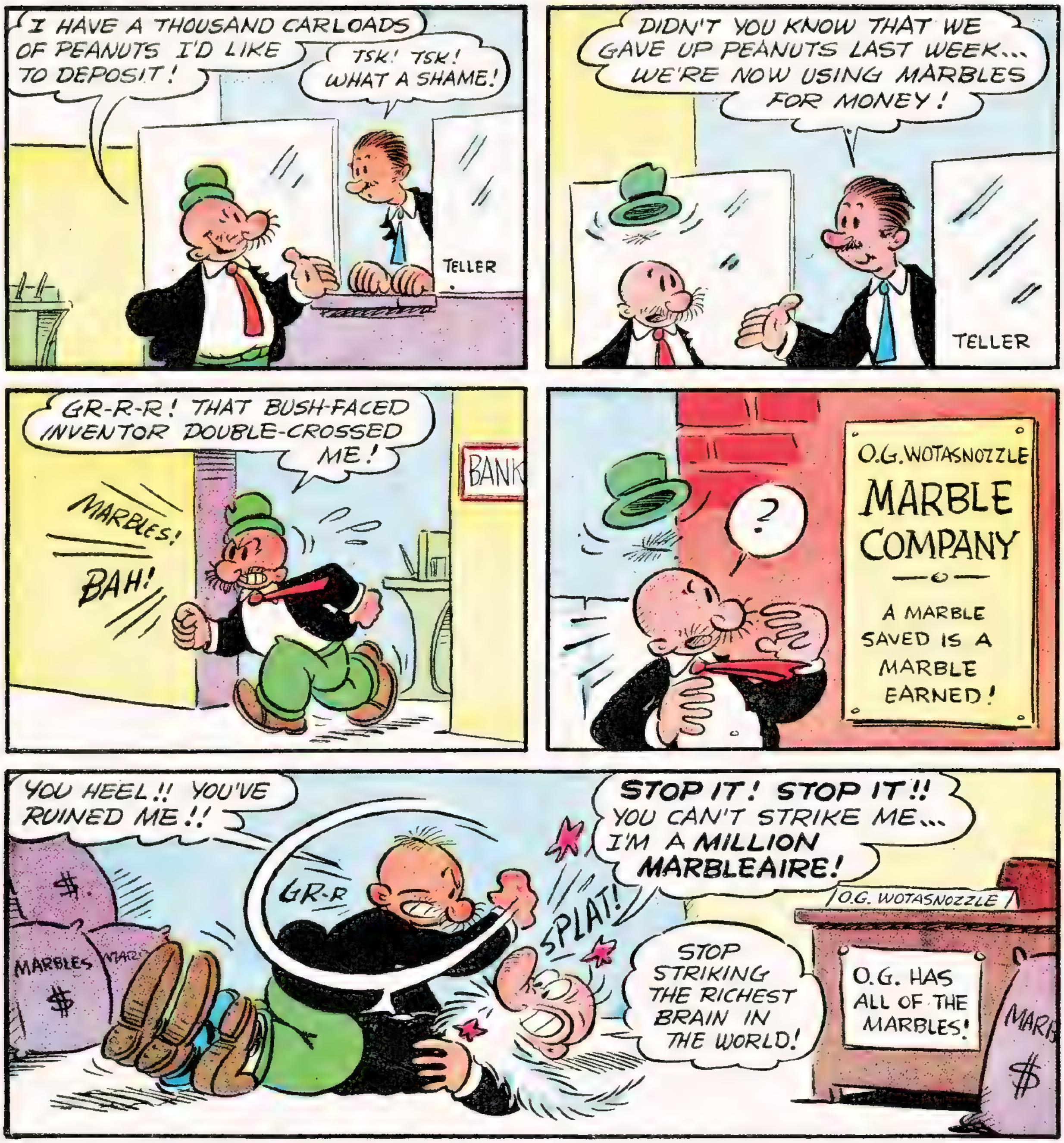


THIS IS CRAZY!! YOU'LL RUIN EVERY-THING!
STOP! DON'T CRITICIZE MY GREAT BRAIN.... I'M A GENIUS AND I KNOW IT!
AND BESIDES, YOU NIMBLE-CELLED SCIENTIST... IF I DON'T LIKE MONEY, HOW WILL I GET MY BACK RENT?
STILL GREEDY, HUH?
SURE I AM! YOU'VE GOT TO PROVIDE SOME MEDIUM OF EXCHANGE.. PEOPLE HAVE TO HAVE SOMETHING TO SPEND!
AN INVENTION A DAY KEEPS THE INVENTOR IN HAY!
GR-R-R
FOLLOW ME, SAPPO... I'VE GOT THAT PROBLEM SOLVED!!
WOTASNOZZLE THINKS OF EVERYTHING!
WOTASNOZZLE'S BANK
IN HERE IS MY NEW MEDIUM OF EXCHANGE!
?
GO AHEAD... OPEN THE DOOR AND HELP YOURSELF TO THE BACK RENT!
BANK
WHEEE!
WOTASNOZZLE SAYS - I'M HAPPY BECAUSE I KNOW I'M A GENIUS
YIKE!?! PEANUTS!!
?
WONDERFUL.. ISN'T IT? FROM NOW ON PEOPLE WILL ONLY SPEND PEANUTS!
IF IT WORKS WOTASNOZZLE INVENTED IT

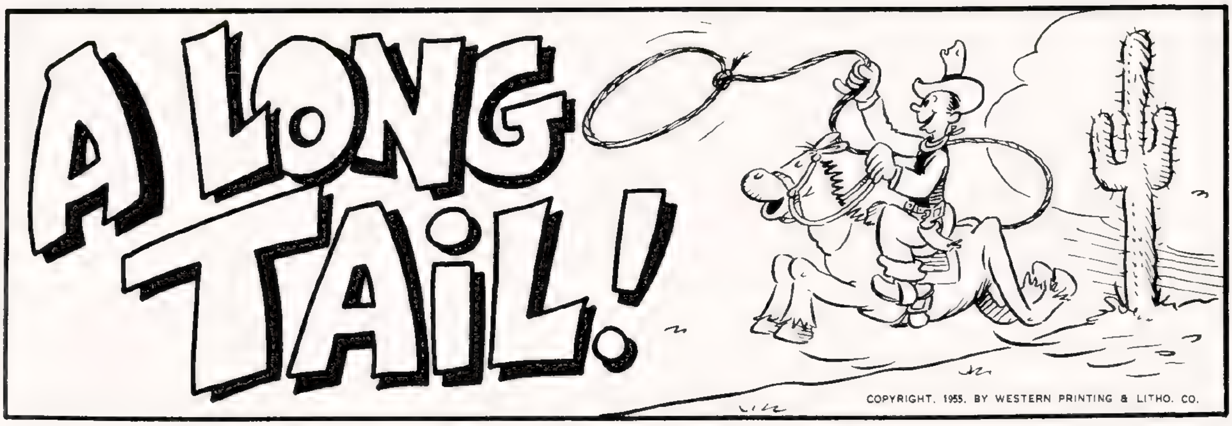

YOU CAN'T USE PEANUTS FOR MONEY!!
YOU'RE NOT THINKING, SAPPO, OL' PAL! PEANUTS HAVE MANY IMPORTANT ADVANTAGES!
FOR INSTANCE... IF YOU'RE HUNGRY AND THERE'S NO STORE NEARBY YOU CAN EAT THE NEW MEDIUM OF EXCHANGE!
YOU CAN'T EAT MONEY!
WOTASNOZZLE'S BRAIN IS THE BEST!
AND PEANUTS ARE SAFER... NO CROOK COULD COUNTERFEIT A PEANUT!
I'VE DONE THE USUAL WONDERFUL AND BRILLIANT WOTASNOZZLE JOB!
PHOOEY!!
PEOPLE WILL LOVE ME!
IT SOUNDS GOOD BUT I'VE SEEN YOUR SCHEMES BACK-FIRE BEFORE!
WAIT A SEC. SOMEONE'S AT THE DOOR!
KNOCK!
KNOCK!
WITH HIS BRAIN-WAVE MACHINE FORCING PEOPLE TO GIVE UP MONEY FOR PEANUTS THERE IS BOUND TO BE TROUBLE FROM SOME SOURCE!!
WOTASNOZZLE SAYS.. "TO ERR IS HUMAN - THEREFORE I CAN'T BE HUMAN"!
WHO WAS IT, PROF.?
CLOMP!
CLOMP!
IT WAS THE LOCAL BANK PRESIDENT!
HE DOESN'T LIKE PEANUTS!
PLOP!



TWO WEEKS LATER!
MY MACHINE HAS THE WHOLE WORLD USING PEANUTS FOR MONEY!
CHEERS FOR O.G.W.
I WONDER WHERE SAPPO IS.? I WANT TO REMIND HIM HOW GREAT I AM!
WOTASNOZZLE'S LABORATORY
UP AND ATOM WOTASNOZZLE
THINK ROOM
QUIET!
WHERE IN HECK CAN HE BE...?
THIS PATH BUILT BY WOTASNOZZLE'S BETTER MOUSETRAP!
OH..HO! HE'S GONE INTO BANKING!
JOHN $APPO'$ PEANUT FARM!
INDEED YES.. I BOUGHT EVERY SQUARE INCH OF LAND IN THIS COUNTY AND PLANTED PEANUTS... I'LL BE THE RICHEST MAN IN THE WORLD!
HM?
IF YOU'LL PARDON ME, I'LL GO HOE THE NATIONAL MINT!
HA! HA!
(GULP!!) THIS ISN'T RIGHT!
I UNINVENTED MONEY AND SUBSTITUTED PEANUTS... I SHOULD BE GETTING RICH NOT SAPPO!
GR-R.
BUT HE'S GOT A MONOPOLY ON PEANUT GROWING!
OH, WELL.. I UNINVENTED MONEY, I CAN UNINVENT PEANUTS!



I HAVE A THOUSAND CARLOADS OF PEANUTS I'D LIKE TO DEPOSIT!
TSK! TSK! WHAT A SHAME!
TELLER
DIDN'T YOU KNOW THAT WE GAVE UP PEANUTS LAST WEEK... WE'RE NOW USING MARBLES FOR MONEY!
TELLER
GR-R-R! THAT BUSH-FACED INVENTOR DOUBLE-CROSSED ME!
BANK
MARBLES! BAH!
?
O.G. WOTASNOZZLE MARBLE COMPANY
A MARBLE SAVED IS A MARBLE EARNED!
YOU HEEL!! YOU'VE RUINED ME!!
STOP IT! STOP IT!! YOU CAN'T STRIKE ME... I'M A **MILLION MARBLEAIRE!**
GR-R
SPLAT!
MARBLES
O.G. WOTASNOZZLE
STOP STRIKING THE RICHEST BRAIN IN THE WORLD!
O.G. HAS ALL OF THE MARBLES!



George was born on the longest day of the year. Perhaps that was the cause of the trouble that was to haunt him through most of his life. George's mother and father were both horses, so it was quite natural that little George should be a horse, too.

He was born on a beautiful summer day and when news of his arrival spread across the plateau, all the horses who lived there gathered to take a look at the new colt. George's mother was very proud; this was her first baby and mothers are always proud of first babies. She wanted everyone to see her lovely child.

"Isn't he the most beautiful colt that has ever lived," George's mother exclaimed, over and over, as each new arrival came up to see the baby.

"Make him stand up," ordered a grumpy old stallion. "Can't tell anything about a colt until he's standing on his legs."

Gently, George's mother nuzzled her baby to awaken him. If they wanted to see her baby standing on his legs, she would see to it that they could. She was quite sure that standing, her baby would be twice as beautiful as he was lying down.

Little George awoke and at his mother's orders tried to stand up. This is always a difficult task for a baby horse and it took several attempts before the young colt could balance himself on the shaky sticks they give young horses for legs.

As soon as George tottered to an upright position all of the visiting horses that were gathered around him began to OH! and AH! George's mother almost burst with pride, for she was quite sure that the exclamations were for the beauty of her offspring.

Her joy quickly died as the OHS! and AHS! changed to outright laughter. Little George was standing, but his tail was still lying on the ground. Oh, no! It hadn't broken off! One end of it was attached to the baby colt all right, but the other twenty-nine feet of it were neatly coiled up on the ground behind the confused baby horse.

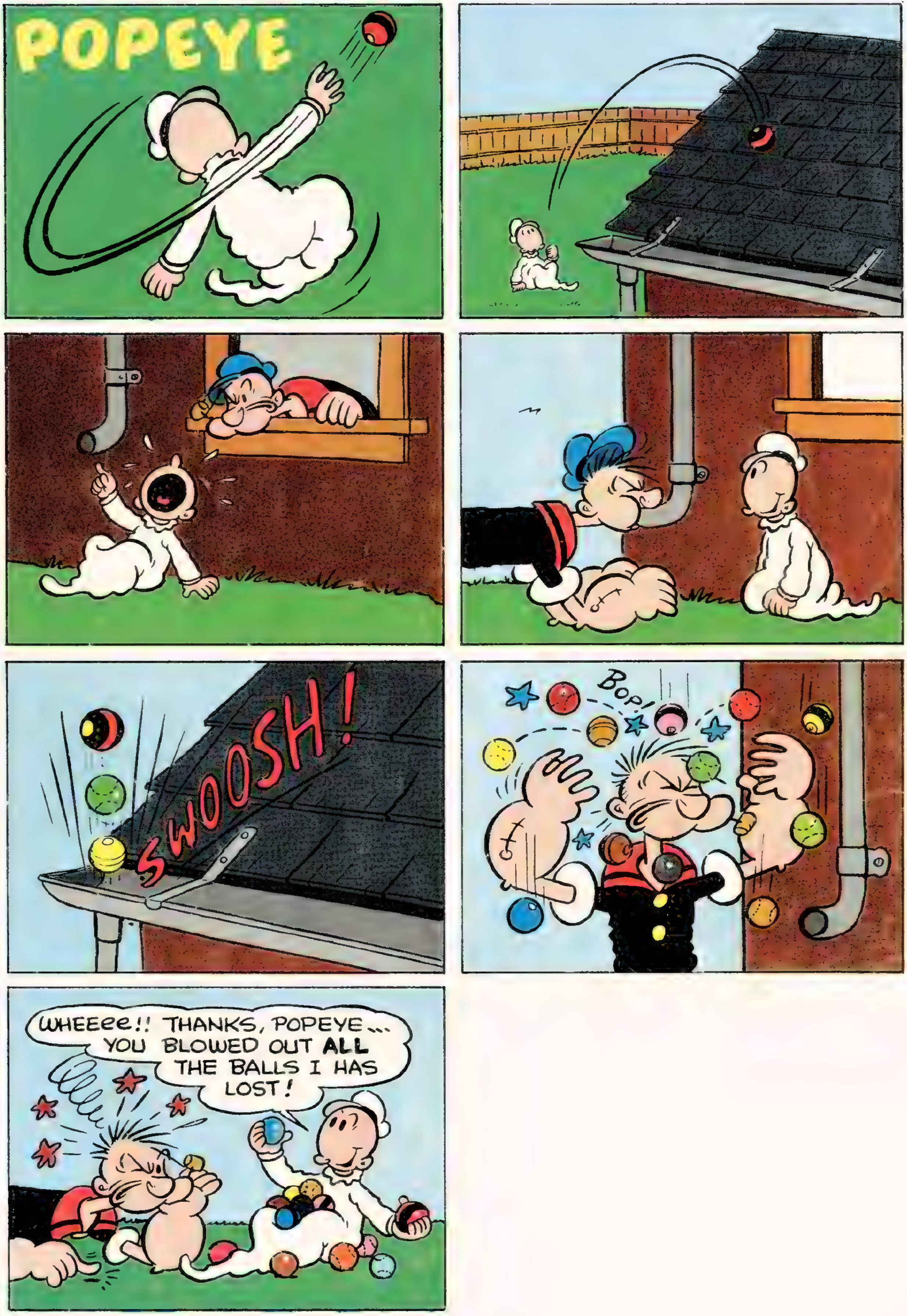
"Look at the tail on him," laughed the horses. "HA! HA! HA! HA! HA! HA!"

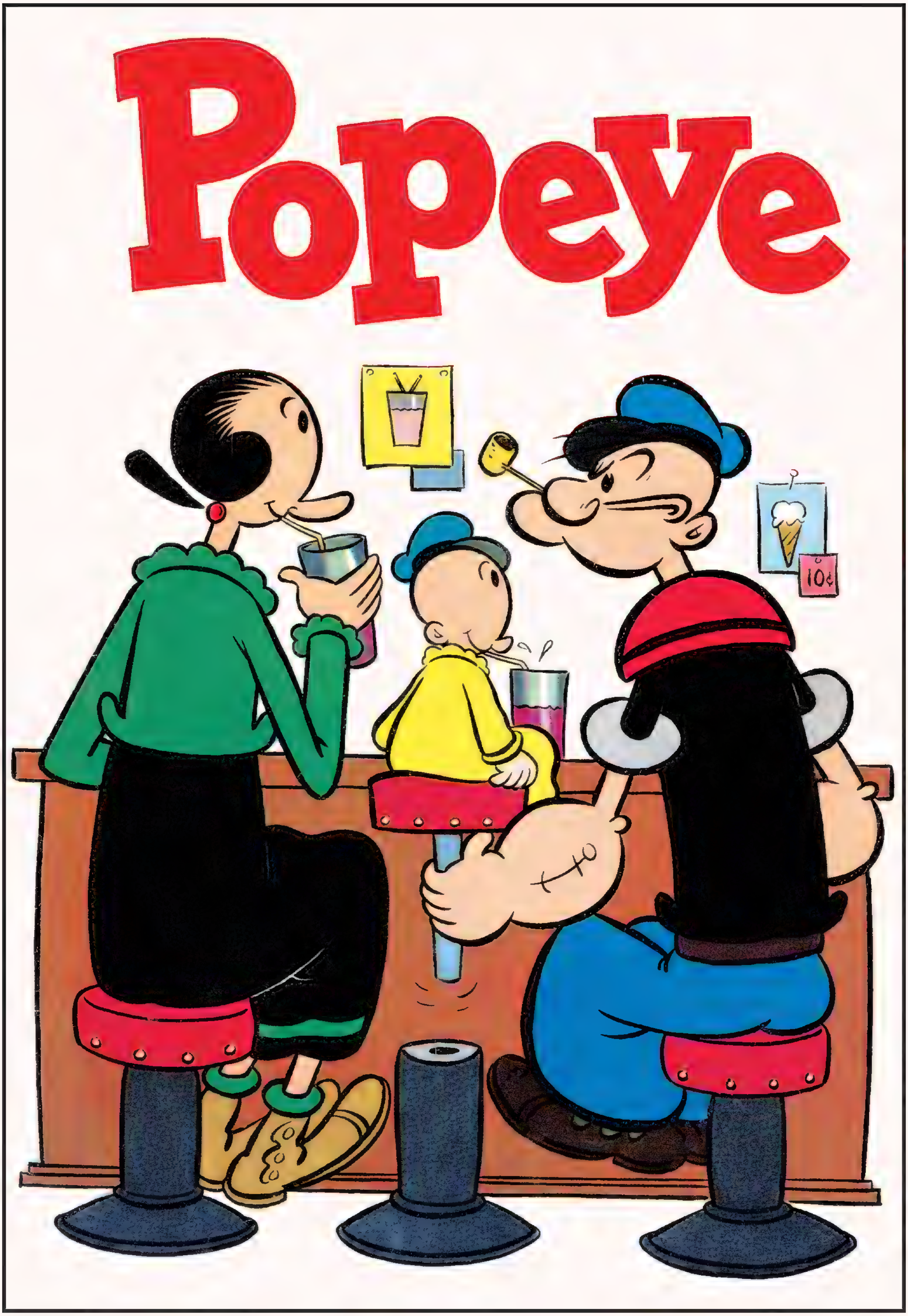
After the shock of seeing the long tail and after the laughing guests had left, George's mother nuzzled her baby and said:

"Don't you worry, little one, let them laugh. I'll always love you and I'll always be here to cheer you up."

As time rolled by, little George grew up and it took a lot of his mother's cheering to keep the long-tailed colt's spirits up. Not only was his tail an object of the other horses' laughter, but it proved to be a very difficult appendage for the colt to handle. It was forever getting in the way and tripping him and, too, it was always getting knots in it and his mother would spend hours each day untangling his tail.

But, like most stories, this one has a happy ending. One day, a cowboy saw young George and instead of laughing, he let out a shout of joy. Here was a cowboy's dream come true. Here was a cow pony with a built-in lasso. The cowboy took George home with him and, in no time at all, George was the most famous cow pony in all of the west.


POPEYE
SWOOSH!
BOP!
WHEEEE!! THANKS, POPEYE... YOU BLOWED OUT ALL THE BALLS I HAS LOST!

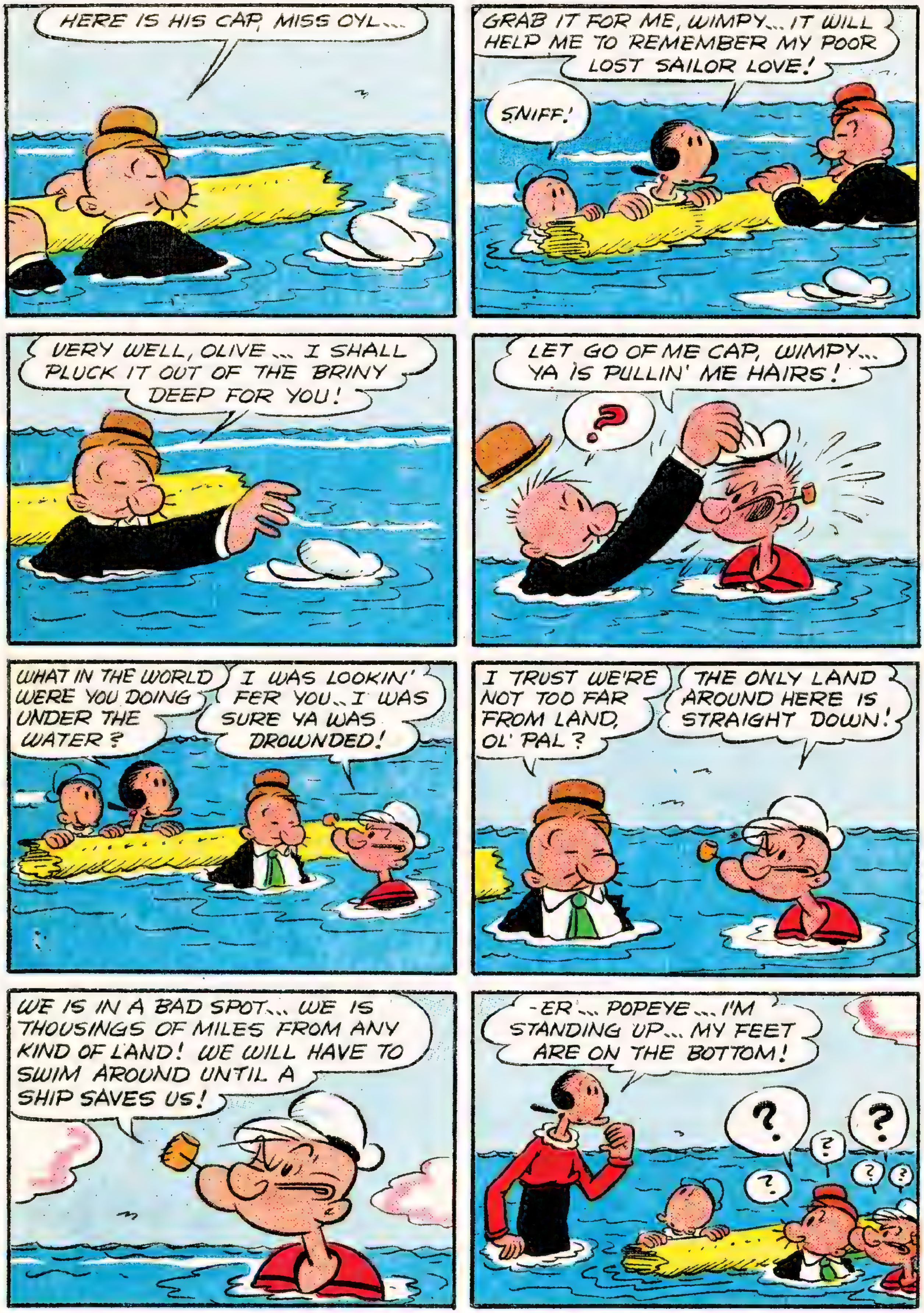


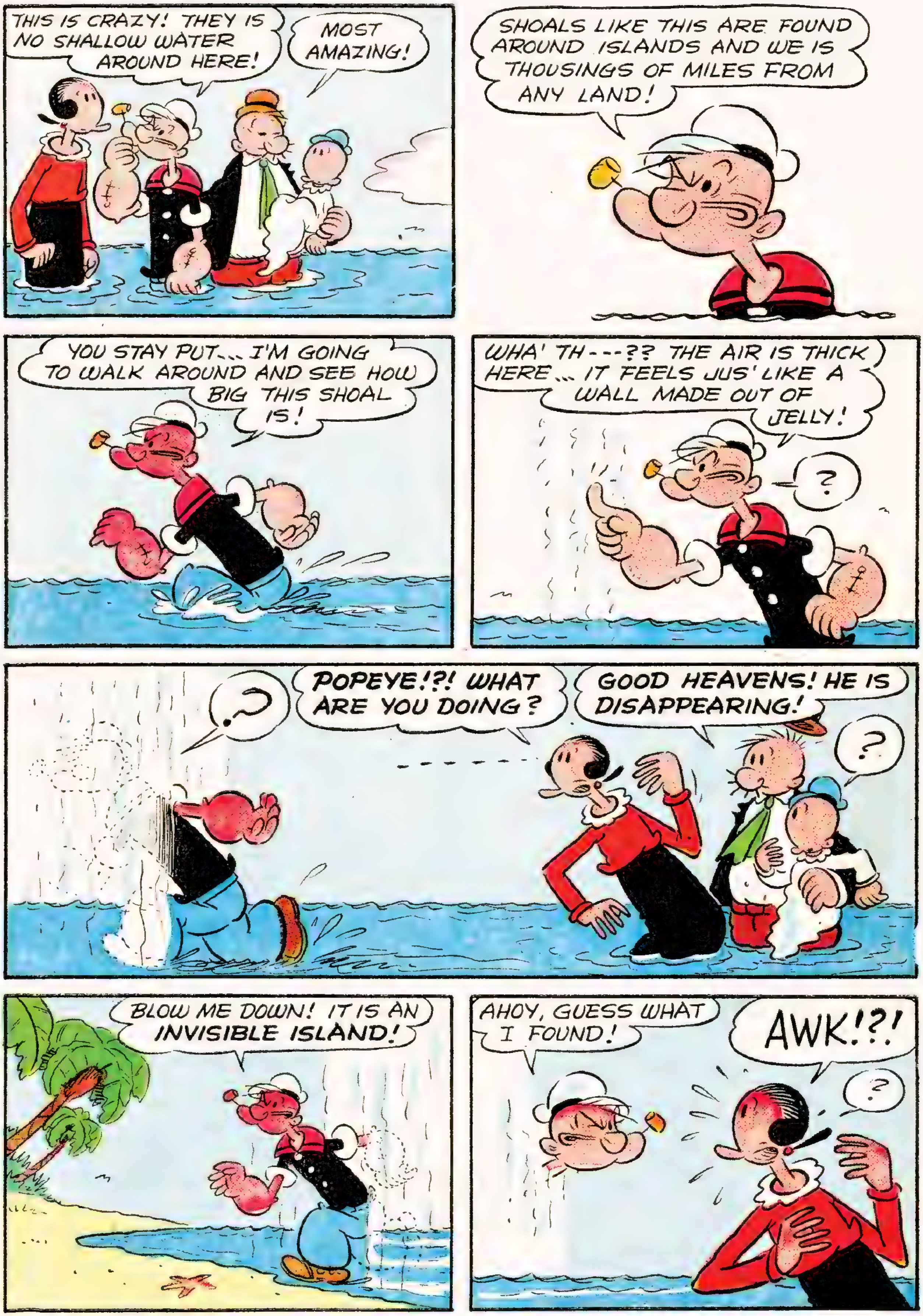
Popeye #34, October-December 1955

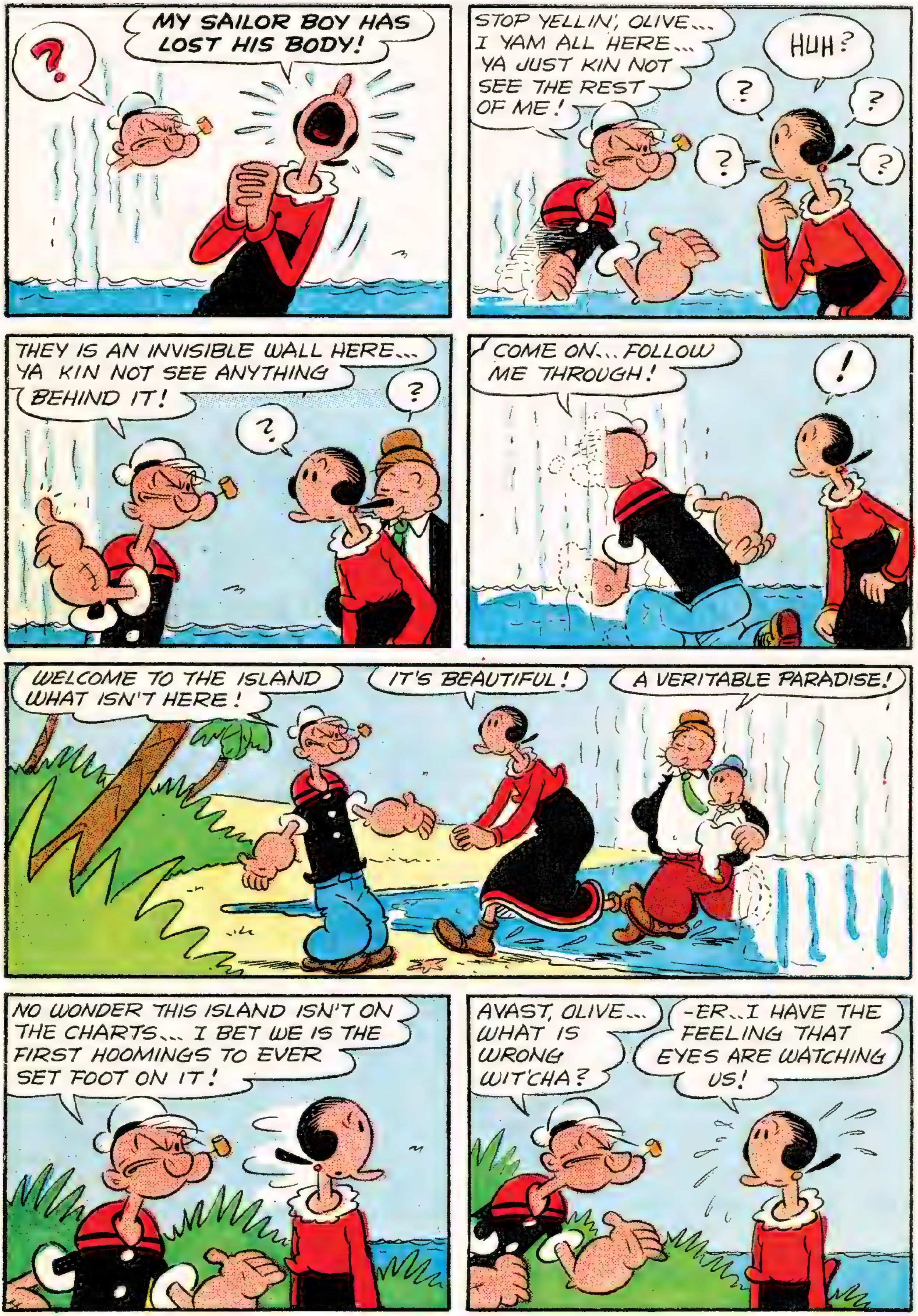
POPEYE
AN'
SWEE'PEA...
SMACK!
SWISH
?
?
BAM!
?
!

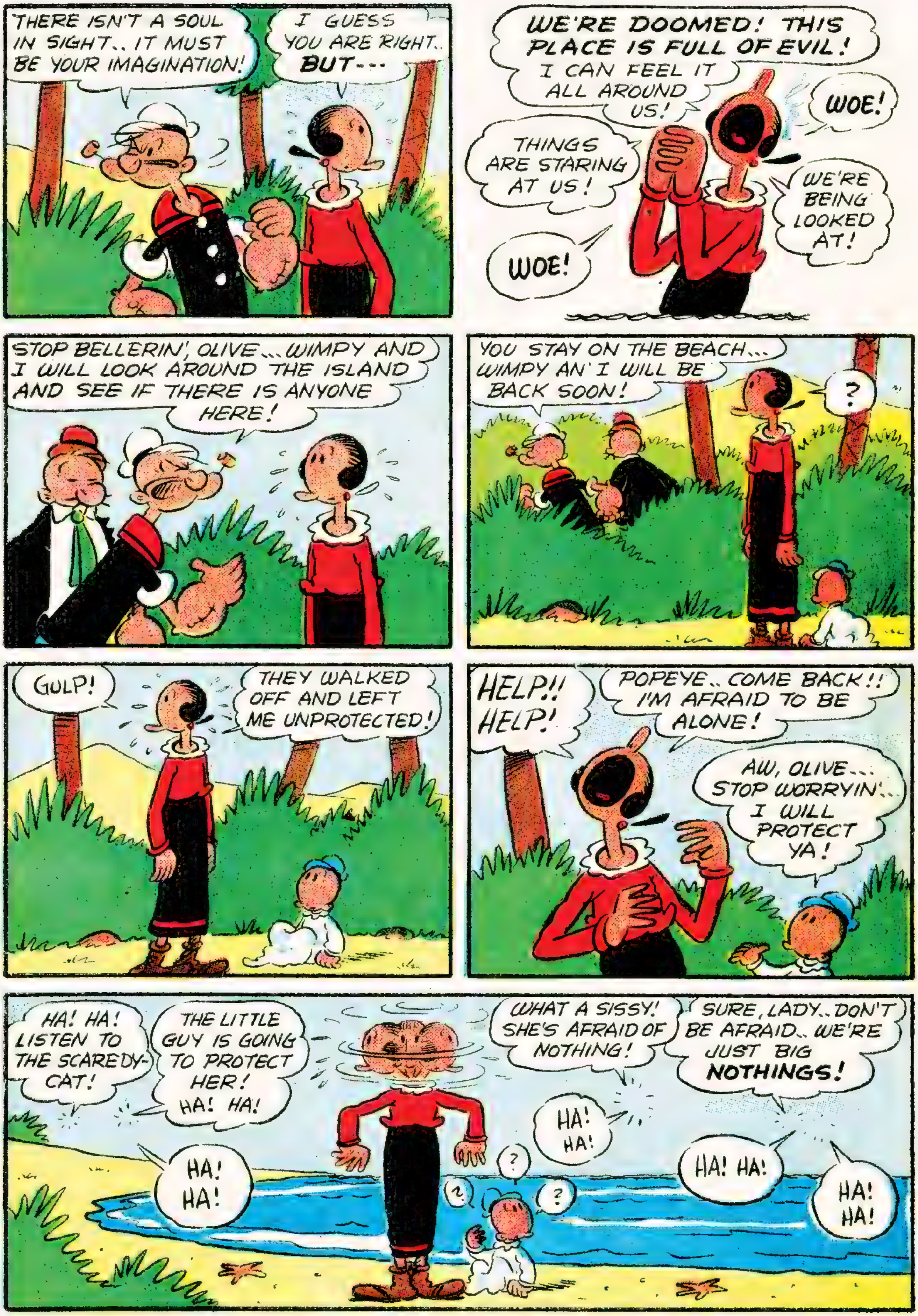
THIMBLE THEATRE PRESENTS
POPEYE
IN
"NOTHING!"
BLOW ME DOWN! THIS IS THE MOST TERRIBLE STORM I HAS EVER BEEN IN!!
A TALE OF HORRIBLE HORROR INVOLVING "NOTHING!" A STORY OF BRAVE PEOPLE FACED WITH ABSOLUTELY "NOTHING!"
THIS STORY IS GUARANTEED TO BE ALL ABOUT "NOTHING!"
ME SHIP KIN NOT TAKE MUCH MORE OF THIS POUNDING!
CRACK!
?
POPEYE #34-5511

'TIS A PITY POPEYE CAN'T FIND SMOOTH SAILING AT SUPPER TIME!
I HOPE WE DON'T SINK... I DIDN'T BRING MY BATHING TRUNKS!
DON'T BE SILLY, WIMPY-- AS LONG AS THERE'S NO WATER IN HERE, WE'LL FLOAT!
MISS OYL... DO YOUR FEET FEEL DAMP?
?
?
BLOW ME DOWN! ME SHIP HAS SUNKED!
BLUB
BLUB
I GOTTA FIND OLIVE, WIMPY, AN' SWEE'PEA!
AHOY!
THE NEXT MORNING!
DOES YA SEE POPEYE?
SNIFF!
OH! MY POOR SAILOR BOY IS GONE!
TRUE TO HIS CODE, THE BRAVE CAPTAIN HAS GONE DOWN WITH HIS SHIP!


HERE IS HIS CAP, MISS OYL...
GRAB IT FOR ME, WIMPY... IT WILL HELP ME TO REMEMBER MY POOR LOST SAILOR LOVE!
SNIFF!
VERY WELL, OLIVE ... I SHALL PLUCK IT OUT OF THE BRINY DEEP FOR YOU!
LET GO OF ME CAP, WIMPY... YA IS PULLIN' ME HAIRS!
?
WHAT IN THE WORLD WERE YOU DOING UNDER THE WATER?
I WAS LOOKIN' FER YOU.. I WAS SURE YA WAS DROWNDED!
I TRUST WE'RE NOT TOO FAR FROM LAND, OL' PAL?
THE ONLY LAND AROUND HERE IS STRAIGHT DOWN!
WE IS IN A BAD SPOT... WE IS THOUSINGS OF MILES FROM ANY KIND OF LAND! WE WILL HAVE TO SWIM AROUND UNTIL A SHIP SAVES US!
-ER ... POPEYE ... I'M STANDING UP... MY FEET ARE ON THE BOTTOM!
?
?
?
?
?
?

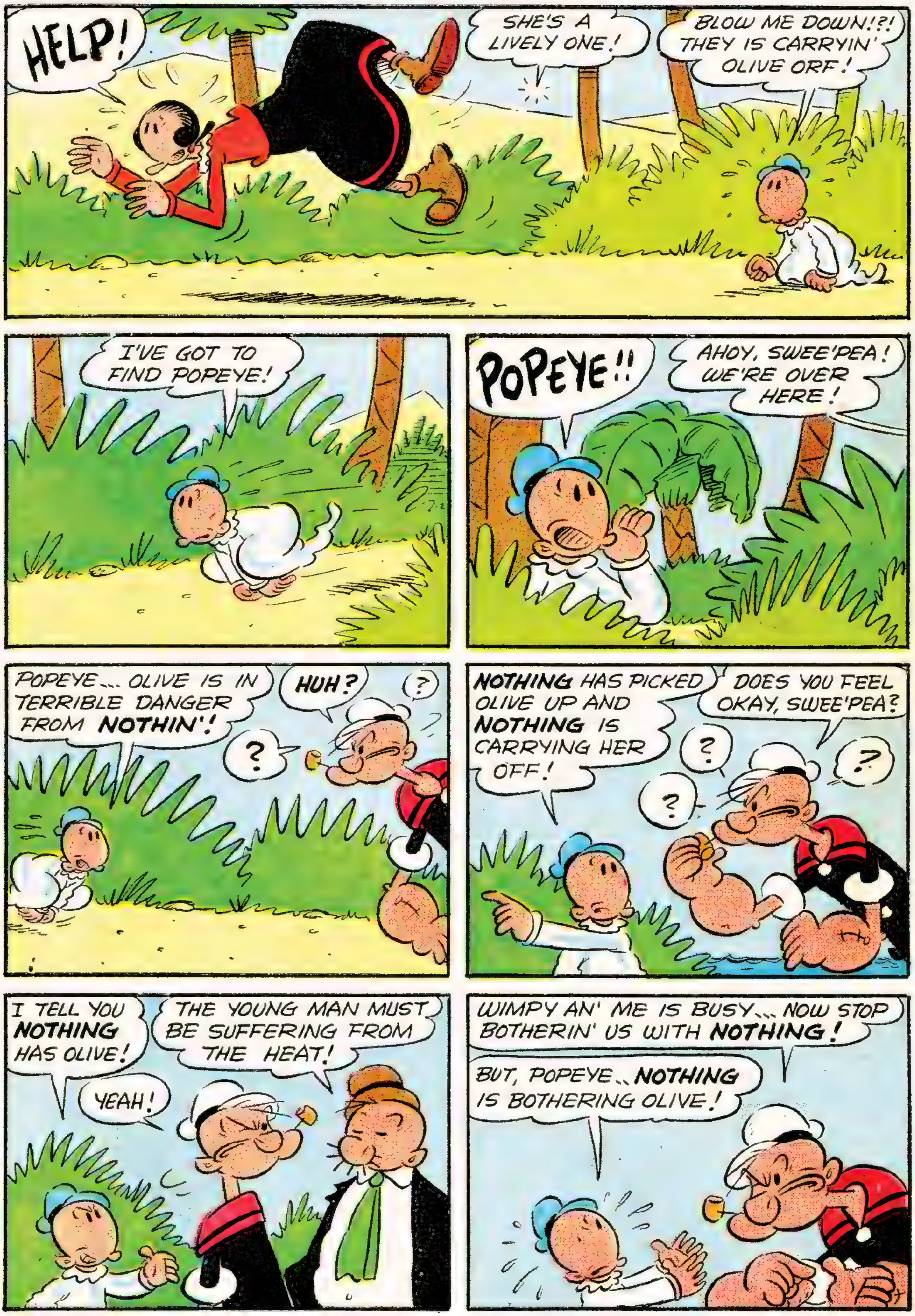

THIS IS CRAZY! THEY IS NO SHALLOW WATER AROUND HERE!
MOST AMAZING!
SHOALS LIKE THIS ARE FOUND AROUND ISLANDS AND WE IS THOUSINGS OF MILES FROM ANY LAND!
YOU STAY PUT... I'M GOING TO WALK AROUND AND SEE HOW BIG THIS SHOAL IS!
WHA' TH---?? THE AIR IS THICK HERE... IT FEELS JUS' LIKE A WALL MADE OUT OF JELLY!
?
POPEYE!?! WHAT ARE YOU DOING?
GOOD HEAVENS! HE IS DISAPPEARING!
?
BLOW ME DOWN! IT IS AN INVISIBLE ISLAND!
AHOY, GUESS WHAT I FOUND!
AWK!?!
?

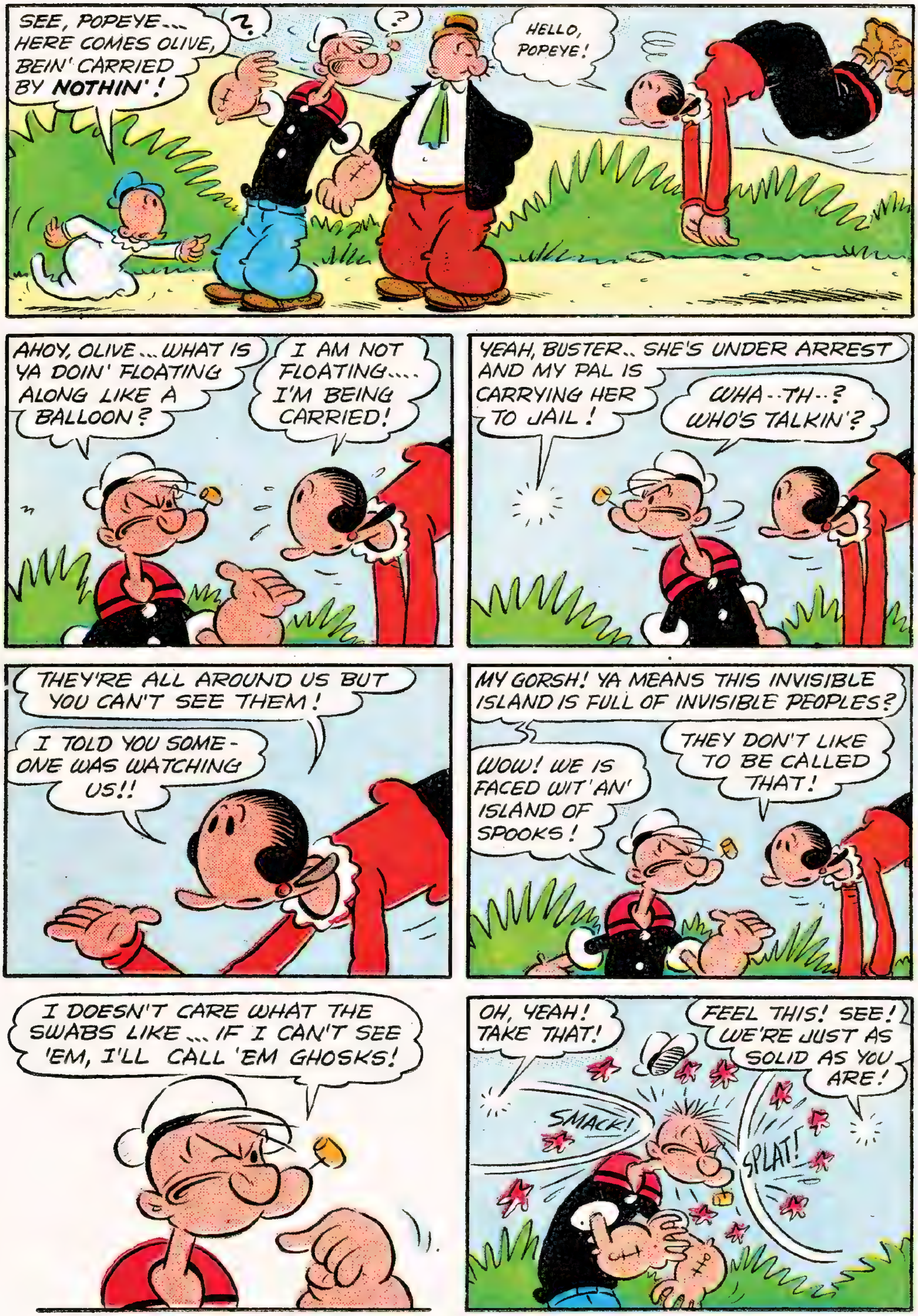

?
MY SAILOR BOY HAS LOST HIS BODY!
STOP YELLIN', OLIVE... I YAM ALL HERE... YA JUST KIN NOT SEE THE REST OF ME!
HUH?
?
?
?
?
THEY IS AN INVISIBLE WALL HERE... YA KIN NOT SEE ANYTHING BEHIND IT!
?
?
COME ON... FOLLOW ME THROUGH!
!
WELCOME TO THE ISLAND WHAT ISN'T HERE!
IT'S BEAUTIFUL!
A VERITABLE PARADISE!
NO WONDER THIS ISLAND ISN'T ON THE CHARTS... I BET WE IS THE FIRST HOOMINGS TO EVER SET FOOT ON IT!
AVAST, OLIVE... WHAT IS WRONG WIT'CHA?
-ER..I HAVE THE FEELING THAT EYES ARE WATCHING US!

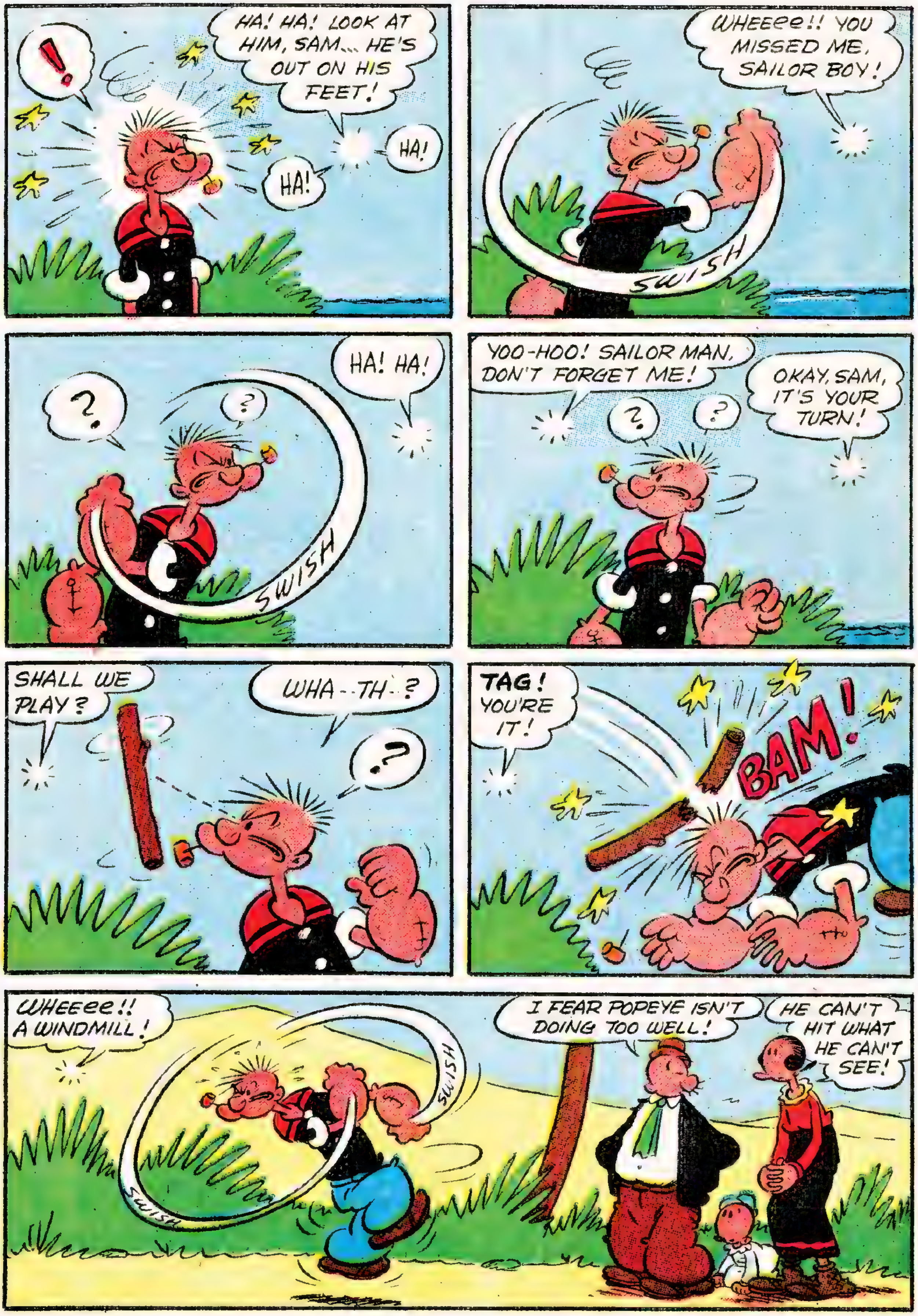


THERE ISN'T A SOUL IN SIGHT.. IT MUST BE YOUR IMAGINATION!
I GUESS YOU ARE RIGHT.. BUT---
WE'RE DOOMED! THIS PLACE IS FULL OF EVIL!
I CAN FEEL IT ALL AROUND US!
WOE!
THINGS ARE STARING AT US!
WE'RE BEING LOOKED AT!
WOE!
STOP BELLERIN', OLIVE... WIMPY AND I WILL LOOK AROUND THE ISLAND AND SEE IF THERE IS ANYONE HERE!
YOU STAY ON THE BEACH... WIMPY AN' I WILL BE BACK SOON!
?
GULP!
THEY WALKED OFF AND LEFT ME UNPROTECTED!
HELP!! HELP!
POPEYE.. COME BACK!! I'M AFRAID TO BE ALONE!
AW, OLIVE... STOP WORRYIN'.. I WILL PROTECT YA!
HA! HA! LISTEN TO THE SCAREDY-CAT!
THE LITTLE GUY IS GOING TO PROTECT HER! HA! HA!
WHAT A SISSY! SHE'S AFRAID OF NOTHING!
SURE, LADY.. DON'T BE AFRAID.. WE'RE JUST BIG NOTHINGS!
HA! HA!
HA! HA!
?
?
?
HA! HA!
HA! HA!

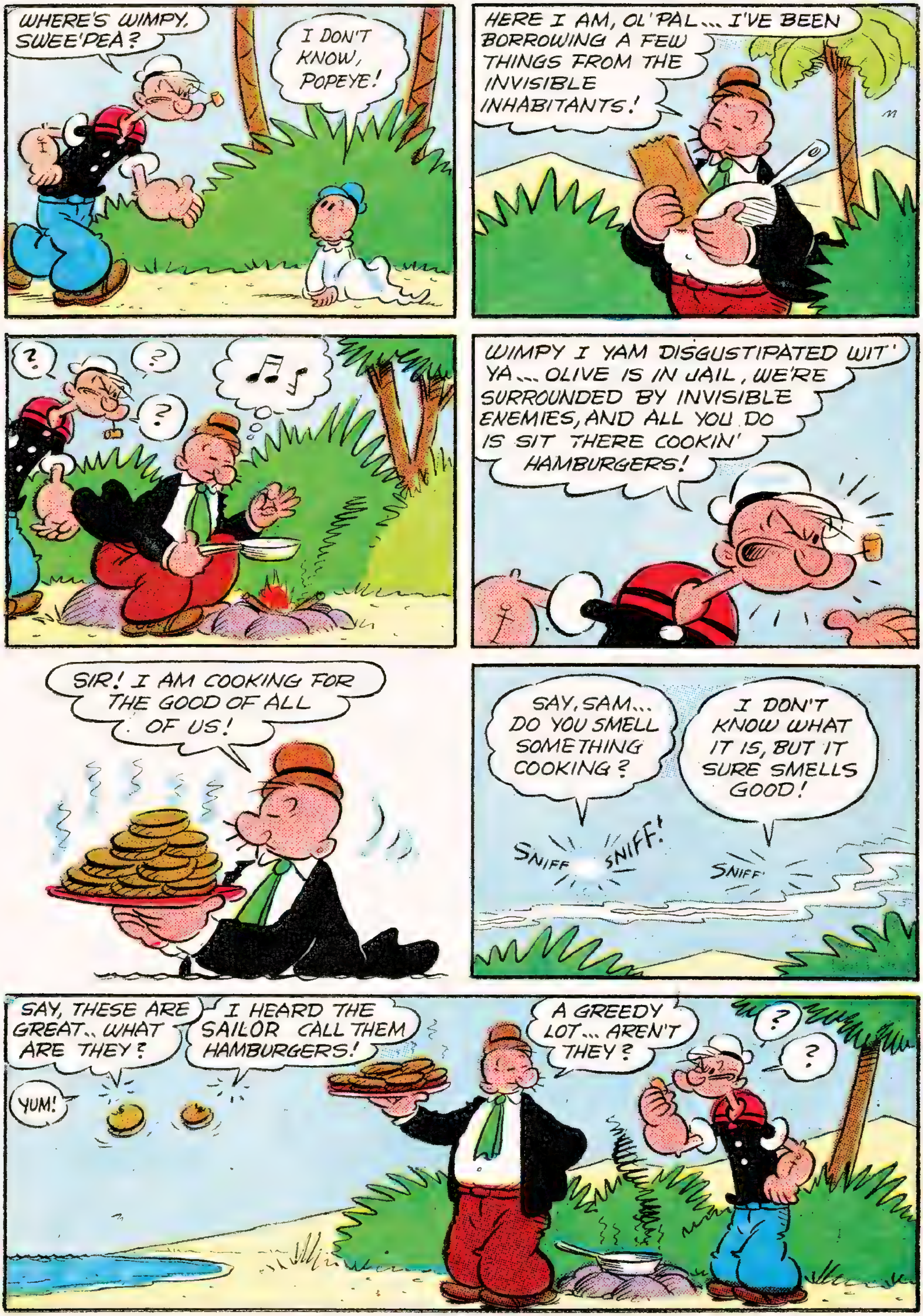
DID YOU HEAR VOICES, SWEE'PEA?
YES! I HEARD THEM!
DO YOU SEE ANYTHING WHERE THE VOICES WERE?
NOTHING!
DO YOU KNOW WHAT THAT MEANS?
I'M AFRAID I DO!
GHOSTS!!
?
HELP!
SPOOKS!
PHOOEY!
PLOP!
DID YOU HEAR WHAT SHE CALLED US?
YEAH! THE NERVE OF THE DAME!
?
?
?
?
FOR YOUR INFORMATION, LATH-LEGS... WE'RE JUST AS ALIVE AS YOU ARE!
YEAH, WE'RE JUST INVISIBLE AND FOR CALLING US SPOOKERS WE'RE GOING TO TAKE YOU TO JAIL!
?
?
?
PUT ME DOWN!
YOU'RE UNDER ARREST FOR SLANDER!

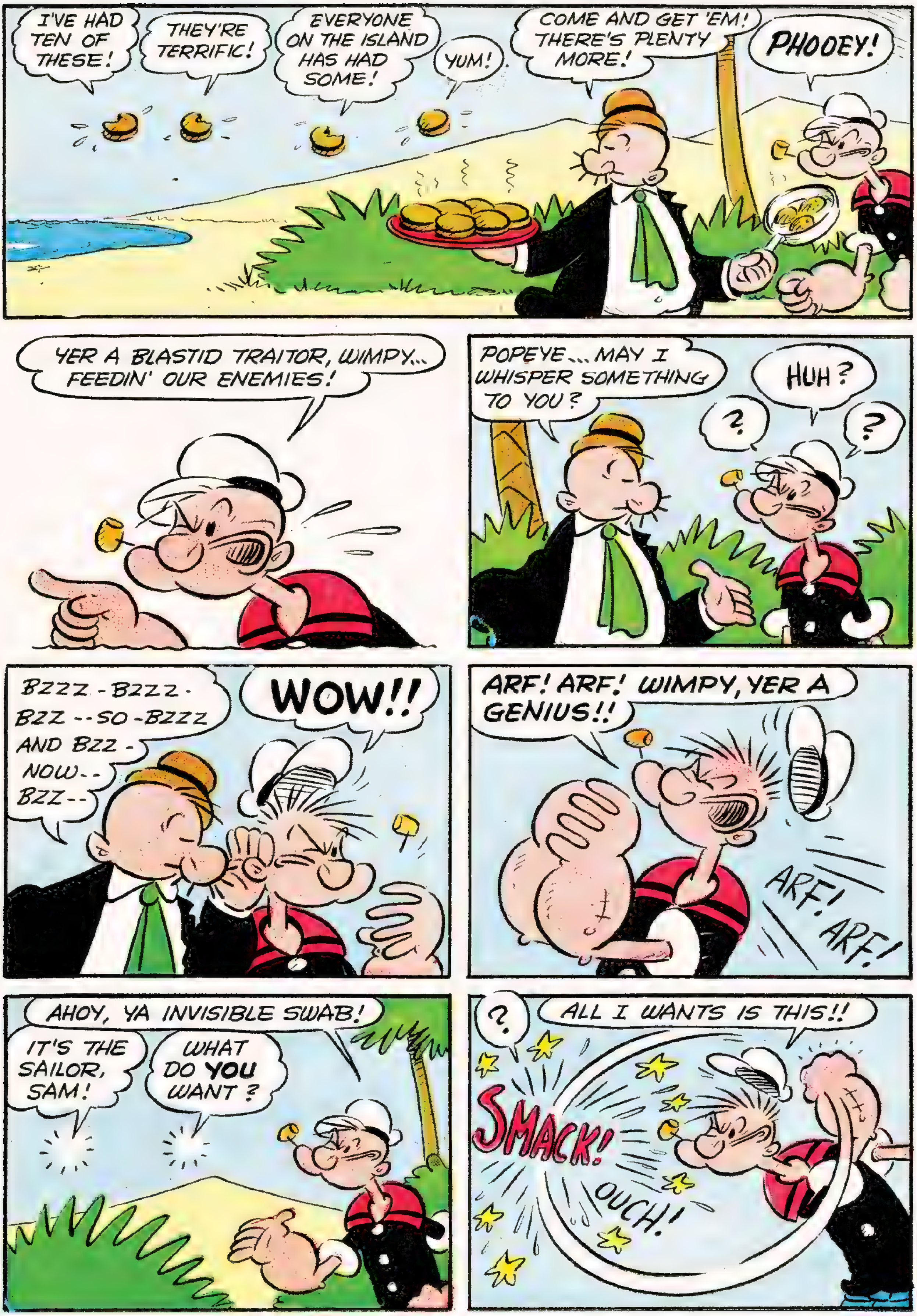

HELP!
SHE'S A LIVELY ONE!
BLOW ME DOWN!?! THEY IS CARRYIN' OLIVE ORF!
I'VE GOT TO FIND POPEYE!
POPEYE!!
AHOY, SWEE'PEA! WE'RE OVER HERE!
POPEYE... OLIVE IS IN TERRIBLE DANGER FROM NOTHIN'!
HUH?
?
?
NOTHING HAS PICKED OLIVE UP AND NOTHING IS CARRYING HER OFF!
DOES YOU FEEL OKAY, SWEE'PEA?
?
?
?
I TELL YOU NOTHING HAS OLIVE!
THE YOUNG MAN MUST BE SUFFERING FROM THE HEAT!
YEAH!
WIMPY AN' ME IS BUSY... NOW STOP BOTHERIN' US WITH NOTHING!
BUT, POPEYE... NOTHING IS BOTHERING OLIVE!

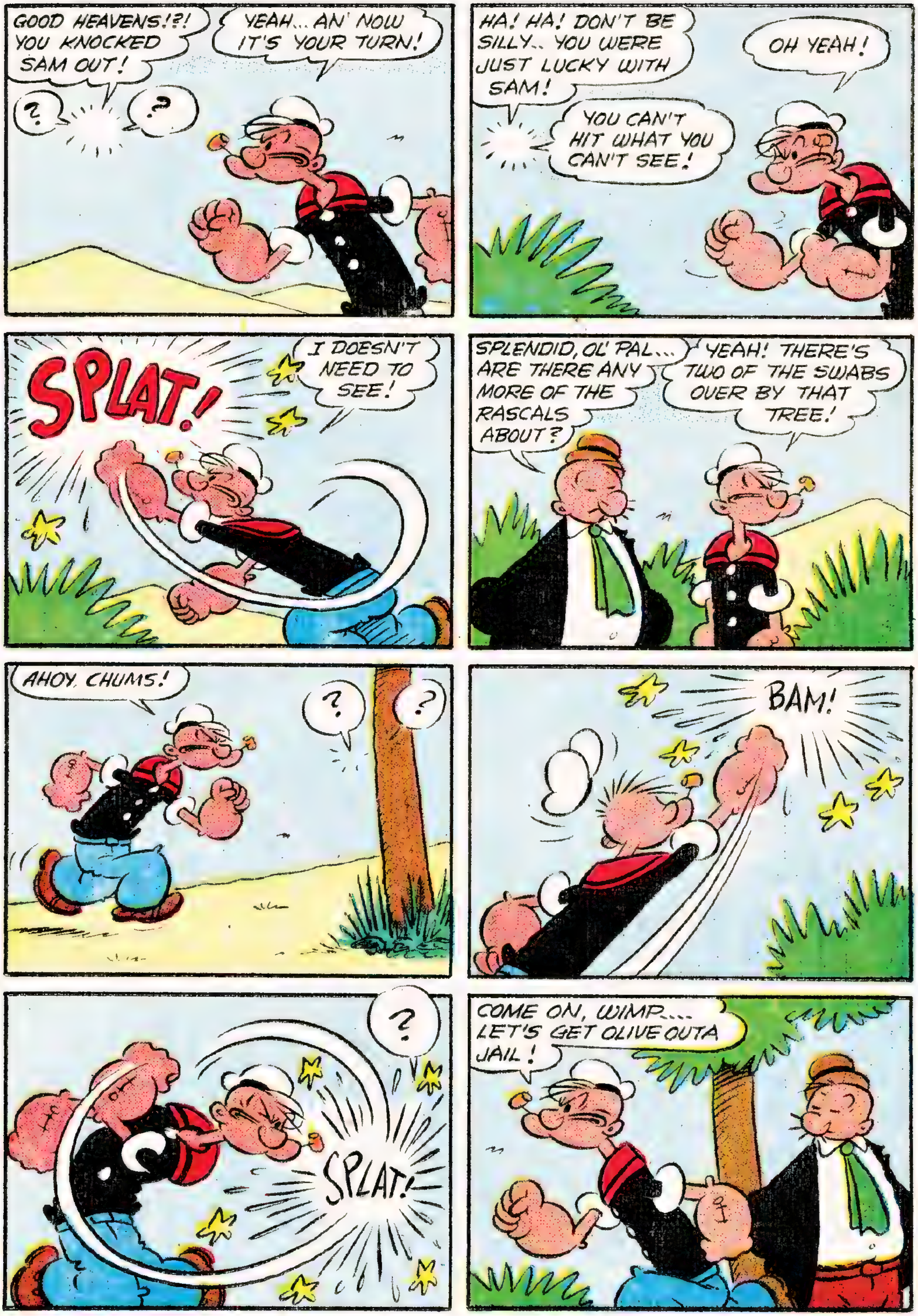

SEE, POPEYE... HERE COMES OLIVE, BEIN' CARRIED BY **NOTHIN'**!
?
?
HELLO, POPEYE!
AHOY, OLIVE... WHAT IS YA DOIN' FLOATING ALONG LIKE A BALLOON?
I AM NOT FLOATING.... I'M BEING CARRIED!
YEAH, BUSTER.. SHE'S UNDER ARREST AND MY PAL IS CARRYING HER TO JAIL!
WHA--TH--? WHO'S TALKIN'?
THEY'RE ALL AROUND US BUT YOU CAN'T SEE THEM!
I TOLD YOU SOME-ONE WAS WATCHING US!!
MY GORSH! YA MEANS THIS INVISIBLE ISLAND IS FULL OF INVISIBLE PEOPLES?
WOW! WE IS FACED WIT' AN' ISLAND OF SPOOKS!
THEY DON'T LIKE TO BE CALLED THAT!
I DOESN'T CARE WHAT THE SWABS LIKE... IF I CAN'T SEE 'EM, I'LL CALL 'EM GHOSKS!
OH, YEAH! TAKE THAT!
FEEL THIS! SEE! WE'RE JUST AS SOLID AS YOU ARE!
SMACK!
SPLAT!

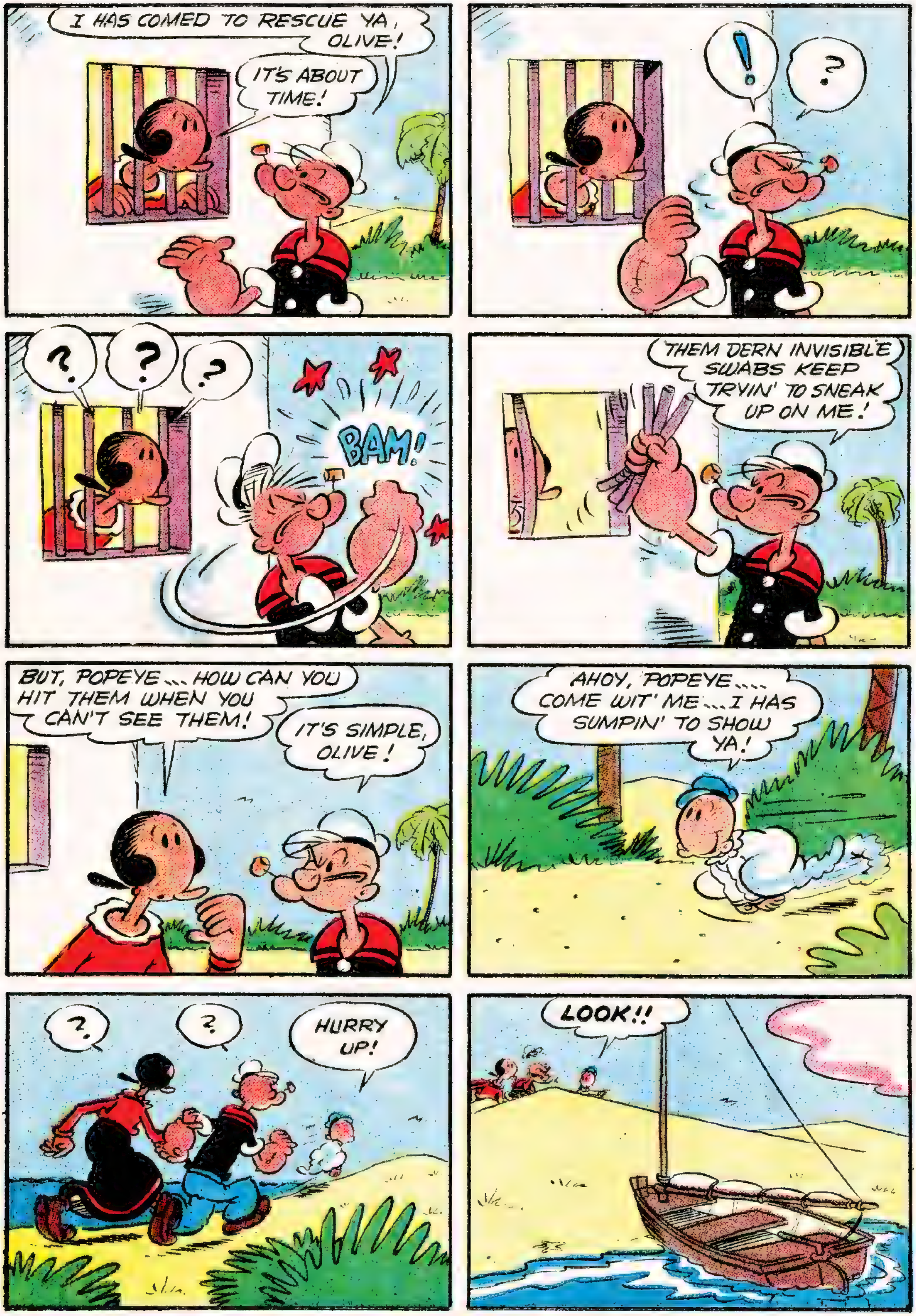

!
HA! HA! LOOK AT HIM, SAM... HE'S OUT ON HIS FEET!
HA!
HA!
WHEEEEE!! YOU MISSED ME, SAILOR BOY!
SWISH
?
?
HA! HA!
SWISH
YOO-HOO! SAILOR MAN, DON'T FORGET ME!
?
?
OKAY, SAM, IT'S YOUR TURN!
SHALL WE PLAY?
WHA--TH--?
?
TAG! YOU'RE IT!
BAM!
WHEEEEE!! A WINDMILL!
SWISH
SWISH
I FEAR POPEYE ISN'T DOING TOO WELL!
HE CAN'T HIT WHAT HE CAN'T SEE!

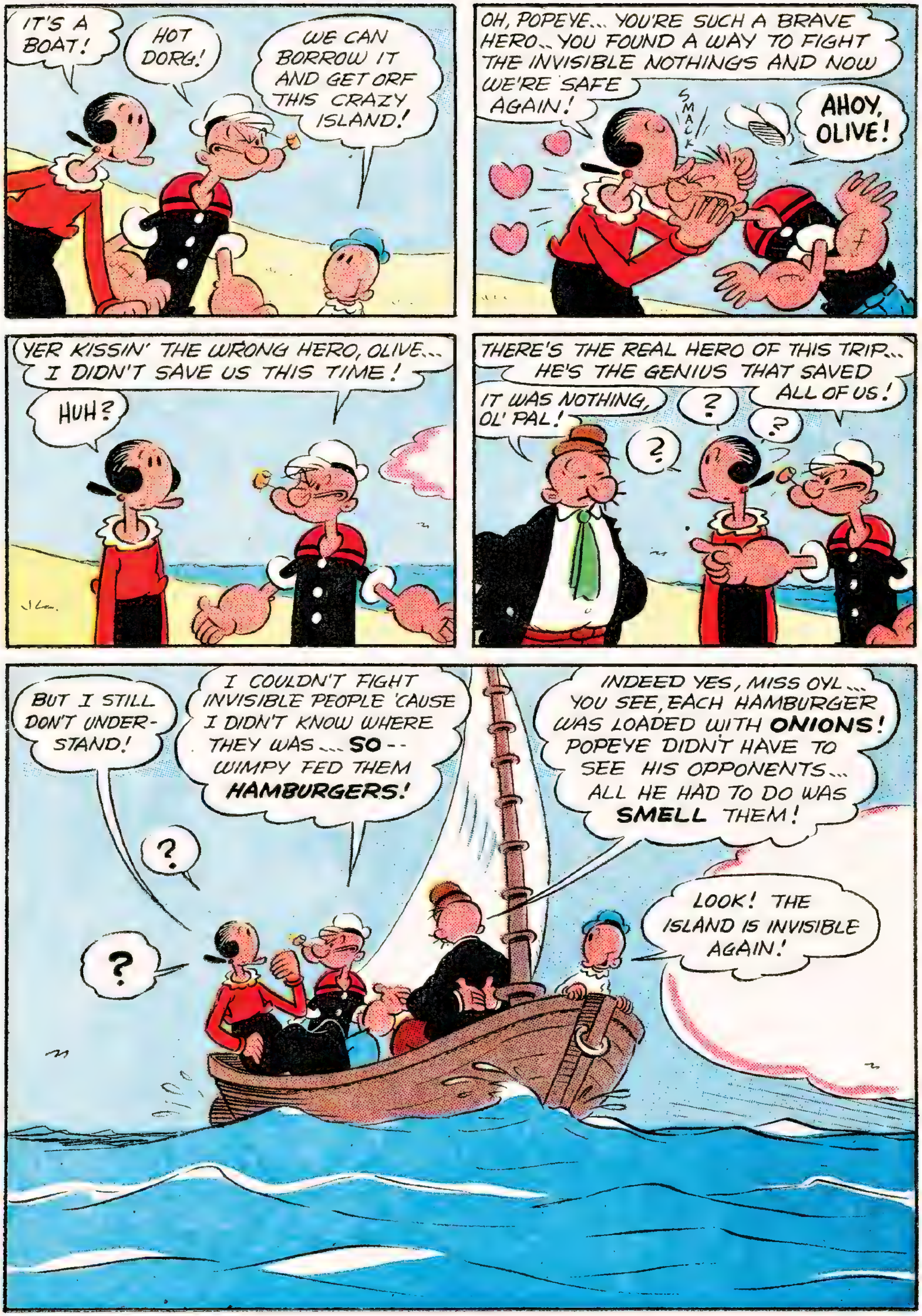
WHEEW! I YAM TIRED OUT!!
PUFF
PUFF
I HAS NEVER FOUGHT SO HARD AND DONE SO LITTLE DAMAGE B'FORE!
I YAM FINISHED!
PUFF
?
?
HE'S GIVEN UP, SAM... PICK UP THE DAME AND TAKE HER TO JAIL!
OKAY, JOE!
?
?
AWK!! POPEYE, MAKE THEM LET ME DOWN!
THEY IS NOTHIN' I KIN DO ABOUT IT, OLIVE... I KIN NOT FIGHT AN ENEMY I KIN NOT SEE!
BAH! YOU'RE A FINE HERO!
I YAM SORRY, OLIVE!
I YAM A NO-GOOD SAILOR WHAT HAS LET HIS SWEETIE BE PUT IN'A CLINKER!


WHERE'S WIMPY, SWEE'PEA?
I DON'T KNOW, POPEYE!
HERE I AM, OL' PAL... I'VE BEEN BORROWING A FEW THINGS FROM THE INVISIBLE INHABITANTS!
WIMPY I YAM DISGUSTIPATED WIT' YA... OLIVE IS IN JAIL, WE'RE SURROUNDED BY INVISIBLE ENEMIES, AND ALL YOU DO IS SIT THERE COOKIN' HAMBURGERS!
SIR! I AM COOKING FOR THE GOOD OF ALL OF US!
SAY, SAM... DO YOU SMELL SOMETHING COOKING?
I DON'T KNOW WHAT IT IS, BUT IT SURE SMELLS GOOD!
SNIFF SNIFF!
SNIFF
SAY, THESE ARE GREAT.. WHAT ARE THEY?
I HEARD THE SAILOR CALL THEM HAMBURGERS!
YUM!
A GREEDY LOT... AREN'T THEY?

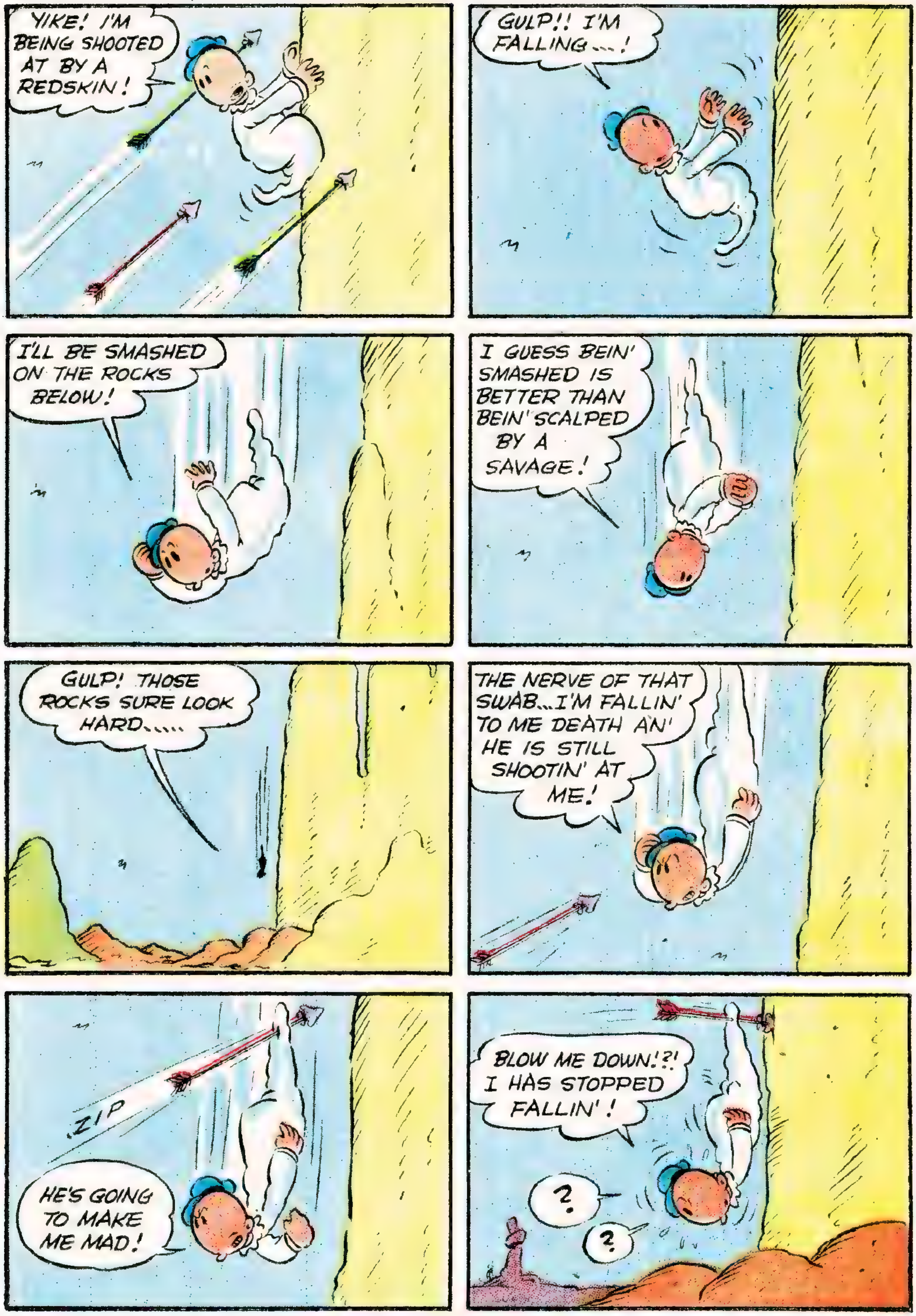

I'VE HAD TEN OF THESE!
THEY'RE TERRIFIC!
EVERYONE ON THE ISLAND HAS HAD SOME!
YUM!
COME AND GET 'EM! THERE'S PLENTY MORE!
PHOOEY!
YER A BLASTID TRAITOR, WIMPY... FEEDIN' OUR ENEMIES!
POPEYE... MAY I WHISPER SOMETHING TO YOU?
HUH?
?
?
BZZZ-BZZZ-BZZ--SO-BZZZ AND BZZ-NOW--BZZ--
WOW!!
ARF! ARF! WIMPY, YER A GENIUS!!
ARF! ARF!
AHOY, YA INVISIBLE SWAB!
IT'S THE SAILOR, SAM!
WHAT DO YOU WANT?
?
ALL I WANTS IS THIS!!
SMACK!
OUCH!

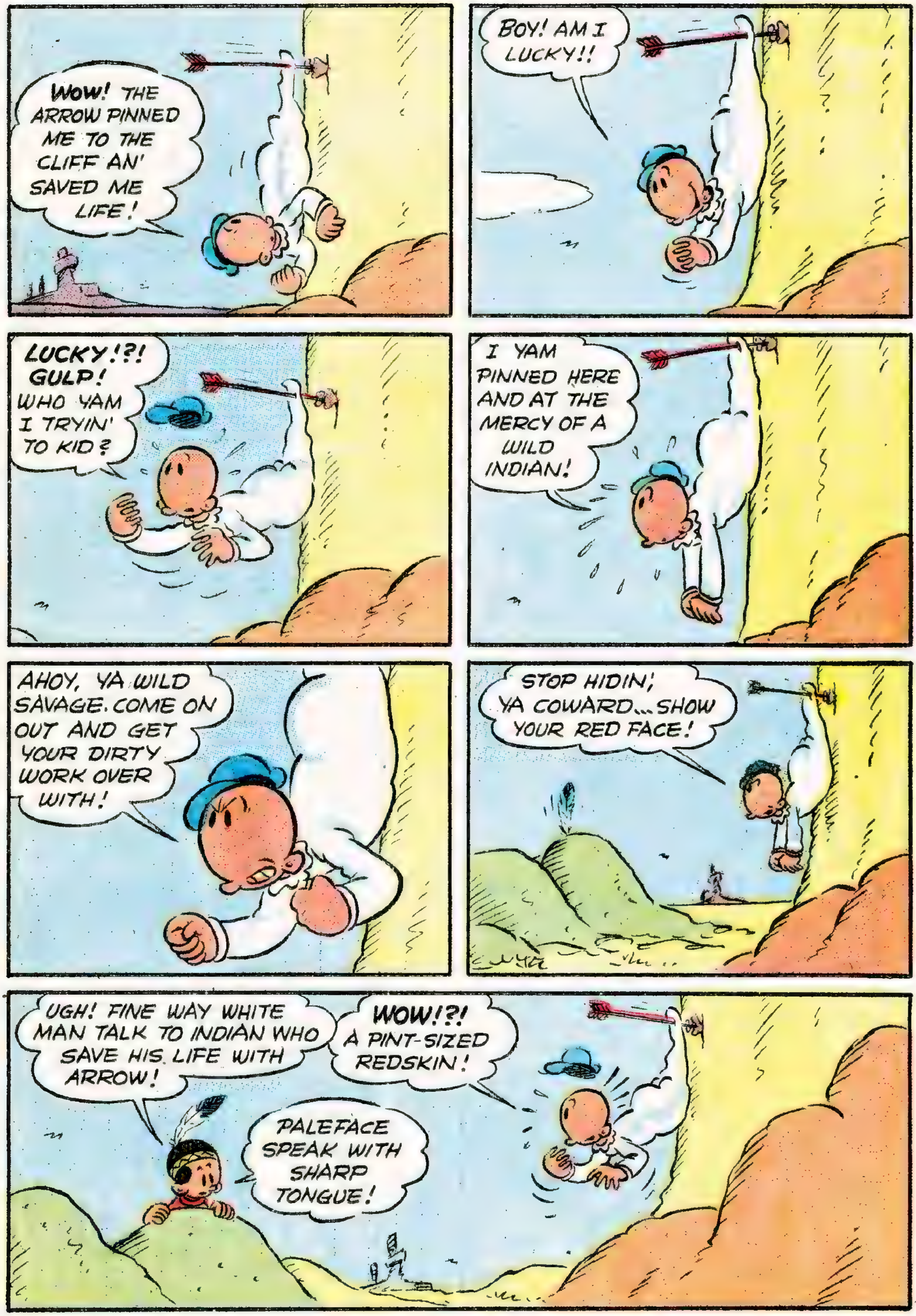

GOOD HEAVENS!?! YOU KNOCKED SAM OUT!
YEAH... AN' NOW IT'S YOUR TURN!
?
?
HA! HA! DON'T BE SILLY.. YOU WERE JUST LUCKY WITH SAM!
OH YEAH!
YOU CAN'T HIT WHAT YOU CAN'T SEE!
SPLAT!
I DOESN'T NEED TO SEE!
SPLENDID, OL' PAL... ARE THERE ANY MORE OF THE RASCALS ABOUT?
YEAH! THERE'S TWO OF THE SWABS OVER BY THAT TREE!
AHOY, CHUMS!
?
?
BAM!
?
SPLAT!
COME ON, WIMP.... LET'S GET OLIVE OUTA JAIL!


I HAS COMED TO RESCUE YA, OLIVE!
IT'S ABOUT TIME!
!
?
?
?
?
BAM!
THEM DERN INVISIBLE SWABS KEEP TRYIN' TO SNEAK UP ON ME!
BUT, POPEYE... HOW CAN YOU HIT THEM WHEN YOU CAN'T SEE THEM!
IT'S SIMPLE, OLIVE!
AHOY, POPEYE.... COME WIT' ME....I HAS SUMPIN' TO SHOW YA!
?
?
HURRY UP!
LOOK!!

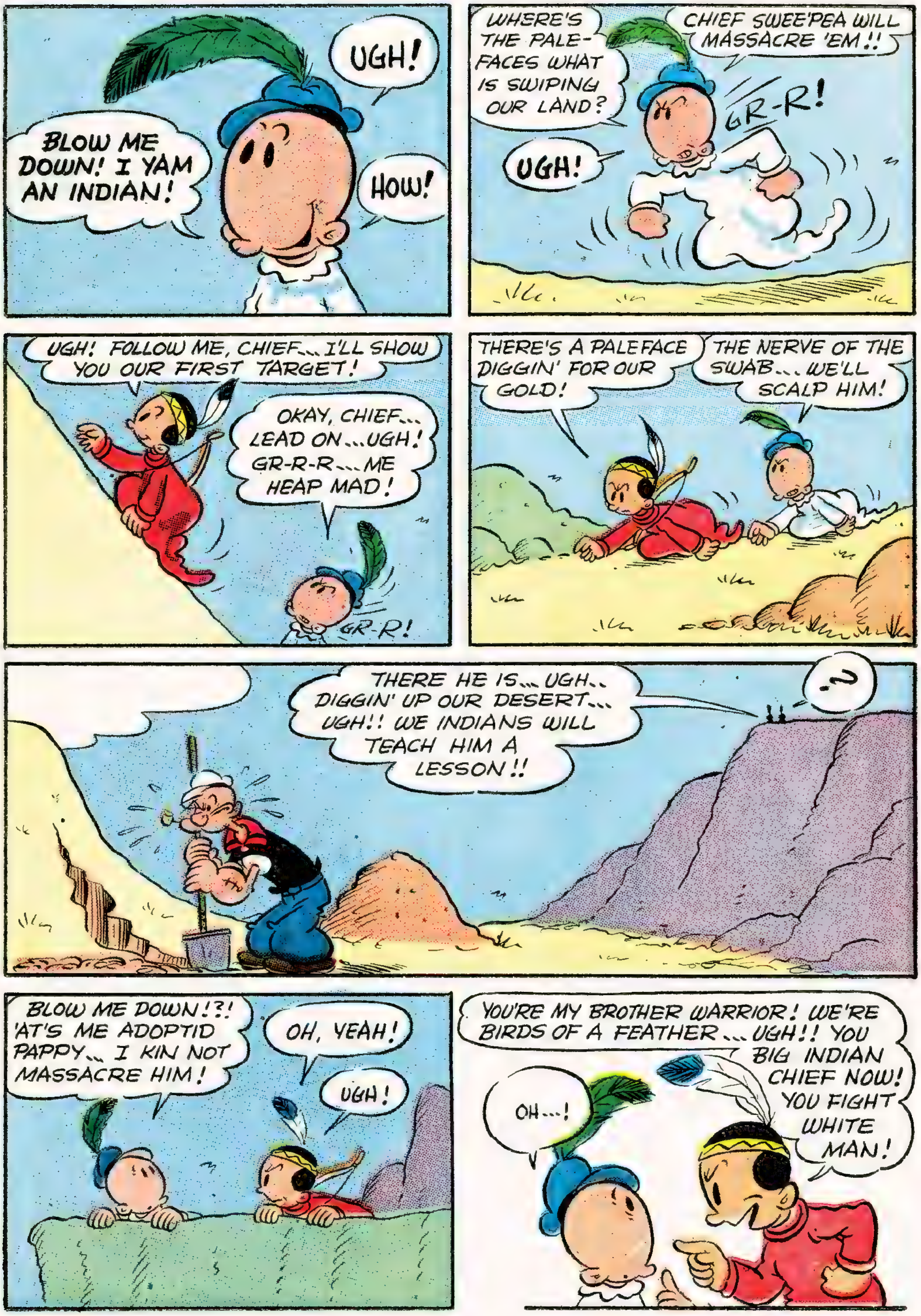

IT'S A BOAT!
HOT DORG!
WE CAN BORROW IT AND GET ORF THIS CRAZY ISLAND!
OH, POPEYE... YOU'RE SUCH A BRAVE HERO... YOU FOUND A WAY TO FIGHT THE INVISIBLE NOTHINGS AND NOW WE'RE SAFE AGAIN!
SMACK
AHOY, OLIVE!
YER KISSIN' THE WRONG HERO, OLIVE... I DIDN'T SAVE US THIS TIME!
HUH?
THERE'S THE REAL HERO OF THIS TRIP... HE'S THE GENIUS THAT SAVED ALL OF US!
IT WAS NOTHING, OL' PAL!
?
?
?
BUT I STILL DON'T UNDERSTAND!
I COULDN'T FIGHT INVISIBLE PEOPLE 'CAUSE I DIDN'T KNOW WHERE THEY WAS... SO -- WIMPY FED THEM HAMBURGERS!
INDEED YES, MISS OYL... YOU SEE, EACH HAMBURGER WAS LOADED WITH ONIONS! POPEYE DIDN'T HAVE TO SEE HIS OPPONENTS... ALL HE HAD TO DO WAS SMELL THEM!
?
?
LOOK! THE ISLAND IS INVISIBLE AGAIN!

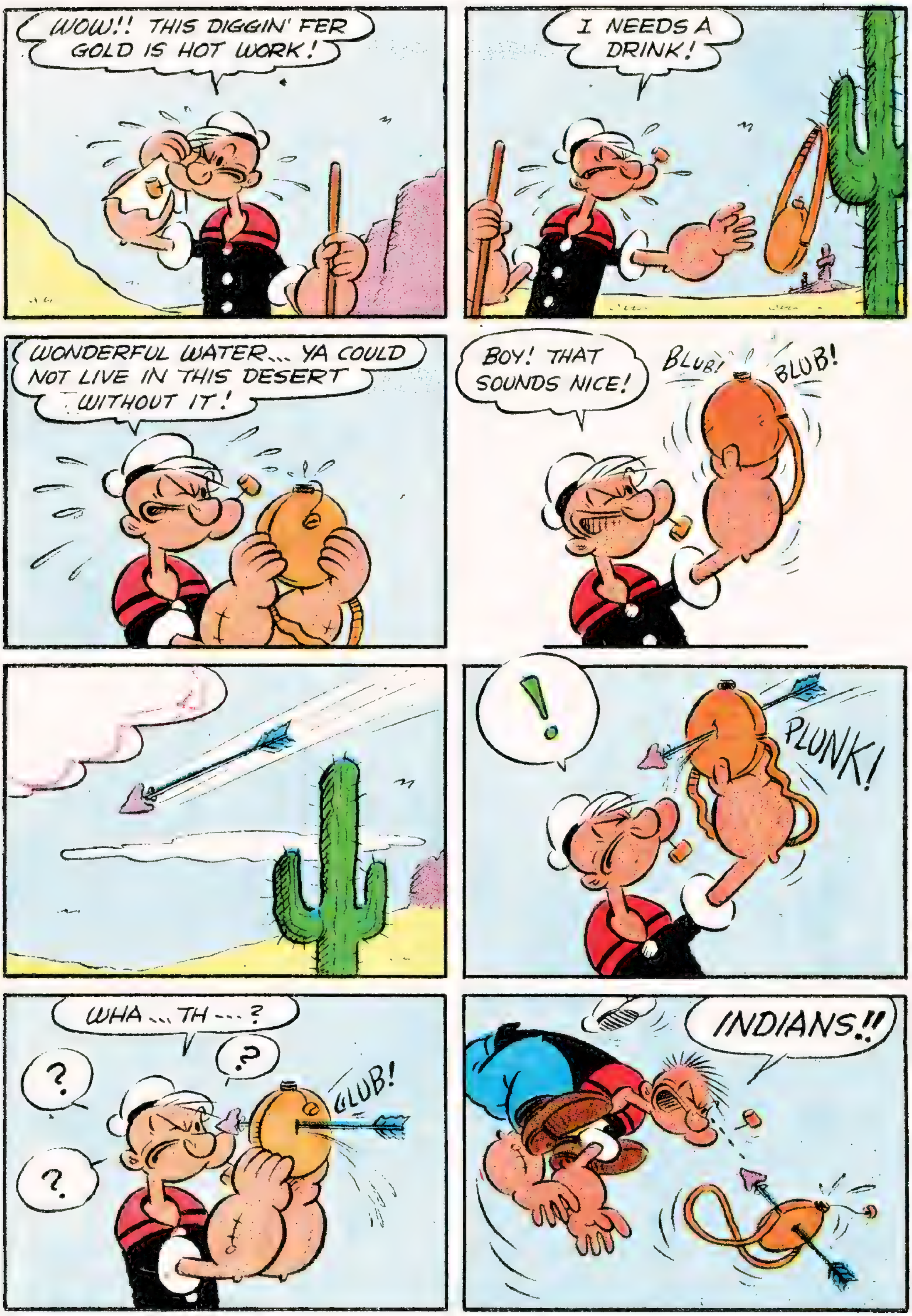
THIMBLE THEATRE PRESENTS
POPEYE
THE SAILOR AND LITTLE
SWEE'PEA
IN
"UPRISING!"
OR
"THE RED MAN STRIKES BACK!"
OR
"BIRDS OF A FEATHER!"
THEY SEZ "GOLD IS WHERE YA FINDS IT!" AN' I YAM JUS' THE SWAB WHAT KIN PROVE IT!
I'M TIRED WATCHIN' POPEYE DIG.....I'M GOIN' EXPLORIN'!
THIS IS SURE WILD COUNTRY!
THESE HILLS USED TO BE FULL OF WILD INDIANS.....I'M SURE GLAD THEY ISN'T AROUND HERE NOW!!
PLOP!
ZIP
!
?

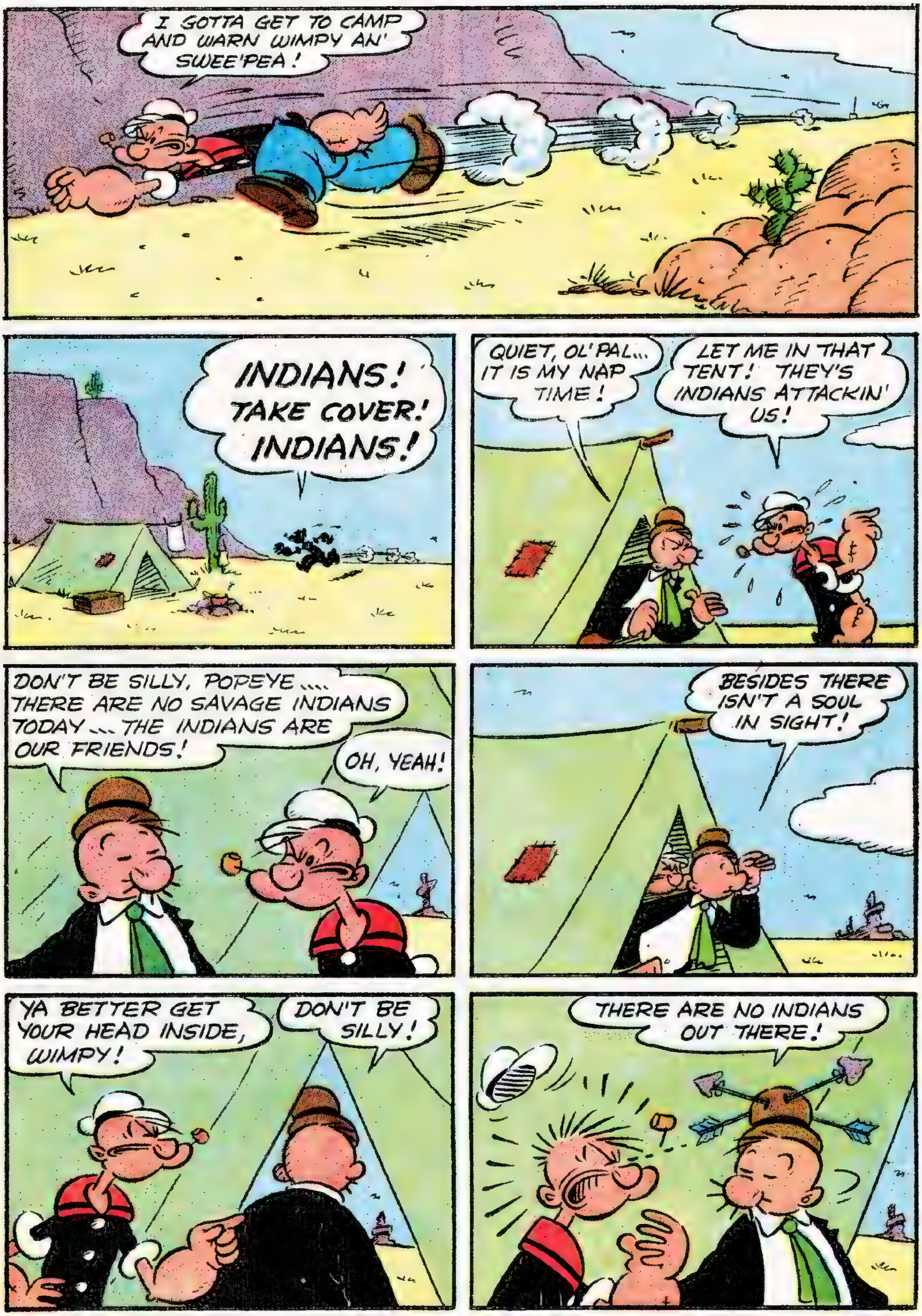

YIKE! I'M BEING SHOOTED AT BY A REDSKIN!
GULP!! I'M FALLING....!
I'LL BE SMASHED ON THE ROCKS BELOW!
I GUESS BEIN' SMASHED IS BETTER THAN BEIN' SCALPED BY A SAVAGE!
GULP! THOSE ROCKS SURE LOOK HARD.....
THE NERVE OF THAT SWAB...I'M FALLIN' TO ME DEATH AN' HE IS STILL SHOOTIN' AT ME!
ZIP
HE'S GOING TO MAKE ME MAD!
BLOW ME DOWN!?! I HAS STOPPED FALLIN'!
?
?

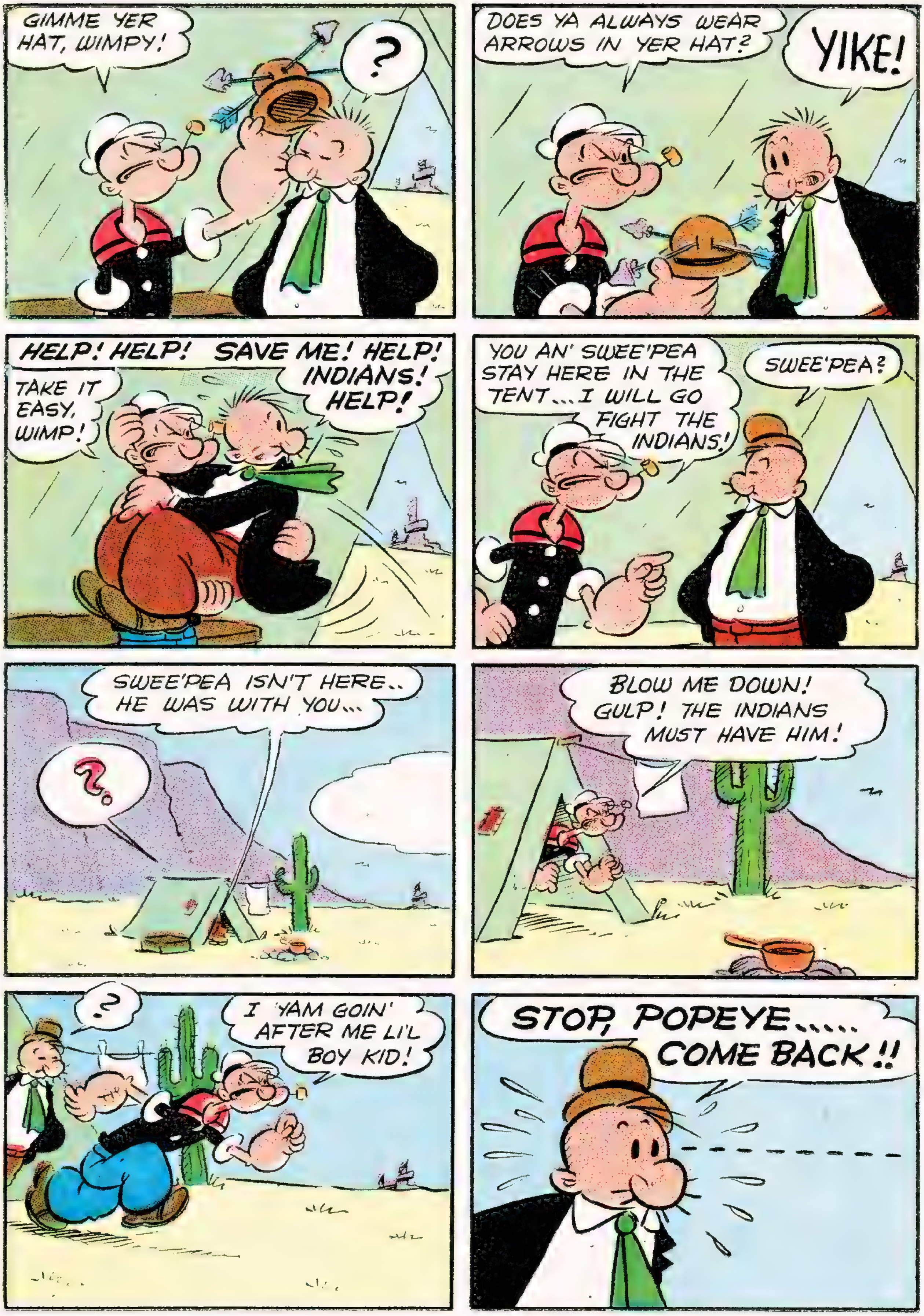

WOW! THE ARROW PINNED ME TO THE CLIFF AN' SAVED ME LIFE!
BOY! AM I LUCKY!!
LUCKY!?! GULP! WHO YAM I TRYIN' TO KID?
I YAM PINNED HERE AND AT THE MERCY OF A WILD INDIAN!
AHOY, YA WILD SAVAGE. COME ON OUT AND GET YOUR DIRTY WORK OVER WITH!
STOP HIDIN', YA COWARD...SHOW YOUR RED FACE!
UGH! FINE WAY WHITE MAN TALK TO INDIAN WHO SAVE HIS LIFE WITH ARROW!
WOW!?! A PINT-SIZED REDSKIN!
PALEFACE SPEAK WITH SHARP TONGUE!

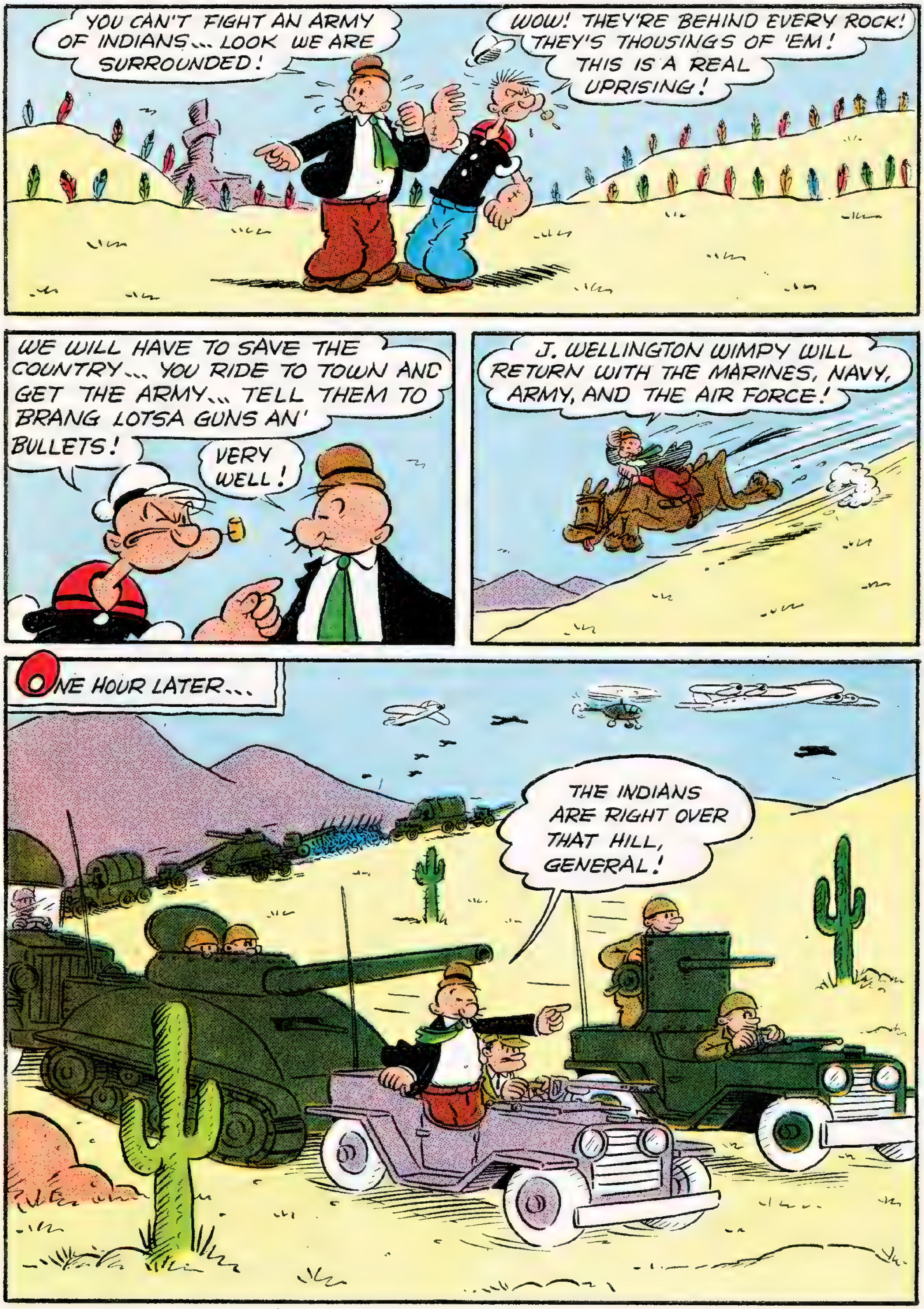
UGH?
ME BIG CHIEF THUNDER EAGLE JR. ME BRAVE WARRIOR. UGH! WHO YOU BE? HUH?
WHO?
HUH?
IF YOU DON'T HELP ME DOWN FROM HERE I'LL BE A HEAP MAD SPINACH EATER!
?
THAT'S BETTER... I FELT LIKE THE LAUNDRY HANGING UP THERE!
UGH!
BRAVE WARRIOR SAVE SPINACH EATER'S LIFE. UGH! YOU GIVE BIG MONEY?
OH, YEAH!?! NOT SO FAST, JUNIOR!
ME LIFE WASN'T IN DANGER UNTIL YOU STARTED SHOOTIN' AT ME.....
UGH!
WHITE MAN TAKE INDIAN'S COUNTRY... THUNDER EAGLE JR. FIGHT ALL PALE-FACES... UGH! DRIVE 'EM OUT OF DESERT!
GOSH!
GR-R.
?
?
WHAT ABOUT ME? I YAM NOT AN INDIAN..LET'S SEE YA DRIVE ME OUT!
?
?
?
UGH!
UGH! YOU WEAR FEATHER.. YOU BE THUNDER EAGLE'S BROTHER!
THUNK
?

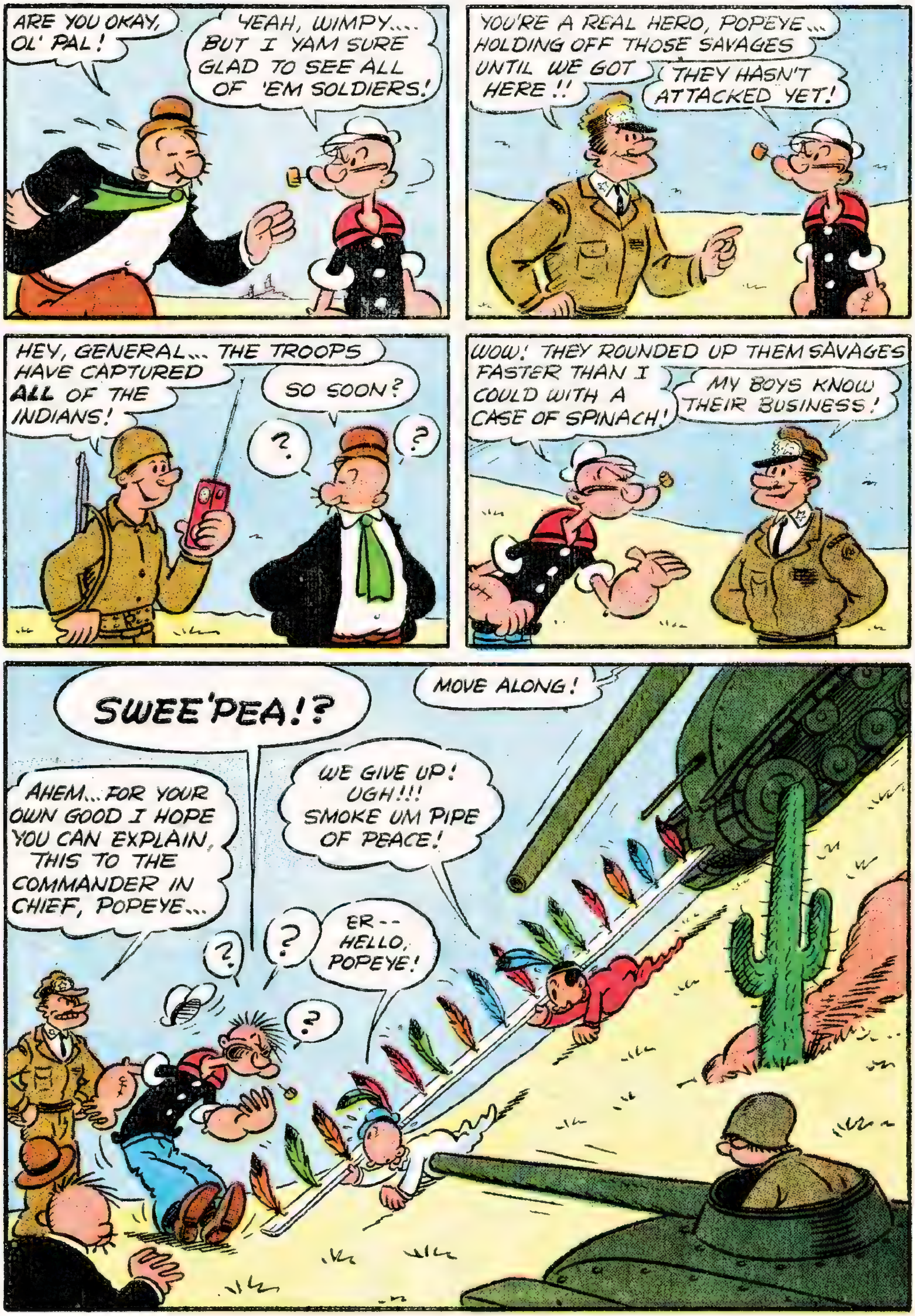

UGH!
BLOW ME DOWN! I YAM AN INDIAN!
HOW!
WHERE'S THE PALE-FACES WHAT IS SWIPING OUR LAND?
CHIEF SWEE'PEA WILL MASSACRE 'EM!!
UGH!
GR-R!
UGH! FOLLOW ME, CHIEF... I'LL SHOW YOU OUR FIRST TARGET!
OKAY, CHIEF... LEAD ON... UGH! GR-R-R... ME HEAP MAD!
GR-R!
THERE'S A PALEFACE DIGGIN' FOR OUR GOLD!
THE NERVE OF THE SWAB... WE'LL SCALP HIM!
THERE HE IS... UGH.. DIGGIN' UP OUR DESERT... UGH!! WE INDIANS WILL TEACH HIM A LESSON!!
?
BLOW ME DOWN!?! 'AT'S ME ADOPTID PAPPY... I KIN NOT MASSACRE HIM!
OH, YEAH!
UGH!
YOU'RE MY BROTHER WARRIOR! WE'RE BIRDS OF A FEATHER... UGH!! YOU BIG INDIAN CHIEF NOW! YOU FIGHT WHITE MAN!
OH...!

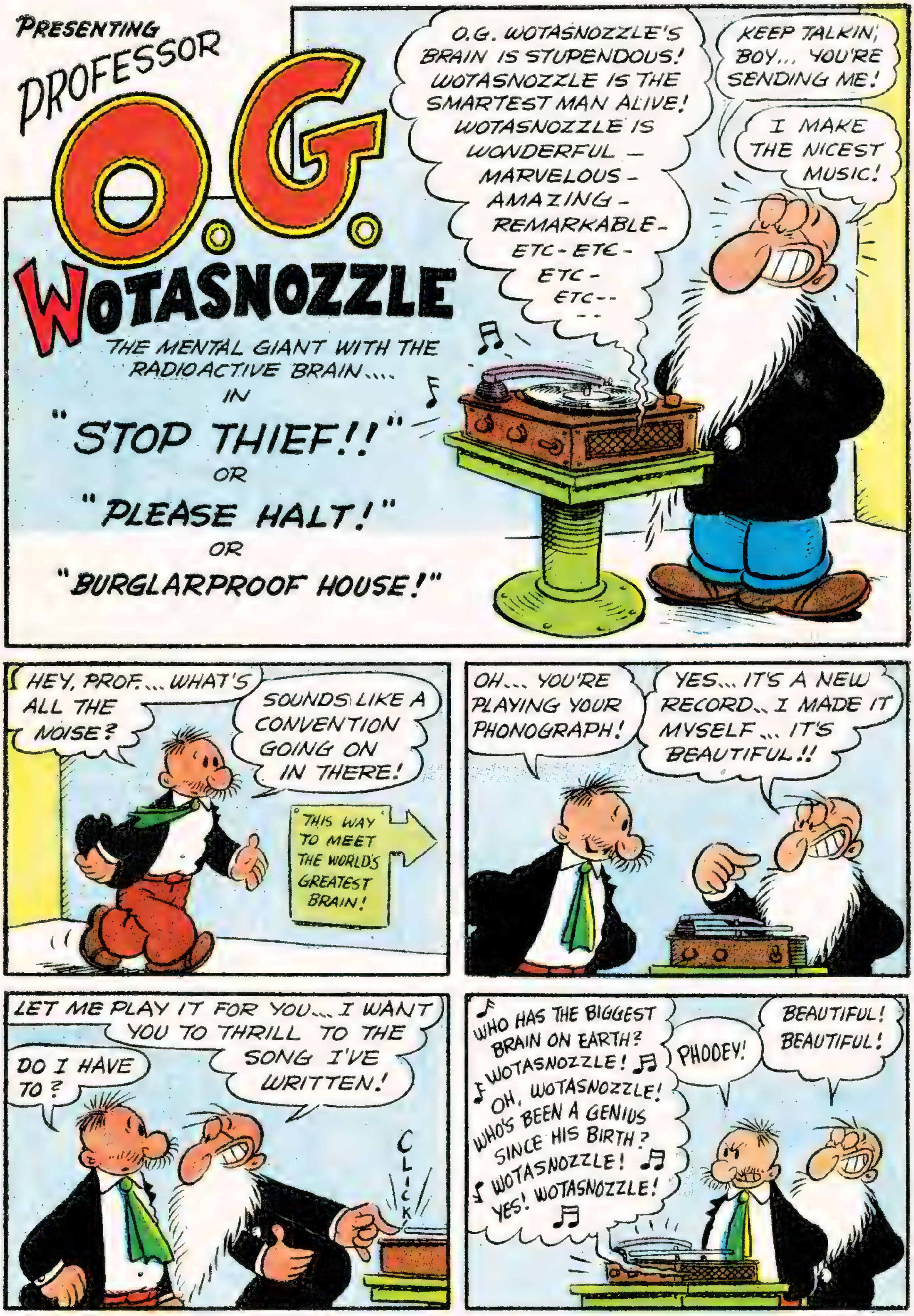

WOW!! THIS DIGGIN' FER GOLD IS HOT WORK!
I NEEDS A DRINK!
WONDERFUL WATER... YA COULD NOT LIVE IN THIS DESERT WITHOUT IT!
BOY! THAT SOUNDS NICE!
BLUB!
BLUB!
!
PLUNK!
WHA... TH...?
?
?
?
GLUB!
INDIANS!!


I GOTTA GET TO CAMP AND WARN WIMPY AN' SWEE'PEA!
INDIANS! TAKE COVER! INDIANS!
QUIET, OL' PAL... IT IS MY NAP TIME!
LET ME IN THAT TENT! THEY'S INDIANS ATTACKIN' US!
DON'T BE SILLY, POPEYE.... THERE ARE NO SAVAGE INDIANS TODAY... THE INDIANS ARE OUR FRIENDS!
OH, YEAH!
BESIDES THERE ISN'T A SOUL IN SIGHT!
YA BETTER GET YOUR HEAD INSIDE, WIMPY!
DON'T BE SILLY!
THERE ARE NO INDIANS OUT THERE!


GIMME YER HAT, WIMPY!
?
DOES YA ALWAYS WEAR ARROWS IN YER HAT?
YIKE!
HELP! HELP! SAVE ME! HELP! INDIANS! HELP!
TAKE IT EASY, WIMP!
YOU AN' SWEE'PEA STAY HERE IN THE TENT... I WILL GO FIGHT THE INDIANS!
SWEE'PEA?
SWEE'PEA ISN'T HERE.. HE WAS WITH YOU...
?
BLOW ME DOWN! GULP! THE INDIANS MUST HAVE HIM!
?
I 'YAM GOIN' AFTER ME LI'L BOY KID!
STOP, POPEYE..... COME BACK!!

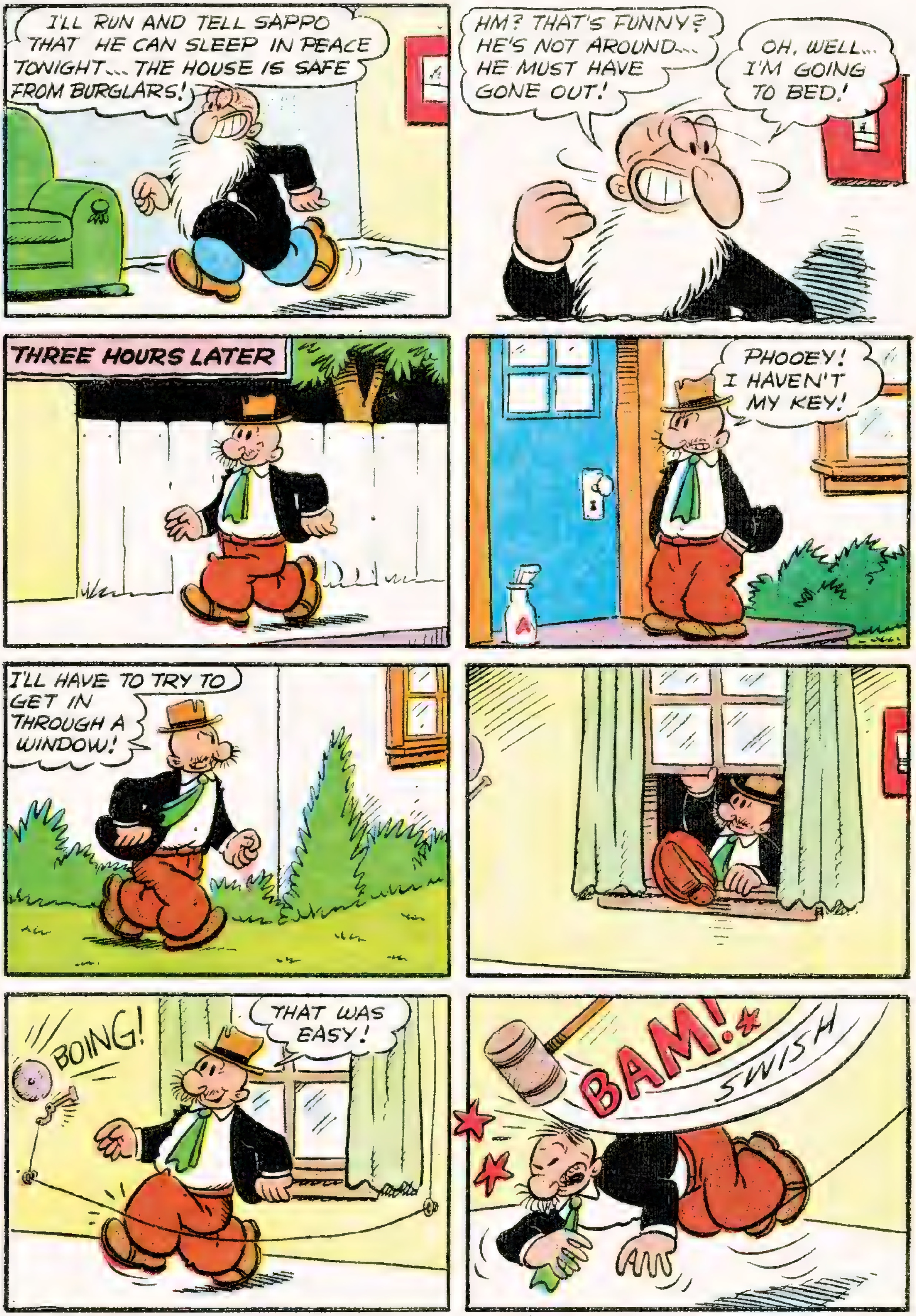

YOU CAN'T FIGHT AN ARMY OF INDIANS... LOOK WE ARE SURROUNDED!
WOW! THEY'RE BEHIND EVERY ROCK! THEY'S THOUSINGS OF 'EM! THIS IS A REAL UPRISING!
WE WILL HAVE TO SAVE THE COUNTRY... YOU RIDE TO TOWN AND GET THE ARMY... TELL THEM TO BRANG LOTSA GUNS AN' BULLETS!
VERY WELL!
J. WELLINGTON WIMPY WILL RETURN WITH THE MARINES, NAVY, ARMY, AND THE AIR FORCE!
ONE HOUR LATER...
THE INDIANS ARE RIGHT OVER THAT HILL, GENERAL!


ARE YOU OKAY, OL' PAL!
YEAH, WIMPY.... BUT I YAM SURE GLAD TO SEE ALL OF 'EM SOLDIERS!
YOU'RE A REAL HERO, POPEYE... HOLDING OFF THOSE SAVAGES UNTIL WE GOT HERE!!
THEY HASN'T ATTACKED YET!
HEY, GENERAL... THE TROOPS HAVE CAPTURED ALL OF THE INDIANS!
SO SOON?
?
?
WOW! THEY ROUNDED UP THEM SAVAGES FASTER THAN I COULD WITH A CASE OF SPINACH!
MY BOYS KNOW THEIR BUSINESS!
SWEE'PEA!?
MOVE ALONG!
AHEM... FOR YOUR OWN GOOD I HOPE YOU CAN EXPLAIN THIS TO THE COMMANDER IN CHIEF, POPEYE...
WE GIVE UP! UGH!!! SMOKE UM PIPE OF PEACE!
?
?
ER-- HELLO, POPEYE!
?

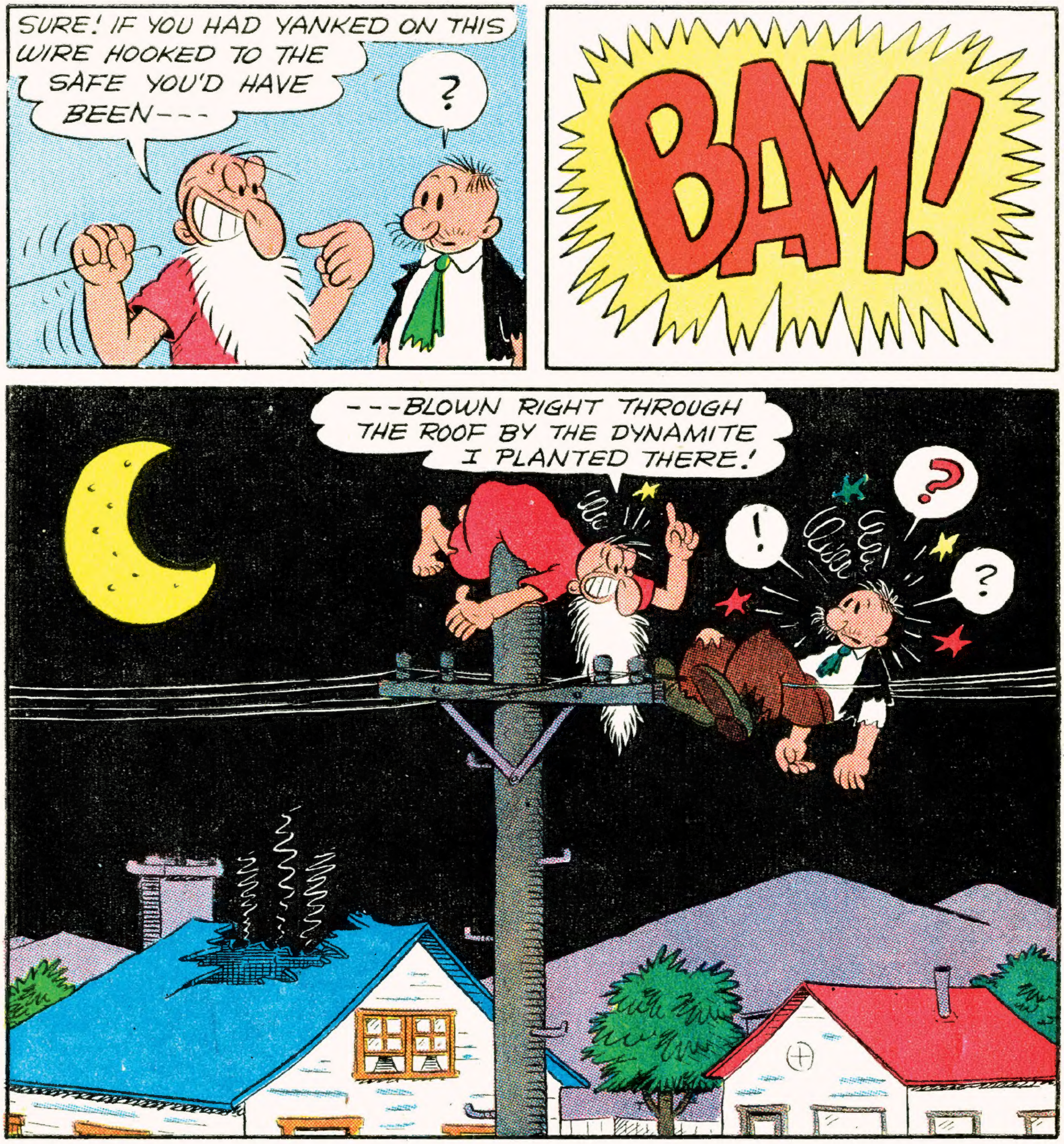

PRESENTING
PROFESSOR
O.G. WOTASNOZZLE
THE MENTAL GIANT WITH THE RADIOACTIVE BRAIN....
IN
"STOP THIEF!!"
OR
"PLEASE HALT!"
OR
"BURGLARPROOF HOUSE!"
O.G. WOTASNOZZLE'S BRAIN IS STUPENDOUS! WOTASNOZZLE IS THE SMARTEST MAN ALIVE! WOTASNOZZLE IS WONDERFUL — MARVELOUS - AMAZING - REMARKABLE - ETC - ETC - ETC - ETC-- --
KEEP TALKIN', BOY... YOU'RE SENDING ME!
I MAKE THE NICEST MUSIC!
HEY, PROF.... WHAT'S ALL THE NOISE?
SOUNDS LIKE A CONVENTION GOING ON IN THERE!
THIS WAY TO MEET THE WORLD'S GREATEST BRAIN!
OH... YOU'RE PLAYING YOUR PHONOGRAPH!
YES... IT'S A NEW RECORD... I MADE IT MYSELF... IT'S BEAUTIFUL!!
LET ME PLAY IT FOR YOU... I WANT YOU TO THRILL TO THE SONG I'VE WRITTEN!
DO I HAVE TO?
CLICK
WHO HAS THE BIGGEST BRAIN ON EARTH? WOTASNOZZLE! OH, WOTASNOZZLE! WHO'S BEEN A GENIUS SINCE HIS BIRTH? WOTASNOZZLE! YES! WOTASNOZZLE!
PHOOEY!
BEAUTIFUL! BEAUTIFUL!

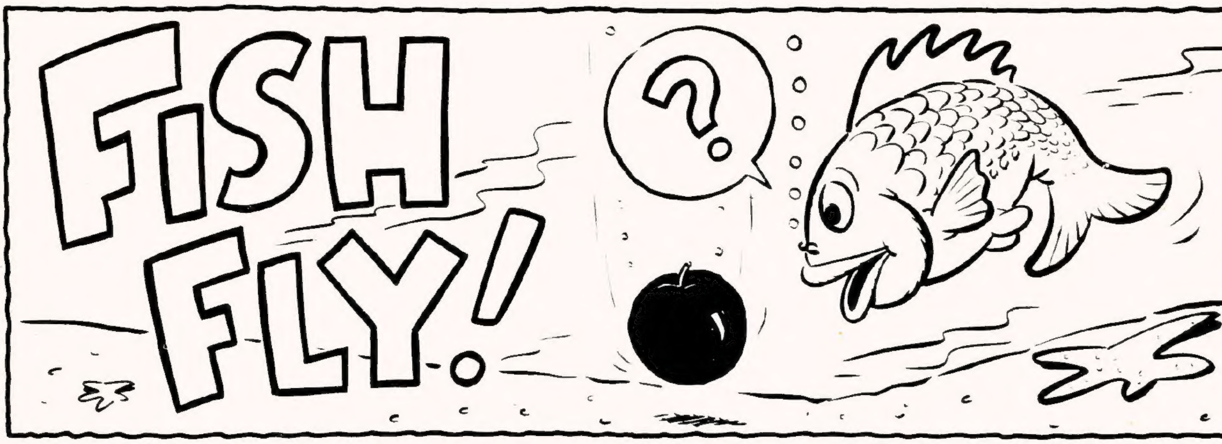
WHO SPLIT THE ATOM WITH HIS THUMB? WOTASNOZZLE - OH - WOTASNOZZLE! WHO PUT THE 'POP' IN BUBBLE-GUM? WHO? WHO ELSE BUT WOTASNOZZLE!
THAT'S DISGUSTING! THAT'S THE MOST CONCEITED THING I'VE EVER HEARD!
BAH! YOU HAVE NO TASTE! ... PHOOEY! YOU DON'T KNOW GOOD MUSIC WHEN YOU HEAR IT!
PEASANT!
SQUARE!
WE'RE ALL IN DANGER AND YOU WASTE YOUR TIME MAKING RECORDS TO BLOW UP YOUR EGO!!
DANGER?
GR-R-R
?
?
?
?
?
YES! DANGER! THERE'S A BURGLAR WORKING THIS NEIGHBORHOOD... HE'S ROBBED SIX HOUSES AND WE MAY BE NEXT!
WOW!
IF YOU'RE AS GOOD AS YOU SAY YOU ARE, YOU'D INVENT A BURGLAR ALARM SYSTEM FOR OUR HOUSE INSTEAD OF PLAYING RECORDS!
HM?
HM? SAPPO'S RIGHT!
THIS IS A CHALLENGE TO THE GREAT WOTASNOZZLE BRAIN!
QUIET! INVENTOR AT WORK!
I'LL SET THE OL' GRAY MATTER TO WORK!
CLICK!
SNAP!
THUNK
BAM!
UGH!
THAT'S IT!! I'LL DO BETTER THAN A BURGLAR ALARM.. I'LL INVENT A SUPER WOTASNOZZLE BURGLAR TRAP!
I'LL MASSACRE THE THIEF!
WORKSHOP

WOTASNOZZLE, YOU'RE A CREATIVE GIANT!
THIS INVENTION WILL END ROBBERY FOREVER!
DYNAMITE
?
HM?
?
CAP
DYNAMITE
DYNAMITE
LA-DE-DA-
LA-A-DEE DA!
AH, THE WOTASNOZZLE BURGLAR TRAP IS READY TO GO!!
DANGER 1,000,000 VOLTS


I'LL RUN AND TELL SAPPO THAT HE CAN SLEEP IN PEACE TONIGHT... THE HOUSE IS SAFE FROM BURGLARS!
HM? THAT'S FUNNY? HE'S NOT AROUND... HE MUST HAVE GONE OUT!
OH, WELL... I'M GOING TO BED!
THREE HOURS LATER
PHOOEY! I HAVEN'T MY KEY!
I'LL HAVE TO TRY TO GET IN THROUGH A WINDOW!
BOING!
THAT WAS EASY!
BAM!
SWISH

SMACK!
CLICK!
SPLAT!
OOOF!
BAM!
SPLAT!
GOOD HEAVENS!?! MY BURGLAR TRAP IS FUNCTIONING!
WOW!! I DIDN'T THINK IT WOULD GET A WORKOUT SO SOON!
BAM!
YIKE!!! SAPPO!?
?
!
WHA-- HAPPENED?
?
?
YOU WALKED INTO MY SUPER BURGLAR TRAP.... TERRIFIC ISN'T IT?
UGH! I COULD HAVE BEEN KILLED!
OH, YOU WERE LUCKY!!
LUCKY??
?
?
?


SURE! IF YOU HAD YANKED ON THIS WIRE HOOKED TO THE SAFE YOU'D HAVE BEEN---
?
BAM!
---BLOWN RIGHT THROUGH THE ROOF BY THE DYNAMITE I PLANTED THERE!
!
?
?



A long time ago, there lived in the sea a fish by the name of Fin. Now Fin was no different than any of the other forty-two billion fish that swam around in the salt water; that is he was no different to start with, but along the way something happened to make Fin into a very unique fish.

It all started the day after Fin's third birthday. It was a warm pleasant day and Fin was swimming along close to the shore. All of a sudden, without any warning, there was a big splash right over Fin's head and something struck the frightened fish a solid blow right in the center of his back. Now, right here is where Fin started to be different than the other fish. He DIDN'T swim away in fright and hide under a rock. No, sir! Fin just turned around and swam back to see what nasty object had landed on him.

"Good heavens," he exclaimed, "it's a round black rock."

We must forgive Fin for calling a ripe plum a rock. After all there were no plum trees growing in Fin's watery world.

"I've never seen such a beautiful rock." He poked the plum with his nose.

Very carefully, Fin picked the plum up in his mouth and started to swim away. Now a plum has a very thin skin and it wasn't long before Fin's sharp teeth began to puncture it and the ripe juices began to flow.

"YIKE! IT HAS A TASTE! THIS ROCK IS GOOD TO EAT."

Fin curled his tail up under him and sat down and ate every bit of the delicious plum.

Several days later Fin was swimming around and he began to think about the good tasting rock that had fallen on him. The more he thought about it, the more his mouth watered for another black rock to eat.

"I'll just swim back and forth here until another black rock falls on my back."

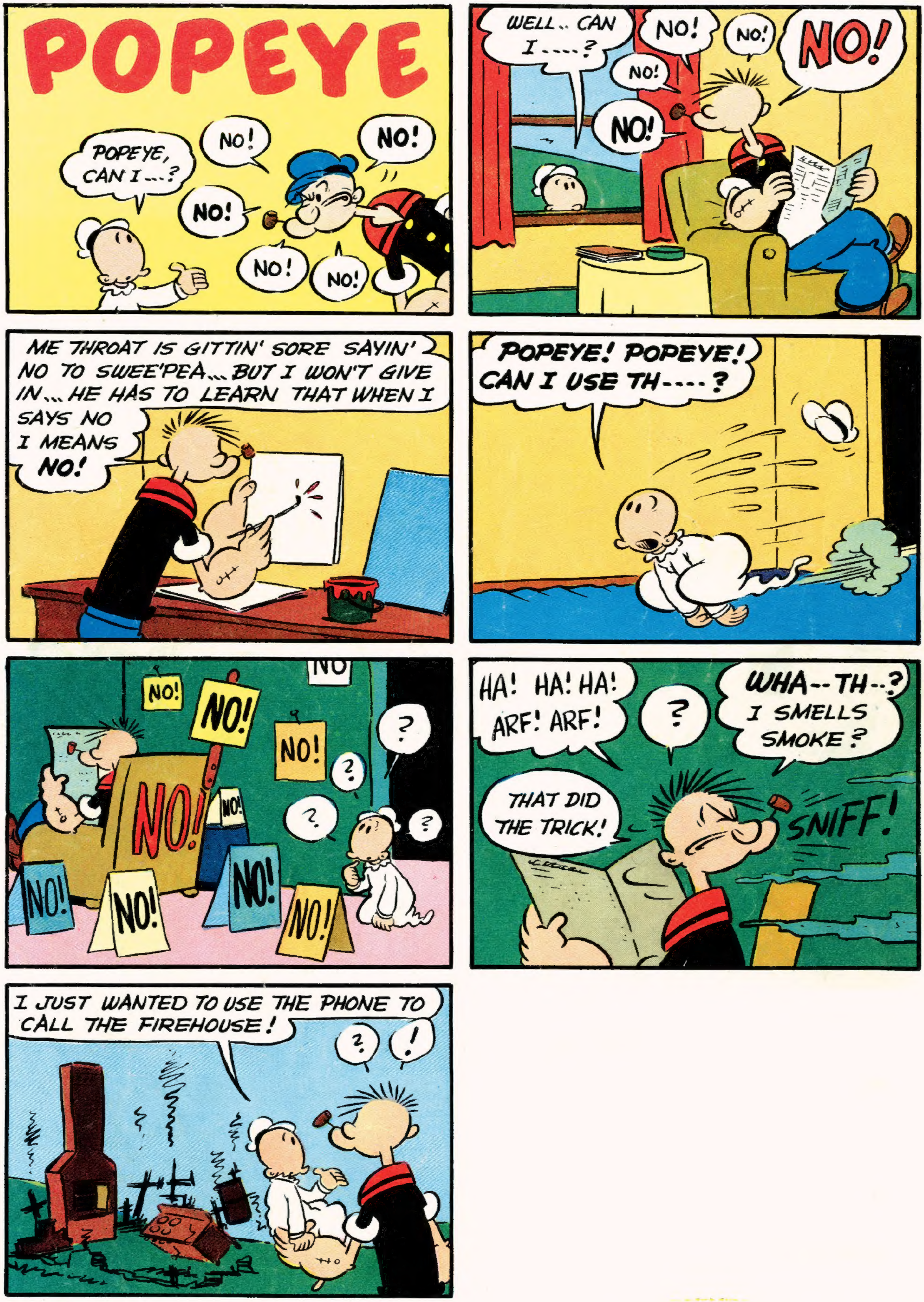
After three days of swimming back and forth without a single plum falling, he began to realize that his approach was all wrong. He should find out where the tasty black rocks came from, so he swam to the surface and poked his head out of the water for a look around. There above his head, not more than three feet away, was the branch of a plum tree covered with ripe plums. Fin's eyes almost popped out of his head at the sight. With a flip of his tail he tried to jump out of the water to grab one of the beautiful black rocks, but he was a good two feet short of the fruit.

Most fish would have swum away and forgotten the plums, but not Fin. Fin had had a taste of plum and he wasn't going to give up. After days and days of this jumping he noticed that a very strange thing was happening to his fins. All of the exercise had caused his fins to grow until now they were a good three times as large as they had been.

"WOW! I bet I could fly with these."

And that's what Fin did. He just took a good running start and flew right up out of the water and as he glided past the plum tree, he grabbed a plum and then splashed back into the water to enjoy his prize.

So you see, Fin was a different fish. He was the first flying fish in the world.


POPEYE
POPEYE, CAN I ---?
NO!
NO!
NO!
NO!
NO!
WELL.. CAN I ----?
NO!
NO!
NO!
NO!
NO!
ME THROAT IS GITTIN' SORE SAYIN' NO TO SWEE'PEA... BUT I WON'T GIVE IN... HE HAS TO LEARN THAT WHEN I SAYS NO I MEANS NO!
POPEYE! POPEYE! CAN I USE TH----?
NO!
NO!
NO!
NO!
NO!
NO!
NO!
NO!
NO!
?
?
?
?
HA! HA! HA! ARF! ARF!
?
WHA--TH--? I SMELLS SMOKE?
THAT DID THE TRICK!
SNIFF!
I JUST WANTED TO USE THE PHONE TO CALL THE FIREHOUSE!
?
!

PRAISE FOR BUD SAGENDORF POPEYE PROJECTS BY YOE BOOKS.

"Gloriously funny writing and drawing style! Sagendorf comics are great comics!"
—*MTV Geek* (Eddie Wright)

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"What a genius! Sagendorf's comic books were classics, completely his own… brilliant stream-of-consciousness tales, with plenty of action and suspense, and clever, silly cartooning that carried it all beautifully."
—*Potrezebie* (Bill Pearson)

"For any age group, in much the same way as is *The Simpsons*."
—*The Lottery Party*

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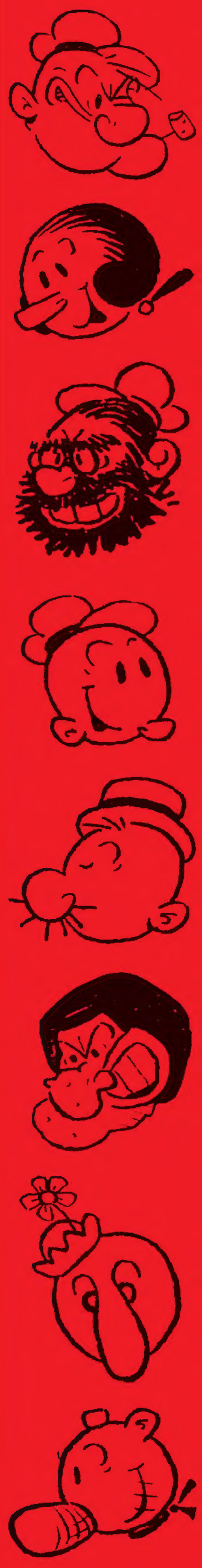
"Arf-filled!"
—*Graphic Policy* (Brett Schenker)

This book includes Popeye Classics issues #30-34.



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